



THE STORY OF
MASSACHUSETTS



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Presented to
The Westborough Historical Society
By
Gordon B. George

Westborough Historical Society

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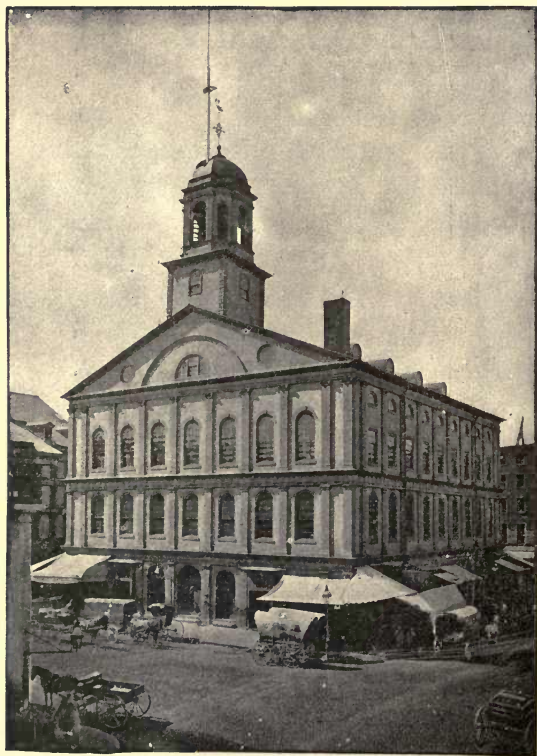




THE STORY OF THE STATES

EDITED BY

ELBRIDGE S BROOKS



FANEUIL HALL.

THE STORY OF THE STATES

THE
STORY OF MASSACHUSETTS

BY
EDWARD EVERETT HALE



ILLUSTRATED

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THE STORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE BAY STATE.

THERE are two ways in which history can be written. And when I agreed to write the Story of Massachusetts, these two ways were open to me.

You may make a book which shall condense the annals of the period you describe. You may give as much effort and space to one year as to another. I am sorry to say that nine out of ten of the historians of the old school did this, and it may be said, in passing, that this is the reason why their books are generally so dull. In this particular case of the Story of Massachusetts, we have two hundred and seventy years from the landing of the Pilgrims at Cape Cod to the day when I write these words. I have about the same number of pages in which to condense this "Story of Massachusetts." On the theory which I describe therefore, I should give one page to the narrative of each year. 1775 would come off as well and as ill as 1653 or 1819. This would be called accurate work, but it would be dull reading. And in practice, such books, when written, are never read.

The other method is that which I shall adopt. I have selected twenty occasions of critical interest in the history of Massachusetts, and to each of these I will give a chapter. When it seems necessary, I will show the connection between a new chapter and that which came before. But I shall not pretend to give at length the annals of Massachusetts since her birth. A story is not a book of annals.

For the convenience, however, of any who may wish to see the history of these two hundred and seventy years brought together in connected form, I will now write it in about as many lines, which may serve as a convenient introduction for the chapters which follow.

Massachusetts was probably discovered by the Northmen in the tenth century. In 1601, it was visited by Gosnold, who established a colony in Buzzard's Bay, which he abandoned the same year. In 1620, the first permanent settlement was made at Plymouth, by the colony of Independents, who have become historically famous, as the "Pilgrim Fathers." In ten years' time, this little colony, which began with one hundred settlers, numbered three hundred.

In 1630, a much larger colony sailing from England, under the lead of John Winthrop, arrived in Salem. They brought with them the charter of the trading company, which had obtained the grant of Massachusetts Bay. This charter became the Constitution of the State which they founded and which was governed under it for sixty years. The num-

bers of this colony increased by successive emigrations from England, for ten years; but after 1640, more people returned to England than came from England, until the Revolutionary War. Among the settlers who arrived in the years 1633-34, were Anne Hutchinson and Sir Harry Vane. Their presence created a curious commotion in the colony, never fully explained, and the colony sustained its first great misfortune in the banishment of Mrs. Hutchinson and most of her adherents. Vane returned to England. The colony of Connecticut had been settled from Massachusetts in the meantime, and in the year 1636, the two colonies overcame the Pequods in a sharp encounter which secured them peace from Indian ravage for nearly forty years.

Those forty years were well spent. The colonists and their children with habits of untiring industry did something in subduing a soil which was most unpromising, under a climate that was most capricious and severe.

In their fisheries, they drew far more wealth from the sea than they did from the land. Before the century was over, they became the best ship-builders in the world. From the limited text of the charter of a trading corporation, they evolved a working constitution of government. And thus the little State seemed in a manner established, when in the year 1675, its very existence was threatened by a conspiracy of the savage tribes under Philip. The numbers on each side were about equal, and both parties fought with firearms. The issue was critical, and

there were moments when it was even probable that the colony might be annihilated. But with the death of Philip in 1676, such fears came to an end. Indian attacks, however, fomented by French and Jesuit enemies, brought horror and calamity on the frontiers of the State for seventy years more. The worst enemies of the colony, however, were not the savages.

Hardly had Massachusetts drawn breath from this Indian attack, when another began from a more formidable quarter. The ministry of Charles the Second began to inquire what that colony was which fought its enemies without asking for aid "at home," which had indeed gone so far as to coin money without the name or superscription of any king. Officers were sent over to make inquisition into the Colony's affairs, and to such officers more power and more was given, until, at the very end of Charles the Second's life, the original charter was revoked. In December, 1686, Sir Edward Andros landed — as a Royal Governor under the commission of James the Second. Until that time the State or colony had always chosen her own governor. The administration of Andros seemed tyrannical, indeed, to people used to the methods of a Republic. And on the eighteenth of April, 1689, in a popular rising, they imprisoned Andros and his associates and placed in authority the old magistrates who had last served them under the charter.

Such promptness ingratiated them with William the Third, who had taken possession of the English throne. But he was a man who believed that

it was the duty of a king to reign — and he was deaf to all solicitation which begged him to restore the old charter under which Massachusetts had been virtually an independent republic for two generations. He gave a new charter, which left with him and his successors the right of approval of all province laws, and the appointment of the Governor from time to time. Under this charter the government was administered, until Gage, the last Royal Governor, compelled the people to form a provincial congress, in 1774, which virtually took into its hands the government of all the State outside of Boston.

The colony, as it was called until 1690 — the Province, as it was officially called afterwards — was of necessity involved in the complications of European politics, when these brought about war between England and France. For Canada was under the French crown, and any war gave to the Jesuit missionaries in Canada opportunities to precipitate savage attacks upon the frontier. In retaliation for these attacks, all the four New England Colonies, led by Massachusetts, which was larger and stronger than all the rest put together — made counter-attacks on Canada, which lasted until Wolfe took Quebec in 1758. These conflicts are spoken of by our local chroniclers as “King William’s War,” “Queen Anne’s War,” or in general as “the French and Indian wars.” They involved one and another effort against Quebec, and different enterprises against the sea-coast provinces, of which the most important was that which resulted in the capture of Louisburg. To these

struggles belong the horrible Indian massacres, which make so large a part of the history of every old town in Massachusetts, which was at any time near her frontier.

In the year 1763, so soon as the Seven Years' War was well out of the way, the foolish ministry of George the Third undertook to tax the American colonies, by way of reimbursing the government for its expenses in that war. Such was the excuse made at the time. The measure really belonged to that absurd policy by which the court party hoped gradually to undo the work of the English Revolution. The young king himself who had come to the crown in 1760, had this fatal dream of enlarging the royal power. He went so far as to make himself what has been called "a Brummagem Louis the Fourteenth." The American colonies instantly resisted this attempt at taxation without representation. They were led by Massachusetts and Virginia, which were the two strongest and largest of the "old thirteen." From this resistance began the Revolutionary War and the independence of the nation was born from it.

The Continental army, which was in large part made up at that time from the militia of Massachusetts, drove the English governor and army from Boston in March, 1776. And, from that time to this, no part of Massachusetts has been permanently occupied by a foreign enemy excepting the port at Penobscot, which was then in the wilderness of Maine, for a short time at the end of the Revolution-

ary War. Massachusetts gave her loyal support to the contest which she and Virginia may be said to have originated. She furnished more than half the men for the Continental Army, and probably nine tenths of the men for that naval war which, more than any military successes on land, brought the king to grant independence. While the natural industry of the State was broken up by the war, the new industry of privateering took its place. To a very large degree it was the success of privateering at sea which enabled the new-born State to do her duty so efficiently on the land.

The hopes which belong to peace after eight years of war were not justified. Rivalries and misunderstandings between the States so recently united checked all commercial prosperity. The new-born nation was not a nation, because it had no government. At the instance of Washington and his friends, the national constitution was formed and it went into effect on the thirtieth of April, 1789. As one part of the nation of the United States, Massachusetts has enjoyed prosperity and her people have enjoyed happiness, such as seldom fall for so long a period to one community.

This may be said indeed with few exceptions for the two hundred and sixty years since the time of Winthrop. And whoever reads or writes the Story of Massachusetts must remember, that such prosperity is due to an inborn habit of her people, which springs from the religious conviction of the Puritan colony. There is a passion for work in Massachu-

setts. From this her prosperity and her history are born. The real Massachusetts man likes to subdue the earth. He believes God bade him subdue it. If he cannot do it in one way he does it in another. Wholly beneath all changes of charter or dynasty, quite irrespective of government or of law is the passion to create something which did not exist before. The Massachusetts man does not do this simply because he is hungry or naked or cold. He does it because God sent him to do it. The motto of the State might be, "Do all to the glory of God." If he cannot raise wheat, he catches beaver. If he cannot catch beaver, he catches codfish and mackerel. If he cannot catch these, he builds ships and sells them; or he uses them himself, or he pursues whales over the world. If he may not go for fish and for whales, he goes for the enemy who forbids him. If the folly of his own government breaks up his commerce by sea, instead of that he begins a great system of manufacture by land. If the changes of commerce put an end to the voyages by which he made himself at home in the Pacific, he builds one and another system of railways to unite the two great oceans, and is recognized as the master of a commerce a hundred times larger than that in which he engaged before.

It is this passion to control nature, existing among all her children who are true to the maternal instinct, that has made Massachusetts what she is. I have selected twenty passages in the course of the development which has followed on this determina-

tion, by way of giving to the reader an interest in her history. I have chosen some because they are critical, some because they are picturesque. I hope they will prove so interesting that the reader may go himself into the larger record and find other stories in that fascinating field.

CHAPTER II.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN ENGLAND AND HOLLAND,
1602-1620.

SIMPLE people in England were seeking God with the first enthusiasm of the freedom of Protestantism.

They could not bear the machinery of the service in the parish church. They could not bear the interference of the officers of the government. They did not like to read their prayers from a book.

And it would happen, and did happen, that people would give up stated and regular church-going on Sunday, so that they might meet in what our time would call a "conference meeting," where prayer and song and exhortation were more simple than they found them in the Church service.

Especially would this happen when a conscientious preacher in the parish church, who had a body of parishioners tenderly bound to him, found that he was too hardly pressed by the bishop or by other authorities, and that he must give up his charge of that people.

Such a minister, when he left the parish church, did not leave alone. He left, and the people who loved him best liked to go with him — at least on the Lord's Day. This was what happened when

Richard Clifton, a minister in the English Church, was forced to give up the ministry of the parish church at Bawtry, not far from Doncaster, in the West Riding of York. He was in his fiftieth year in 1602. He was intensely in earnest in his religion and his preaching. But he did not agree with the bishop, and the bishop ordered him to give up his charge. And he did so.

With him was John Robinson, a learned and consecrated man, who was the spiritual leader of these people, and one of their wisest counselors for twenty years and more.

To join with Clifton and with Robinson in worship, to study Scripture under their lead, a company of humble people met week by week in a house known as a "manor-house," which belonged to the Archbishop of York, at Scrooby in the northern corner of Nottinghamshire, near Lincolnshire, in the east of England. In this manor-house lived William Brewster, who was one of their number, and he gave them the use of the rooms of the manor-house for their Sunday service. Many of them walked or rode for a considerable distance that they might meet here, and Brewster entertained them hospitably when they came.

This manor-house may be said to have foreseen the birth of the Massachusetts of to-day. For this company of people were to be the founders of New England. The house has long been a ruin, but a part of one of the outbuildings remains. It is a little odd that the first, and indeed the only account we

have of it, should come to us in a letter from the King of England of that day — no other than the fool King James. When he received the great and fatal message which announced to him that he was King of England, he mounted his horse for the expedition to London, and, with a numerous suite, he made his first “progress” to his new capital. On the way he hanged a thief at Nottingham, by his own prerogative, — a thing no English king had any right to do then or now, — and the act shocked people as a bad omen. The day before this, they hunted as they rode, and, instead of stopping to eat a state dinner, at some nobleman’s house, they lunched in the open air near the manor-house of Scrooby. The king remembered the pleasant day, and, so soon as he arrived in London, he wrote to this Archbishop of York, to ask him to sell to him the manor-house in Scrooby, that he might make a hunting lodge of it. How the matter ended nobody now knows. Perhaps the archbishop asked more money than the frugal king liked to pay. Perhaps the king forgot. If he had bought the lodge, maybe it would be standing now, — one of the places which the Board of Woods and Forests have to see to. In that case, we would ask them to let us hang on its walls a picture to commemorate a Sunday service there, where should be present Clifton and Robinson as preachers, and William Bradford and William Brewster in the little parlor congregation.

These simple people did not meet merely to worship God. They believed in the magic of “Together.”

They agreed to help each other. In the phrase of their time, they "joined themselves as the Lord's free people into a church estate in the fellowship of the Gospel, to walk in all His ways, made known or to be made known to them, according to their best endeavors, whatsoever it should cost them." Many New England readers will remember some of these words in the covenants of New England churches to this day. To the little congregation which met at Scrooby, the words meant no mere formal connection, registered on paper, but that those who were thus joined were to stand by each other and the association in whatever hardship. "That it cost them something," — so William Bradford says when he records the words, — "this history will declare." Bradford had himself withdrawn from the communion of the parish church, having come under the influence of Clifton, and been brought "into the company and fellowship of such as were then called professors." For doing this, he met the wrath of his uncles and the scorn of his neighbors. But none of these things turned him from his pious inclinations.

But such inclinations were not to be pursued quietly in those days. "I will harry them out of the country," said the Fool-King, "or else worse." And his officers, up and down through the country, watched for indications of such heresy as Bradford's and Brewster's, and watched, of course, successfully. Some of the "professors" were put in prison. Most were obliged to leave their houses and places of

work, to hide away from their persecutors. If they were to maintain their habit of worship, if they were to be banded together as a religious society, it could not be in England. Like other persecuted men of the time, they saw that they must go to Holland.

And to Holland they went, though it proved to be as hard to go as to stay. Sometime in 1607 they determined to emigrate, and tried to go. But even then the king and his crew were not satisfied to let them. A large number of them had met at Boston, in Lincolnshire, and had hired their own ship, the master of which agreed to take them on at night. But, after they and their goods were on board, he betrayed them. The officers of the Crown and Church seized them, searched them, carried them back to the town, and reported their attempt to the Lords of the Council. All of them were kept in prison for a month; then all but seven were released; but for most or all of them, the plan of Holland was postponed to another year.

In the spring of 1608, some of the same party with some others made another effort. This time it was a Dutchman who took this party on board. It must have been Bradford's party. But after the first boat-full was on board, the master spied a great company on shore, both horse and foot, with bills and guns and other weapons, for the country was raised to take them. The Dutchman swore an oath, "Sacrément!" weighed his anchor and sailed, leaving more than half the party. It was harder to emigrate from England in those days than it is now.

These are but two stories of such experience, where Bradford, their historian, says he could tell many. But in the end they all got over to their new country, "and met together again according to their desires, with no small rejoicing." Robinson, Clifton, Brewster and other principal members, "were of the last, and stayed to help the weakest over before them." They had arrived in August, 1608.

They would hardly have come to Holland but for the suspension for a time of the "Thirty Years' War." The long truce of twelve years had begun. And that truce covers the longest period which any of the Pilgrim Fathers spent in Holland, up to the time of their second emigration, which brought them to America.

They went first to Amsterdam. But there they found that the English Church of Smith or Ainsworth—one founded much as their own had been established—was in a hot quarrel, in which these people did not care to join.

After a stay of several months in Amsterdam, the company determined to remove to the University city of Leyden, some miles away. John Robinson asked leave in their behalf, that they might settle in Leyden, and the burgomaster gave permission on the twelfth of February, 1609. Soon after, the new emigration was made. The company, all told, was about one hundred persons. It was to increase considerably during their stay in Holland.

The reader of our time may get some idea of the aspect of Leyden from the frequent studies which

have been attempted to illustrate the life of Spinoza, who lived there a generation later. The exact contemporary of Robinson, Brewster and Bradford was the eminent theologian Polyander. He says in a pleasant way, "Of the four quarters of the globe, Europe is the noblest and finest; the Low Countries are the best part of Europe; of the seventeen provinces of the Low Countries, Holland is the richest, the most flourishing, and the finest; the most beautiful and altogether charming city of Holland is Leyden; while the handsomest canal and loveliest street in Leyden is the Rafenburg." As he lived in the Rafenburg, his conclusion was that he was lodged in the most beautiful spot in the world. The city is not much changed probably, to-day, and travelers still testify to its cheerful attractions.

This little company of hard-working men and women could not make the same boast that Polyander made, that they had the best of Leyden. But they had what they came for. First of all, they had the "Together" which they had dreamed of; they had the United Life to which they had pledged themselves in their church covenant. The mere incident of language kept them in close relations with each other, while it kept them more or less distinct from their Dutch neighbors. Robinson had the association with the staff of truly learned men who were teachers and students in the University, — Europe could hardly have shown a more distinguished company of scholars at that time. The English men and women were willing to work, and

they found work to do. Dr. Dexter has discovered, by diligent study in the Leyden documents of that time, that there were among them hat-makers, wool-carders or combers, twine-spinners, journeymen masons and carpenters, and makers of tobacco-pipes. Brewster established himself as a printer. His type was bought from the Elzevir foundries, for it is of their patterns and from their dies. And a book with his imprint is now among the most precious treasures of the American book-lover. William Bradford, afterward to be governor, served an apprenticeship with a Frenchman at weaving silk. He is afterward spoken of as a dyer and fustian-maker. He was not twenty-one when the emigration from England took place. As soon as he was of age, he sold his property in England, and invested it in his new business.

In January, 1611, Robinson, with three others of the company, bought a large house and garden near to the university and cathedral. The price they paid was eight thousand guilders, of which a quarter was paid down, and the rest secured by mortgage. They obtained possession the next year, and from that time this large house became the place of worship of the church. One of the purchasers, Jepson by name, was a carpenter. He built on the vacant land twenty-one houses. These were occupied by the several families of the church, and they thus organized a visible settlement of their own within the city. Many companies of people who loved each other have dreamed of such an establishment.

It does not often happen that so simple a way to carry out the dream appears. Twenty-two families must have comprised nearly all the original members of the first emigration.

With hard and continual work they made a competence and a comfortable living. They worked at their trades, were never persecuted or annoyed, and enjoyed the privileges they sought. So happy and comfortable was their condition, and so public the circumstances of their removal, that their numbers enlarged considerably, from recruits from England, while they were in Holland. For here was a society of Christian men, with whom men and women of tender conscience could unite in worship and religious conversation, and could bear one another's burdens. They were living a pleasant life, not oppressed by government and fearing no man, and though they lived in a foreign city, there were so many of them that one could speak the English language as if he were at home. So it was that Edward Winslow and his young bride joined them; that John Carver and his bride joined them; that Captain Miles Standish, who had fought in the Spanish wars, joined them. Others joined them whose names are now remembered in the company of the Pilgrim Fathers. Indeed, of all the little company who landed at the American Plymouth, Brewster and Bradford are the only two who can be certainly said to have belonged to the Scrooby congregation. It is almost certain that Edward Southworth was a third, and there are many names

of which the history is not known, who were probably of that company.

Holland was proud, as it had reason to be proud, of its reputation as a harbor of heretics. And, as it happened, the emigrants from Lincolnshire were stiffly Calvinistic, so that they were in sympathy with the successful religious party of their day. Thomas Prince and George Sumner and more lately Dr. Dexter and Rev. John J. Lewis have done the best that could be done in long pilgrimages to Leyden, to find traces of their stay there. But there was not much to find. The Pilgrims did not court the society of the Dutch, nor did the Dutch court theirs. John Robinson was matriculated as a member of the University in 1615. The use of the library must have been a great gift to him. It gave him opportunities which he did not have in England. While he was here he wrote treatises, which, though no one reads them for his light reading, hold their own in comparison with other theological literature of their day, and one, at least of these books, was printed in Leyden, probably by Brewster. Bradford describes one occasion when, in a public disputation in Latin, John Robinson put Biscoffs, known as Episcopius, the great defender of Arminianism, "to an evident nonplus." This must have been greatly to the delight of these worthy English weavers and dyers and printers, who took a half-holiday that they might enjoy the spectacle, and who could applaud the Latin of their pastor when Brewster gave the signal, even if they could not follow the argument.

But it is hard to triumph much now in such victories, in a day when most Christians would agree that Episcopius was probably in the right and Robinson in the wrong.

Still he did not think he was in the wrong. And neither Robinson nor any of the rest of them loved dispute. Let us remember that. In the horrible and wretched controversy between Calvinist and Arminian, which in 1619 brought the brave and pure John of Barneveldt to the block, these Englishmen had no share, so far as appears, except in the windy dispute we have described. They left Amsterdam that they might keep out of one quarrel. And when, in 1617, they began to think of leaving Holland, one of the reasons given is that they might not be engaged in the contentions there. Indeed, the truce between Spain and her provinces was near an end, and they did not wish to embark in the fortunes of war with Spain.

In 1617, the society numbered between two and three hundred male members. In that year they began seriously to discuss the question of removal to America, and a considerable majority determined to go. They were a society, and they wanted to remain a society. Where to go was more doubtful. Raleigh's accounts of Guiana were new to English readers, and were very attractive. A few more votes in favor of Guiana, and this author would be writing the story of the Pilgrims under a palm-tree, and this reader would be reading as he sipped his lemonade in a canoe tethered to a *Victoria Regia*.

The party more attached to England and England's ways preferred to try Virginia, as the coast of all the United States was then called. And at last it was determined to seek a charter from the Virginia Company, to which King James had given the coast from Cape Fear, in North Carolina, to Long Island Sound.* But it was wisely agreed that they should make a separate settlement, and not ally themselves with the colony known to us as the Colony of Virginia.

In the first negotiation, as early as 1617, John Carver and Robert Cushman were their agents. They submitted seven articles to the Council of Virginia. These articles show the religious and social views of the religious communion to which they belonged, in the way best calculated to win the confidence of people not bigots in the English Church. They express their willingness to hold communion with the members of that church, and their concurrence in its theological creed. The company to which they applied received them cordially, and on the fifteenth of December, the emigrants transmitted to them their formal request. They went further, however, and asked the king for liberty of religion in America, to be confirmed under the great seal. But this could not be given by such a fool as then reigned in England. The best that could be gained was an informal promise of probable neglect.

* The precise limit of the charter to the London Adventurers is from thirty-four to thirty-eight degrees of North Latitude, with the right to settle as far north as the forty-first.

The Virginia Company itself was rent by internal dissensions. And difficulties in negotiation, both with the company and the crown, delayed with long delay the wishes of the eager emigrants in Holland. It was not until 1619 that a patent was granted for their use to one John Wincob, — a “religious person,” of whom nothing else is known, but that he was of the household of the Countess of Lincoln. As it proved, the patent was never of any value to them. It is now lost, and its precise terms are not known.

And now the extreme poverty of the company appears. For they cannot go forward without a contract with men of money, to whom these poor people have to sell themselves, that they may obtain a passage even to their place of exile. To make a final agreement in England, they dispatched Robert Cushman and Thomas Weston, two of their number, to England. The difficulty of communication between these two men and their principals made no little trouble. The relations between the settlers and the capitalists made more, and the contract determined on proved a very hard one for the settlers. But Cushman always held — and with a certain dry humor he showed — that he and Weston did the best that could be done. To conciliate the English adventurers, he was forced to make large concessions to them on various points, where his employers blamed him severely. In particular, he employed one Christopher Martin, who, with his family, was to join them, to make the purchases of

stores. Martin was thought to have abused his trust. Perhaps he did so. But as the poor man and all his family died afterward in the horrors of the first winter in America, he must be counted as one of the martyrs, and we must remember that he left no one to tell his side of the story.

About seventy merchants and other gentlemen in England, with one gentle-woman, as will be seen, living mostly near London, "aiming to do good and to plant religion," subscribed at least ten pounds each to the adventure. Many subscribed more. To these the emigrants joined themselves. Whoever went in person, over the age of sixteen years, was counted as if he had subscribed ten pounds. If he chose to subscribe ten pounds more in provisions or money, he was counted as having a double share of stock, — and in that proportion for each ten pounds.

All these adventurers, those who stayed at home and those who emigrated, became partners in trade, work, fishing, or any other enterprise. The emigrants were to be fed from the common stock. At the end of seven years there was to be a division, and each partner was to receive a dividend.

The particular point where the emigrants were most displeased, was the failure of the agreement to give them any time to work for themselves. They also wished and expected, each man to own his house and home lot at the end of the seven years. But when they arrived in England, their own agents had gone so far under the agreement, that

it was impossible to reconsider or re-adjust any details.

Carver, Winslow, Bradford, Brewster, and Standish — not to name other leaders — were determined to go. In face of all discouragements and disappointments, they held the others up to the plan. This has proved well for them, well for New England, and well, indeed, for the world.

They bought the *Speedwell*, a ship of sixty tons, for the expedition, and she first went to Holland to bring the Leyden contingent to the southern ports of England; there they were to meet her consort, the *Mayflower*, which had been chartered in England. Those who stayed in Leyden, who were the majority, feasted the emigrants at the pastor's house. They refreshed themselves with singing of psalms, — and it is to be remembered that many of the congregation were very expert in music. The *Speedwell* lay at Delft Haven, which is about fourteen miles from Leyden. The Leyden party accompanied the emigrants to that port and feasted them again. "The night was spent with little sleep by the most, but with friendly entertainment and Christian discourse, and other real expressions of true Christian love." The next day the wind was fair. "The tide which stays for no man, calling them away that were thus loath to depart, their reverend pastor falling down on his knees, and they all with him, with watery cheeks commended them with most fervent prayer to the Lord and his blessing."*

* This is the moment selected by Weir, for his admirable picture in the Rotunda at Washington.

And thus the emigrants parted from friends, many of whom they never saw again. This was about the twenty-second of July, 1620.

It is hard to estimate the pecuniary investment which these poor people made in providing for their voyage. It is clear enough from the hard bargain which they were forced to accept, that they had but little ready money to contribute. The English adventurers, as they were called, who stayed at home, were merchants and others, of the Puritan line of thinking, who already had their eyes on America as a possible place of refuge, if the liberty of the Gospel were too much hindered at home. They expected some pecuniary return. But they did not make themselves into a corporation; they did not invest very large sums.* Most of them wanted to do good and to advance religion. Some of them were soon discouraged and withdrew. But it is quite clear that the largest part of the ready money was furnished by those who stayed at home. On paper there were sixty or seventy of them, who paid, at least, ten pounds each. Some of these, however, early withdrew from their engagements. And when, in 1627, the contract was closed, there were forty-two left, after death and dissatisfaction had reduced their number. They received from the colonists eighteen hundred pounds in final payment of their investments. By the account which the instrument of agreement itself requires, the colonists

* Sir George Farrar and his brother withdrew five hundred pounds after they had conversed with Weston on the wishes of the Leyden men.

represented certain shares in the company, without any estimate of their pecuniary contributions. Christopher Martin, and some others of the English adventurers, joined the emigrants from Holland on the Mayflower.

The position, then, as I have said, was the same which our own time often sees, when a person or a company in an Eastern city of the United States sends out one or more emigrants to California, to Oregon, to Montana or Texas, providing the capital for the adventure. In this case it was agreed that, in the division of profits at the end of the seven years, each emigrant should share as if he had contributed ten pounds in the beginning, and, in the meantime, should receive his clothing, his food, and his home. Such in substance was the agreement. The emigrants lived up to it fairly, and, as has been said, at the end of seven years paid the stayers at home eighteen hundred pounds, in discharge of their share in the joint enterprise.

Carver, Winslow, Bradford, Brewster, Standish, Fuller, and Allerton were the persons of largest means in the Leyden group of the emigrants. It seems as if their quota of subscription to the common stock were paid in "provisions" for the voyage and the colony, and that by provisions is meant such articles of food as could be best bought in Holland. When the little vessel arrived in England, the colonists met, to their dismay, the old story that there was not money enough yet, and they were obliged to sell from their stores sixty pounds' worth of butter

which had been provided for the voyage. Cushman had already cut the emigrants short of beer, by taking that article from the list of necessary stores. And to after times, it is an interesting thing that the first settlers, in spite of themselves, were made teetotalers for a year by this enforced abstinence.*

By such means the addition of one hundred pounds for things absolutely necessary was made as hastily as possible in England. The season was advancing, and, indeed, it was to the loss of time here and now, that the subsequent hardships of the first winter in America were due.

Writing on the twentieth of June, Cushman, one of the London agents of the Leyden party, estimated fifteen hundred pounds or sixteen hundred pounds as the amount needed for the expedition. Of this he could only find that twelve hundred pounds had been paid in by all parties, besides some cloth, stockings, and shoes. There was so little money among the Holland adventurers that Cushman had to send them five hundred pounds, "though we may go scratch for it," which he did. With such help the Holland party had bought their provisions for the voyage and embarked. They had left for themselves "scarcely any butter, no oil, not a soul to mend a

* As late as 1824 this was counted as a hardship. In his anniversary address of that year, Edward Everett, in recounting the hardships of the first winter, says, "Depending on the charity of the shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore." In 1628, Bradford counts it as a terrible extravagance that Morton and his ribald crew of perhaps fifty people drank ten pounds' worth of wine and liquor at one night of debauch. And so it was, if ten pounds then represent eighty pounds or four hundred dollars now.

shoe, nor every man a sword to his side, and were wanting many muskets, much armor, etc."

They had not sacrificed so much to be unwilling now to make the final sacrifices which have been described. And, in a few days more, both vessels had taken on board the English contingents and started together. Some time had been lost, however, in repairs upon the *Speedwell*, the smaller vessel of the two, and the one which the colonists and adventurers owned. In the little voyage from Holland, she had proved to be in poor condition.

But the repairs thus suggested did not prove sufficient. They had not sailed a hundred miles westward, when she proved so unseaworthy that her captain reported to the larger ship that he would not go on. Both vessels were obliged to return, this time to Plymouth in Devon. Here, on consultation, the *Speedwell* was left, and, in fact, she never made the voyage. The *Mayflower* took on board some of the passengers, — left, perhaps, some of those who had embarked in her, — and, with one hundred and one emigrants, sailed again, on the sixth of September, 1620.

Nothing is said in the memoirs of the passengers as to the ignorance, — one might well say the folly, — of starting upon such an adventure so late in the season. They had been in communication with the Dutch, with reference to planting near Manhattan, which we call New York. They knew, and had dealt with, fishermen who knew the coast of New England and its climate perfectly well. How they

dared to sail as late as September, for a settlement with women and little children, nowhere appears. True, they did not intend to settle as far north as they did. But they did not expect to go as far south as the Chesapeake. Even if they had, the experience of all the settlements, and indeed of the simplest common sense, would have taught them that they should arrive at their new home in the spring.

They were not men, however, who had many of the privileges of choosers. As it proved, — alas for them! — the voyage was a long one. The *Mayflower* does not seem to have followed the southern passage, much in vogue till times then recent. But, in a direct course, she had rough weather, and was sixty-four days on the sea before she made Cape Cod. This landfall was somewhat north of what the captain intended and his passengers wished for. Indeed, Captain Thomas Jones, the master of the *Mayflower*, was afterward accused of treachery in this matter. But it is clear that at the time no such suspicion was entertained.

They came into Cape Cod harbor, where the town of Provincetown now stands, on the eleventh of November, Old Style. It was in this harbor that every man of the party subscribed the celebrated compact by which they agreed to maintain themselves in civil order, as a State or Commonwealth, under such laws as the majority might enact. To the place of Governor they confirmed John Carver, one of the Leyden party, who had been named to

some such authority before, — probably in some meeting of the Church.

The enthusiasts who suppose that government rests on what Rousseau calls the "Social Compact," find in this act a fine instance in practice, in which such a compact is made. A very noble instance it is.* It is to be remembered that the great majority of those who joined in it were already united to each other in a church covenant, in which they were bound to each other to care for the common welfare. The compact of the cabin of the Mayflower added to them, for the purpose of civil government, such servants and others who had joined their colony in England, as were not already members of the church formed in Leyden.

Some of the more vigorous of the company started to explore the coast, in a shallop which had been brought on deck for such purposes. Sometimes sailing, sometimes landing a part of the party to march along the shore, they examined — in two voyages — the southern shore of Massachusetts Bay, and came as far as Plymouth Harbor. On the eleventh of

* "In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furthering of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, constitutions, and offices, from time to time as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names, at Cape Cod, the eleventh of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord King James, of England, France, and Ireland the eighteenth and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini, 1620."

December, Old Style, they landed. Tradition never wavered in its statement that they landed on the rock now marked by a little temple as a monument. In the change of style made in the next century, this day is now represented by the twenty-first of December.*

They returned at once to Cape Cod Harbor and made their report. It was accepted by the governing authorities, and the *Mayflower* was at once taken across to the new-found harbor. Then began the work of laying out the new town, and building the necessary houses. With a certain pride in defying what they thought the superstitions of England, they began on Christmas day. "The twenty-fifth day, they began to erect the first house for common use." "We went on shore, some to fell timber, some to saw, some to drive, and some to carry. So no man rested on that day." These are the characteristic statements of Bradford and Winslow. And to mark the cheer of the day, Winslow adds, "We began to drink water aboard. But at night the master [of the *Mayflower*] caused us to have some beer." Thus was it that the foundation of a free empire was laid—as it should have been—on Christmas day.

The common house thus begun was twenty feet square. Five separate houses for residences were begun at the same time. It would seem as if they could hardly have been smaller. As these houses

* An error of calculation fixed the twenty-second as the anniversary for nearly a century. The Pilgrim Society at Plymouth has determined, however, that the twenty-first is the proper day, and this is undoubtedly right.

were finished, more and more of the company left the vessel at night, and resided on shore. But the hardships of their life, the lack of proper food, scurvy and other diseases caused by this hardship, began, even in January, to diminish their number. One hundred and one emigrants had sailed from England. Mrs. Bradford was drowned by an accident in Cape Cod harbor while her husband was absent on the first survey of the coast; one man died on the passage; and a child, Peregrine White, was born while they lay in the harbor. Of this number, Bradford tells us that the greater part died in "the general mortality" of the beginning, and most of them in two or three months' time. His diary gives six deaths in December, eight in January, seventeen in February, and thirteen in March. Before the end of a year the number of deaths had come to fifty.* "The fifty who died, died not because the country was unhealthful, but because their bodies were corrupted with sea diet which was naught—their beef and pork being tainted, their butter and cheese corrupted, the fish rotten, and the voyage long by reason of cross winds—so that winter approaching before they could get warm houses, and the searching sharpness of the climate creeping in at the crannies of their bodies, caused death and sickness."†

And so, in sickness and in tears, in distress and death, but with constancy, firmness, devotion and unwavering faith were laid the foundations of the State.

* Of the fifty who survived, Bradford knew one hundred and sixty descendants in 1650.

† Wood's New England Prospect, Chap. II.

THE THREE ANNIVERSARIES.

Short is the day, and night is long,
But he who waits for day,
In darkness sits not quite so long,
And earlier hails the twilight gray,
A little earlier greets the day
That drives the mists of night away.

So was our land forlorn and drear,
When to the rock-bound shore
A pilgrim band Christ-led, drew near, —
They promise it a new born year,
Twilight — which shows that even here
The Sun of Mercy shall appear : — the land be
dark no more.

So was the world — dark, cold and wild
When on a Christmas morn
A baby on his mother smiled
The dawning comes — the blessed child
The Sun of Life is born.

The lengthening days shall longer grow, —
Till summer rules the land,
From Pilgrim rills, full rivers flow —
Roll bolder and more grand.
So, Father, grant that every year,
The Sun of Righteousness more clear,
To our awaiting hearts appear ; —
And from his glorious East arise
The noon-day monarch of the skies,
Till darkness from the nations flies,
Till all know Him as they are known ;
And all the earth be all His own.

CHAPTER III.

THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH. 1620 – 1630.

THE terrors of the first winter have been told, in poetry and in oratory, so that the world knows them. Of one hundred who were living the day the compact was signed in the Mayflower, only fifty were living on the first of April. The survivors did not dare mark the graves, for fear the savages, of whom they still had fears, should know how their number was weakened. But after this the colonists enjoyed good health. One and another voyage brought them almost all of the Leyden party who had stayed behind, but Robinson, their pastor and leader, “died without the sight.” Of the first winter, the history is mostly of sickness and death, but in part of the building of the village. It consisted of but seven houses, with the common house. It has been observed that, with a stern determination that they would observe no popish holidays, they seem to have waited a day before they went to work. “The twenty-fifth day of December we went on shore, some to fell timber, some to saw, some to rive, and some to carry. So no man rested all that day.” It was by such determination to violate the fond tradition of the old church, that these men, who

“builded wiser than they knew,” established an empire on the birthday of Christendom. We have, fortunately, Bradford’s history, which is in these days a diary, of the winter. That the houses were not elaborate is shown when we say that, between the twenty-fifth of December and the ninth of January, the common house, which was the first, was nearly finished. In four days and a half more it was thatched. “Frost and foul weather hindered us much this time of the year. Seldom could we work half the week. But, alas, on the fourteenth it took fire; the house was as full of beds as they could lie one by another, but, blessed be God, there was no harm done.” The thatch of the roof was burned up, “but the roof stood, and little hurt.” On the twenty-first of January they “kept their first meeting on land.” On the ninth of February, the little house for sick people, which was another common house, was again set on fire. Indications of Indians appeared from time to time through these months, and on the seventeenth of February two savages made signs to the settlers to come to them, which signs they returned. These evidences that they were known by the natives caused them to “plant their great ordnances.” It was not till the sixteenth of March that Samoset, well remembered in our traditions, came straight to the rendezvous and bade them welcome. He had learned some broken English from the Englishmen who came to fish, and knew by name the most of their captains. He told them that all the inhabitants of Petuxet, which was the

native name of Plymouth, had died of an extraordinary plague. They welcomed him cordially, dismissed him with kindness, and gave him a knife, a bracelet, and a ring. The next day he returned with five other "tall proper men." Both parties treated one another well, and "with many thanks given us they departed, with promises they would come again." On the twenty-first of March they had a meeting to conclude laws and orders for themselves. This had been attempted before, but twice broken up by the savages coming. So it happened a third time, and Captain Standish, with another, with their muskets, went over, afraid of an attack, but all these fears were groundless. On the twenty-third they attempted their public business again, but Samoset with Squanto appeared once more, and brought with them Massasoit with sixty men. Quite a formal treaty was made, that neither party should injure the other, and that no visits should be made with arms. If this treaty was observed, King James "would esteem him as his friend and ally."

On the fifth of April they sent back the Mayflower with Captain Jones, and she arrived in England after a passage of a month. Not one of the settlers abandoned the enterprise to return with her. But the winter had been severe for them. Carver, the governor, had died; his wife had died, Winslow's and Bradford's wives had died. Bradford's entry is, "Of a hundred persons, scarce fifty remain. The living scarce able to bury the dead, the well not sufficient to tend the sick, there being, in their time



BURIAL HILL IN PLYMOUTH.

of greatest distress, but six or seven, who spared no pains to help them. Two of the seven were Mr. Brewster, their elder, and Mr. Standish, their captain. The like disease fell also among the sailors, so as almost half their company died before they sailed."

There is no question but that the rock still known as Plymouth Rock, and now marked by a little shrine which the piety of subsequent times has built over it, is the rock on which the explorers first landed. Probably it was the landing-place of the larger party when the Mayflower crossed to Provincetown, and there is no reason to challenge the tradition that Mary Chilton was first to step upon it. In the excitement which preceded the American Revolution, one hundred and forty-four years after, the Sons of Liberty undertook to remove the rock from the beach, where the sea flowed up to it, and to carry it into the middle of the town. The rock, which was the visible sign of the landing of the English in America, broke in two, and only the upper part was carried to the village. The patriotism and piety of the time saw in the parting an omen of the future.

After these months of suffering, there followed years, not of wealth, but more and more of personal comfort. They were able in the autumn to celebrate the first American Thanksgiving with good heart. The fortunate discovery, within this generation, of Bradford's history makes it certain that wild turkeys crowned their Thanksgiving feast. The colonists

immediately opened relations with the fishermen on the coast of Maine. In one way or another they worked, and worked well, to discharge the debt which they felt that they owed to the gentlemen adventurers, and to Eliza Knight, the brave woman who was "anxious to do good." In 1627, by different loads of fish, of beaver, of sassafras, and the rest, seventeen hundred pounds of this indebtedness was wiped out, and this sum seems to have been enough to liquidate the amount in full, with even a handsome profit to the subscribers.

After a few years they opened communications with Buzzard's Bay and Narragansett Bay, and had some diplomatic passages with the Dutch in the harbor of New York. They found they were outside the lines of the patent which they had, but their communications with England were not unfriendly, and in point of fact their right to exist in the desert was never disturbed by any government. Under the government which they made for themselves, the Old Colony existed in prosperity until, in the reign of William the Third, they were united to the Bay State. But the name of the Old Colony is still fondly cherished as the name of the three southwestern counties of Massachusetts. In no part of the world has there been more opportunity for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." In no part of the world has thought been more free. In no part of the world has man's opportunity for promotion been more open. In no part of the world has there been less of crime and less of poverty. The

prophecy of John Robinson has been more than fulfilled, and in a higher sense than the mere verbal expression with which he would have been satisfied. It has been true that "more light and more truth have come out of God's holy word,"

THE FINDING OF THE FIRST MAYFLOWER.

BY ARTHUR HALE.

Plymouth, 1621.

I.

THE gray mists on the hillside fall,
The gray gulls o'er the harbour call.
With silent tread they wander down
Through last year's leaves and grasses brown.
Said he, "The months go by, this year,
And all is still and dead.
Is it, then, always winter here?"
"The spring will come," she said.

II.

An east wind cuts the mist in twain, —
There is the straight sea line again.
She draws her mantle close, and he,
Turning his back upon the sea,
Speaks: "Lord, thy servant here behold!
My sins upon my head;
But why, Lord, slay us by thy cold?"
"The spring will come," she said.

III.

She droops her head, and at her feet
There is a flower, white and sweet.
They brush the leaves aside, and there
Its pink and white are everywhere.
A ray of sun — and all the slope
Laughs with its white and red.
"It is the Mayflower of our hope;
The spring is come," she said.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EMIGRATION TO THE BAY. 1630-1631.

ALL this while the condition of things in England was becoming more and more critical. The stupidity and bigotry of James the First had precipitated a breach in the English Church; and, by the time he had died, the party which was eventually to drive his son from the throne and behead him, knew its own strength. Through the same generation, men had taken more and more interest in the English possessions in America. The government of England had determined that it had claims there, and the colony of Virginia had been the visible establishment of those claims. The settlement made by the Pilgrim Fathers in Plymouth, and the little fishing stations at different points up and down the New England coast, were bringing the name of America — or Virginia, as it was often called — more and more distinctly to the knowledge of Englishmen.

It is not to be forgotten that although, when the century began, there was no family of English blood established on the whole coast of America, there were many separate adventurers who knew the coast; in the island of Newfoundland there had been, for fifty years, a very considerable establishment of

fishermen. All the counties of England which had to do with fishing knew more or less of the immense resources which the Banks of Newfoundland offered for their industry. It was in Dorchester, in the southwest of England, that this industry had its principal center. In Dorchester, the minister of the parish church was John White, the man now known as the founder of Massachusetts. He was a conscientious Puritan minister; he was a man of broad views in Church and State; he was well acquainted with the industries of the city of which he was the spiritual head; and he early conceived the idea that on the coast of America could be founded a colony where could be made sure the rights of worship which were denied by Laud and the bigots of the English Church at home. Among the adventurers in England who subscribed funds for the Pilgrim colony, appears the name of John White. It is possible that this is the Rev. John White of Dorchester, but it is more probable that it is Counselor John White, who was the legal adviser of the Massachusetts Company in England.

In London, the Puritan party had great strength, as the history of the outbreak with Charles showed at once. The merchants of the city were much more disposed to maintain the freedom claimed by the Puritans than they were to succumb to the requisitions of bishops and more bigoted clergy. The list which we have of the men who wished to "do good," and in that wish assisted the Pilgrim colony, is largely a list of such merchants. Among

them is the name of Eliza Knight, and it is to be wished that some one would find out for us who was the Christian woman of wealth who had so much interest in freedom of worship, that she assisted the struggling colony.

Now it is to be remembered that these men from year to year were learning that New England offered a promising field for adventure. They would lose a cargo now and then, when it was taken by a Sallee Rover, or by a French pirate; but in those days men were used to losing cargoes. And when a cargo of beaver skins arrived, or even, as it would seem, a cargo of clapboards, they sold at high prices, which more than justified the expense which had been put upon them. As we have seen, in 1627 a payment of seventeen hundred pounds was made to these adventurers. We have not the materials from which it is possible to strike the balance, and see how nearly this payment repaid their expenditures during the seven years. But on the whole, so far as we can disentangle the original stock from a dozen different adventures, made now by one, now by two or three of their company, it would seem that their principal was all returned to them, and that so much profit had been made as, in our times, we should consider a very adequate result of the adventure.

The passage, then, of seven years, from the time when Cushman and Weston made their difficult negotiations with men of wealth in England, made such matters much easier in 1627 than they were in

1619. It was in the year 1627 that, under the direct impulse of the Rev. John White, what we now know as the "Massachusetts Company" was formed, really to do the same thing, on a large scale and with a generous capital, which the handful of Leyden adventurers had tried to do on a small scale, and under the frown of the government. A body of merchants of character and position in Dorchester united themselves with a larger body of such men in London, to form the Massachusetts Company. It was formed precisely as in those days trading companies were often formed, for the development of the resources of Massachusetts Bay, and a subscription to its stock did not in the least imply that the subscribers intended to go to Massachusetts Bay themselves. They simply meant to send out settlers there, and to furnish the capital on which adventures of hunting, fishing, mining, and, if necessary, agriculture, could be carried on. These men undoubtedly expected to receive a fair interest on the capital which they invested. At the same time they meant to make an establishment in Massachusetts Bay, where men could worship God as they chose, without being under the direction of Archbishop Laud, or of his court of the Star Chamber. In all the discussion with regard to their motives which comes up from time to time, no one has ever attempted to show that a single person invested a penny in the stock of the new company, who was not committed, more or less directly, to the Puritan or popular view, in the contest with the established church or with the Crown.

This body, it will be observed, was no company of unknown exiles, asking for a patent. It was a body of rich and respected merchants, accustomed to success, and holding that position which no government likes to offend. When, therefore, they asked for a State charter for a tract in Massachusetts Bay, nobody inquired of them how they meant to appoint their ministers, or what was to be the detail of their administration. They had not the difficulty there which checked so seriously the movements of the Pilgrims ten years before. A charter was issued to them, giving them the ordinary powers for trade and for local government, for the region known as Massachusetts Bay; and, for the definition of this territory, they were authorized to enter upon any lands from a line three miles north of Merrimac River, to a line three miles south of the Charles River, in a strip which reached across to the South Sea. It must be remembered that, at that time, all geographers thought that the South Sea was not far distant, westward from the Atlantic.

We have their Company records almost from the beginning. They make in themselves a very curious history, and are well worth the study of any Massachusetts man, or of any person, indeed, who is interested in the healthy growth of an infant State. As early as 1628, the company sent out what may be called its first colony, in sending John Endicott, who was to be the commander-in-chief, or, as we should say, general agent, for its affairs, to whom were joined Francis Higginson as preacher to the infant

settlement, and others, who were to make the first establishment. His party arrived at Cape Ann on the thirteenth day of September, and soon proceeded to Salem, where they established themselves. They spent the winter of 1629 in Salem, built their meeting-house and established their church, and the other institutions of a new settlement. There is some question whether a colony had been maintained at Weymouth, where two unfortunate beginnings had been made. Weymouth and Salem must decide between them which has the honor of being the first settled town in what was to become the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. In the year 1629 the company sent out large supplies, with Francis Higginson the preacher and his family. They sent again ships to fish upon the coast, with the intention that they should dry their fish at the establishments which had been begun in the Bay, and bring back the cargoes in the fall. Such had been the course of trade which proved the most successful.

Meanwhile, however, the pressure upon men's consciences, under the arbitrary effort of Charles and his party to govern without Parliament, especially under the oppression of the Star Chamber and Archbishop Laud, became more and more hard to bear. It was under this pressure that several gentlemen, who had probably joined the company almost wholly from political and religious views, offered to go themselves to America, if they might be permitted to take with them the charter of the company, and carry on its government on the ground. No bolder

move was ever made — and, as it proved, no wiser. They did not ask the Council of Virginia or the Crown of England if the course which they proposed to take would be agreeable. They took it, as they had undoubtedly the right to take it, and it does not seem to have occurred to any one of the royal party to question their right, or to attempt to hinder them. A few years later, the Crown attempted to check emigration, excepting by its own consent, but, in 1630, either these people were too important to be thwarted, or they had too many friends at court and in the administration. There is no evidence that there was any secrecy, or that the government lifted a finger to restrain them.

The leader of these men was John Winthrop, a man who is always to be remembered in the list, too scanty, of the founders of States. Other men of mark who joined him were Isaac Johnson, Thomas Dudley, John Humphrey, Increase Nowell, Sir Richard Saltonstall, Richard Bellingham, afterwards governor, William Rynshay, John Davenport, Emanuel Downing, Nathaniel Ward, Simon Bradstreet, William Coddington, who represented rich and influential families, and whose determination to stake themselves on the enterprise must have arrested wide attention. Where the handful of Leyden emigrants were obliged to satisfy themselves with one vessel, this company of gentlefolk chartered a fleet of thirteen. Every preparation was made, with the advantage of the experience of half a century in such affairs, and there was no lack of money. Above all,

they had learned well the great lesson that they must sail in the early spring, and establish themselves in their new homes before the hardships of winter. The experience of the fishermen on the coast, and of the Pilgrim settlers at Plymouth, taught them by this time what the climate was.

It is pathetic and curious to observe that the Pilgrim colonists landed at Plymouth on the shortest day in the year. Poetry and eloquence and the sympathy of a nation have of course seized on this critical coincidence, and the astronomical fact that from that moment the days began to grow longer and the sun to rise higher in the western world has been made the theme of a thousand poets and orators. It is equally curious, though for obvious reasons the fact has attracted less enthusiasm, that the ship of Winthrop, the leader of the prosperous and wealthy colony, arrived in Salem harbor on the longest day in the year. The vessel came to anchor, and the enfranchised passengers landed, upon a world of ripe strawberries, of roses in bloom, and of all the fresh and fragrant delights of that rarest thing on earth, "a day in June." The marvelous prosperity, the cheer and comfort, which, on the whole, the people of Massachusetts Bay have known from the beginning, were typified and prefigured, had Winthrop but known it, in the charming surroundings of his landing and that of his associates.

He was most cordially received by Endicott and Higginson and the others at Salem. The rest of the fleet came in, ship after ship, after voyages which, on

the whole, had been prosperous. The Dorchester contingent had formed itself into a church in the city of its home before sailing. After a few days' delay at Nantasket, these people selected the spot still known as Dorchester, now a part of the corporation of Boston, where they established themselves. Thus, by the good fortune of this early organization, Dorchester claims the honor of being the first-born of the churches of that emigration. Winthrop and his immediate friends determined at first on Charlestown, where they found a single settler, as the site of the settlement which they supposed, perhaps, would be the seat of the government. George Phillips, one of the most brilliant preachers, with a company of his friends, went as far up the Charles River as its falls, and established themselves at Watertown. A part of the colonists remained at Salem, and strengthened the settlement there. The vessels were unladen, and most of them were sent home to England, with accounts sufficiently flattering of the beginning of the new adventure. But before the summer ended, these prosperous settlers also had their share of misfortune and calamity. Poor Winthrop was doomed to lose a son, who was drowned in a little stream between Salem and Boston. It was as Bradford, the first governor at Plymouth, had lost his son and his wife in the exigencies of the beginning. The establishment made at Charlestown was checked by the lack of drinking-water, and it was then that William Blaxton, a mysterious person who had been a clergyman of the English Church,

and was living a hermit's life on the peninsula of Shawmut, which we now call Boston, invited Winthrop to come over and see the advantages of the place for a settlement. Now that Boston is a large and crowded city, it is interesting to know what it was in Blackstone's day. He had a garden, which perhaps would now be called a farm, on the west side of the peninsula, and a well-established tradition makes it probable that the present lines of the Common correspond quite nearly to those of an inclosure which he had made for a pasture. His house was not far from the present line of Beacon Street, in the neighborhood of what is known as Spruce Street. Blackstone showed the visitors a stream of fresh water, rising on the exact spot now occupied by the United States post-office. In the excavations for the foundations of that building, a stream of water broke forth again, which was supposed to have flowed just where the stream flowed which was the temptation for a settlement. Winthrop, who had almost determined to establish himself at Cambridge, joined the company of those who removed to Boston, and, in the autumn, a settlement was begun there. It was wholly in what we now call the North End of the town, and probably extended up the lines of what is now known as Hanover Street.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST WINTER.

OF all lotteries, the risks are the most terrible in that where one chooses a new home; worst of all, probably, when he changes from continent to continent in the choosing. When Winthrop and his friends had fairly surveyed the scene of their new empire, there must, even to the most philosophical, have been a disappointment. The pastures around Salem are now much what they were then. An ungracious granite protrudes from the scanty soil, in knolls, without even much picturesqueness, and promises no crops beyond that of lichens.

Winthrop notes in his journal that they were regaled with strawberries on landing; and they were born into their new life with all the glories of June. But they were not satisfied with Naumkeag or Salem for the capital seat of their settlement, and pushed up the Bay to see the mouth of Charles River and of Mystic River. At Charlestown there was a settlement of nine persons, who had joined Walford the smith, who once held that peninsula alone; and here they brought the ships as they arrived in successive weeks, and to this place they transferred the stores which had been discharged at Salem.

The number of emigrants who arrived in seventeen vessels this summer was not quite one thousand.* Of these nearly one hundred returned in the ships.

They lost time in the first summer by a doubt as to the place of the capital. The first intention was to place it three leagues up Charles River, or, as Fuller says, at the "head of the river." By any reasonable measurement this would bring it to the mouth of Stony Brook in Waltham. And since Mr. Horsford found there what may be thought a ditch for a palisade, Mr. Winsor has suggested that possibly this spot was, at one moment, selected for the capital. But it is hard to say why Northmen, Biscayans, or anybody else with average common sense, should have placed the capital of a commercial State on a shallow river, where two falls of water obstruct the passage from sea to city. Whatever was intended in this three-league plan, nothing came of it but delay. The Dorchester party settled at the mouth of Neponset, and called their home Dorchester. They could pasture their cattle there. The peninsula which we call South Boston, was called Dorchester Neck. Another party under Sir Richard Saltonstall went to Watertown. With them came George Phillips, — the most eloquent of their preachers, — whose eloquence has been transmitted to descendants who bore his name. Here the first winter his baby was born, — to whom he gave

* Hutchinson says fifteen hundred; but he was misled by a late statement in the Charlestown records.

the name, "One who has left Babel behind," — Zerubabel. With such humors was that winter cheered.

A "great house" was built at Charlestown, as a store-house for the goods belonging to the company, and this was used as a place of worship until 1636. But the settlers were not satisfied with the drinking-water they found at Charlestown, having, at that time, a prejudice, which perhaps exists in England still, against the use of water from running streams. William Blaxton, was living on the south side of Charles River, on what was called Blaxton's Neck, or Trimountain. The latter name came from three hillocks which broke the summit of the hill afterward known as Beacon Hill. Blaxton told the leaders of the colony that there was no lack of spring water on his side, and at his suggestion many of the colonists removed there. All parties did their best to prepare for winter. It was, of course, too late to do much in the way of agriculture. And so late were the final determinations as to their homes, that winter found many of the poorer people in tents, or badly arranged cabins.

Among the early records of the council is a memorandum, which must have been dictated by Winthrop's wisdom, providing for each settler a blank book, in which he should write the record of the beginning of an empire. Winthrop foresaw the eagerness with which we should look for every such memento. If these books were provided, every one of them is lost, excepting that which he filled so

well, and the suggestion appears well founded, which was made by a distinguished lady of the last generation, that it seemed as if all of them, on landing, assembled at their respective altars, and made a solemn vow that, so far as in them lay, they would leave no record behind, from which posterity should know what were the shadows, and what were the broken lights, in the picture of their daily life. It must be confessed that there never was a race which had less faculty for the preservation of what the French make so well, and what they have happily called memoirs of history, as this race of New Englanders. They had the historic English grit. They died and made no sign ; they bit their lips and bore their sufferings. They seem to have taken in the passive quietness of the Indians among whom they lived.

Winthrop is the great exception. In all the cares of State he wrote his journal, which becomes the history of New England until his death. For the rest, our authorities for the first year are the monthly record of the Government ; the letter which Dudley wrote to the Countess of Lincoln in March, after the winter was mostly over ; the random recollections of Captain Roger Clapp, written after a generation ; the recollections, much more at random and more rambling, of Edward Johnson ; the traditions which Cotton Mather put down in the *Magnalia*, and a few entries in the most ancient church records. After a generation, the records of Charlestown were written up with reminiscences, undoubtedly fresh, of

the beginning. But of absolutely contemporaneous accounts, we have almost nothing.

In the preceding chapters the reader has seen how the Pilgrims, landing one hundred and one in number, were reduced to half that number at the end of a year. Of these gallant emigrants, it is recorded that not one went back in the *Mayflower*; the loss to the colony was of those whose bodies were laid under the ground. Of those who arrived with Winthrop, nearly but not quite one thousand in number, one hundred returned at once, dissatisfied with the country, and annoyed, probably, at the over-statement which they considered had been made to them. Of the eight or nine hundred who remained, more than two hundred were dead when Dudley wrote in March; — so terrible then was the business of acclimation. Or perhaps it is better to say that voyages were then so long and vessels fitted out so badly, that the scurvy of the voyage undermined the constitutions of those who came, so that they were not able to bear the change of food.

There is one and another allusion to the fact that these people, bred to the use of English wheat, rye and barley, disliked the bread made of Indian corn. They probably had not yet learned the art, which is not an easy art to this day, of properly subduing that grain by the processes of cookery. A little fragment from one of the early ballads throws some little light on the cookery of those times; but, as the lady before alluded to has said so well, the contemporary writers of diaries were most careful



LONGING FOR THE OLD HOME.

to decline to give details on such subjects of personal interest.*

After the abandonment of the scheme for a city three leagues inland,† all the leaders repaired to Cambridge, and determined to lay out the capital of the colony there. It is impossible to this day to make trees grow to any advantage on the Cambridge Common, and the tradition of the University till a late time, has been that here was the only spot where the settlers did not have to cut down the trees at the beginning. This tradition may or may not have been made by the satire of later times. It is certain that Winthrop, Dudley, and the rest of the leaders, agreed to build their houses there, and that the whole colony was assessed for a canal, of which some parts perhaps still exist, by which the necessary stores were to be carried across the marsh from the river up to the present foundation of Cambridge. There now exists, on the Brighton road, so called, one of the houses built at that time. The terror of the Indians remained, and a palisade was begun, probably quite similar to the stockades which are now built around our forts in the Western region. The line of this stockade is well known, and some of the willow-trees which were wrought into it, still exist in the rear of the museum of natural history at Cambridge, while at the western end some traces

* In 1849, I said to Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was visiting me at my home in Worcester, that the Irish emigrants did not like Indian meal. "You should have sent them hot cakes," he said, with all his native wisdom. — E. E. H.

† If, indeed, there were any such scheme, and if "three leagues" was not an accidental slip of the pen by Dudley instead of "three miles."

of it may be found near the river. It took in more than a hundred acres, and here it was supposed that the capital would be built. But after these preparations had been made, Winthrop was satisfied that the design could not be carried out, and he removed the frame already made for his own building to the other side of the river, and built his house on what is now Washington Street in Boston. The place is well known; it is opposite the foot of School Street, just north of the Old South Meeting-House. The house which he built remained there until 1775, when, by one of those curious bits of symbolism of which history is full, the English soldiers pulled it down and burned it for fuel. So precise is the arrangement of the materials of history.

With Winthrop's abandonment of Cambridge, Cambridge virtually ceased to be the capital. The capital followed the governor. Dudley was dissatisfied, and the matter became one which required a somewhat formal reconciliation. But Winthrop showed that he had not acted lightly and had not used bad faith in the matter. It is worth noticing that, though the name Boston had been given to the peninsula, out of deference to Johnson and other settlers of importance who came from the Boston in England, the town was so slow in its growth and seemed to so much lack all elements of success that, for a year or two, it was called "Lost Town" in ridicule by the more prosperous settlements around it. With such delays in some points, but with vigorous work undoubtedly, the summer passed. All

fear of Indians died away, as the wretched red-skins showed themselves more as paupers than as warriors; the time and means which were spent at first on fortifications were devoted to the building of houses, and some sort of shelter was arranged for the more prosperous part of the population before the winter came in. It was a mild winter until the day before Christmas, when New England showed what it could do. A heavy snowstorm and severe cold disturbed the fancies of those who thought they were going to spend such a winter as they had known in England, and from this time till the middle of March their experiences were hard.

When the leaders arrived in June of 1630 and found the destitution of the previous winter, they knew that they had not stores enough from England to carry them through another such experience, with the increased number of settlers. They therefore dispatched the *Lion* with instructions to bring back provisions immediately; and the return of the *Lion* became a critical matter for the colony. Not that it was possible for a thousand people to starve in a country where fish were to be had for the catching. But for every sort of discomfort, short of starvation, the leaders had to prepare themselves and those who looked to them, until the *Lion* should return.

The period of history when the State of Massachusetts was most in peril comes, therefore, into the early winter of 1630-31. But on the fifth of February the *Lion* appeared at Nantasket with the stores which had been provided by the forethought

of Winthrop when she was sent home. We have the detail of the provisions in her cargo, and from these can form some idea of the daily fare of the new settlers. She brought: wheat meal, two hundred and seventy-two bushels, about half as much of peas, one hundred and twenty-eight bushels of oatmeal, four hogsheads of beef and pork, and besides these cheese, butter, and suet. She brought three hundred trees, which were probably fruit trees. The cost of the provisions on board was a little more than two hundred pounds. It is to be noted that Winthrop paid in Bristol in England eight shillings and sixpence a bushel for the wheat meal, and that Dudley, writing at the very end of what was almost a famine in Boston, speaks of paying fourteen shillings a bushel for wheat, and eleven shillings for peas, and says that was the most costly bread which he had ever eaten.

Meanwhile, in the months which passed after the government was fairly installed in Massachusetts, the revolution was effected by which the board of directors of a trading company became the government of an independent State. Of these directors there were eight who had been chosen in England under the charter. They were just the men who would have met at a "directors' meeting" at home. They met as the "Court of Assistants," sometimes at Charlestown, sometimes at Boston, and once at Watertown, being called, apparently, as convenience required. They held nine regular meetings between the twenty-third of August and the twenty-

fifth of March. These meetings were in part directed to the management of the company, but they were directed as well to judicial examinations and to legislation for the infant State. By a very natural habit, they did not hesitate to name the price which sawyers should be paid for their work, nor to make regulations with regard to trade with the Indians. As readily did they make regulations with regard to trade with each other. They seem to have asked no questions whether they had or had not the right to do this; the things must be done, somebody must do them, and they did them. The only difficult constitutional matter which they had to settle was settled as simply. What with the death of one and another member of their body and the return to Europe of others, although they had added some by election, they were likely to have great difficulty in making a quorum. A quorum under their charter was seven members of the board; they coolly passed an ordinance that, when there were but nine members in the colony, a majority should make a quorum. There is, however, but one meeting recorded at which they did not have the quorum prescribed for them.

We have an opportunity to see how much it cost to live, and what was considered a reasonable income, because this court assigned the stipends for the two ministers and the physician whom the colony engaged. The settlers at Mattapan and those at Salem were expected to provide for their own minister, but Wilson and Phillips were engaged by the

colony as a whole, and the colony as a whole had to provide for them. Wilson had no family with him; Phillips, as has been said, had a wife and child. For their support, he was allowed twenty-four bushels of meal, eight of malt, four of Indian corn, and one of oatmeal. He was also to have half a hundred of salt codfish. For apparel and other provisions he was allowed twenty pounds. If he preferred, he might have forty pounds given him in money. Mr. Wilson was to have half this sum till his wife should come over. Mr. Gager, the physician, had a similar allowance, but he was to have a house built for him and a cow given him. He died, however, so soon that one of their chief sufferings was the lack of any medical attendance. Fuller came over from Plymouth when he could, but his home was in that colony and he had the Plymouth people to attend to. He also says that he was without medicines at Charlestown, but this may have been before the arrival of the ship in which they had been sent. Penn, who was appointed beadle—by which was meant an officer whom we should call marshal, sheriff, and janitor together—was allowed twenty nobles a year for his salary, and in the spring a day's work of a man from every able family to help build his house. He was to attend upon the governor, and be always ready to execute his commands in the public business.

The new court, at its second meeting, sent for Morton of Mount Wollaston, whose revels have thrown a little air of gayety over the early history, and

put him in the bilboes. They afterwards sent him to England, where he revenged himself by his satires upon them. The court ordered that he should give satisfaction to the Indians for a canoe he had taken away from them unjustly, and that his house, after his goods were taken out, should be burned down in sight of the Indians, for their satisfaction for many wrongs he had done them from time to time.

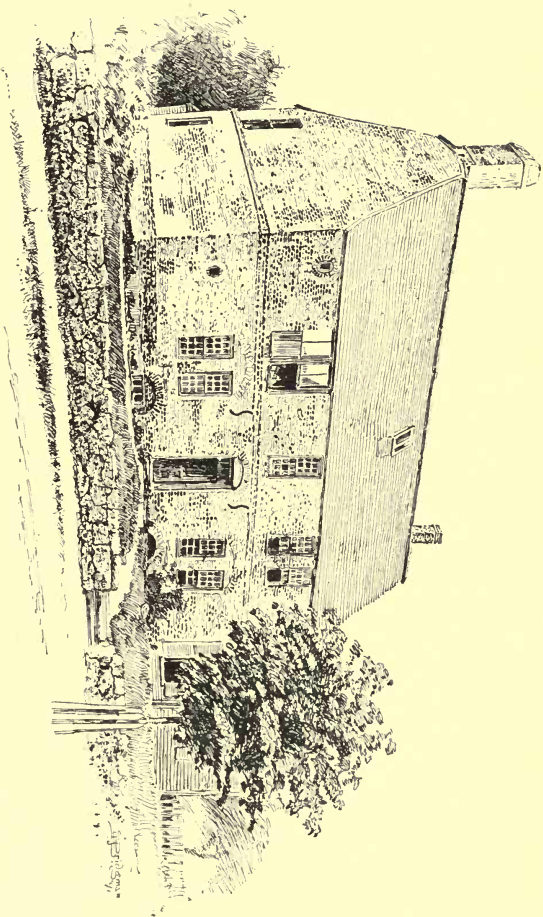
They had to deal with difficulties regarding the sale of "strong water," as their successors have had to do from that time to this.

There must have been a short period when there were hardly any members of the company in the country, besides these directors, as I have called them, or assistants. But they had no intention of governing the country by such an oligarchy, and at the General Court held on the nineteenth of October, the people were present, and "voted by the erection of hands." At the same time more than a hundred persons offered themselves to be admitted as freemen, or to become members of the company, and were at once received. From time to time afterward, the number enlarged itself in this way. They very soon made the rule, which gave great offense to the Crown afterward, that no person should be received as a freeman who was not a member of one of their established churches. As at that time, however, none of these churches had what we call creeds, as they consisted of all persons who were willing to covenant to "walk together," the restriction was not as severe as it would have been in

after days, when men were obliged to express their opinions in detail on delicate and controverted subjects of theology.

The houses which they built were of very much the fashion to which they were accustomed. Several houses are still standing, as old as 1634. There is a brick house in Medford, which was built in hope that Cradock, who had been what we should call the president of the company in England, would himself come over. It has an old-fashioned look now, but does not materially differ in aspect from any house which might have been built within the next century. Sometimes a wooden house was built with the second story projecting a little over the first, and the tradition in New England says that this projection was so made that the inmates might fire down upon the heads of Indians who were attempting to break in the doors. But this tradition is wholly mythical. Houses of exactly the same construction, belonging to the same time, may be seen in England to-day.

There could have been but little agricultural work, as has been suggested, after they were fairly established, till the end of the year; and we are willing to suppose that the four or five hundred able-bodied men in the colony were engaged mostly in this business of house-building. They had the weekly entertainment of religious service on Sunday. After the suffering by death became severe and when famine was pressing upon them, Wilson undertook to show that this was in the providence of God, who was



THE CRADOCK HOUSE AT NEEDFORD. BUILT 1634 AND STILL STANDING.

angry with them for something they had done wrong. But even Dudley, who was a stanch old Puritan, seems to have resented this, and he says rather curtly, in writing home to the Countess of Lincoln, that he leaves such matters to the physicians and the divines. They elected their clergy in every instance, and the clergy were eager to show that they took this office because they were elected. They did not say that they left the Church of England, and they never admitted that they did. They did say that, having come to New England, they could and would establish the government of their own churches as they chose. It was this they had come for, and from the very first moment they asserted and maintained the privilege.

There are three or four separate statements as to the extremity of the famine which was working in upon them before the arrival of the *Lion*. Mather says, writing after two generations, that Mrs. Winthrop was putting in the oven the last loaves of bread when it was announced that the *Lion* was below. The Charlestown records say that a fast day had been proclaimed. It is this fast which was changed into a thanksgiving on the twenty-second of February, in gratitude for the ship's arrival. Richard Clapp, with the advantage of forty years for the decoration of the story, says it was not accounted a strange thing in those days to drink water and to eat samp or hominy without butter and milk. "Indeed, it would have been a strange thing to see a piece of roast beef or mutton or veal, though it

was not long before there was roast goat." Edward Johnson was an eye-witness, but did not write till afterwards. He says "the women, once a day, as the tide gave way, resorted to the mussel and clam banks (which are fish as big as small mussels) where they daily gathered their families' food. Quoth one, 'My husband hath travelled as far as Plymouth, (which is near forty miles) and hath with great toil brought a little corn home with him, and before that is spent the Lord will assuredly provide.' Quoth another, 'Our last peck of meal is now in the oven at home, baking, and many of our godly neighbors have already spent all; and we owe one loaf of that little we have.' Then spake another, 'My husband hath ventured himself among the Indians for corn, and can get none. Also our honored governor hath distributed his plentifully. A day or two more will put an end to his store, and all the rest. And yet methinks our children are as cheerful, fat and lusty with feeding upon these mussels, clams, and other fish, as they were in England with their fill of bread; which makes me cheerful in the Lord's providing for us, being further confirmed by the exhortation of our pastor to trust the Lord with providing for us, whose is the earth and the fullness thereof.' And as they were encouraging one another they lifted up their eyes and saw two ships coming in, and presently this news came to their ears, that they were come from Ireland full of victuals."

This is a good illustration of the growth of a tradition. For there was but one ship.

CHAPTER VI.

BOSTON COMMON AND FORT HILL.

I DO not think that most children in Boston know their Common as well, or care for it as much, as I did when I was a boy. Nobody then made any objection to our playing upon the grass or sitting upon it; and for one, I was there so much, between the time when I was five years old and the time when I was twenty-five, that I doubt if there is a square yard of its surface on which I have not at some time stepped or sat or lain down. The Common of to-day is a collection of walks, shaded by trees, with grass-plots between. Everybody is requested to keep off these grass-plots; and most people do. The Common of my boyhood was a large pasture, with rows of elms on the malls around it, with the "great elm" standing where its successor stands, and one fine, large willow-tree near the "Frog Pond." Other trees there were none. It was, therefore, a good place for cows, a good place for military training, and a particularly good place for boys. There were no restrictions on them in the Common; and as there was but one policeman in the town of Boston, the restrictions would not have been enforced, had there been any. As soon as the frost was enough

out of the ground in the spring, we played marbles in the malls; soon after we ranged with bows and arrows over the whole space; we played base-ball and foot-ball where we chose and when we chose. Under the pretense of carrying imaginary mails, we drove our hoops from station to station, where we had fixed post-offices, from each of which, from day to day, the tiny newspapers went forward, till, at the end of a fortnight perhaps, they had made the circuit of the four malls and had returned, like a metaphysical proposition, to the place they started from. Above all, the Common was fitted for the flying of kites; and I observe with regret that, since the Common was planted with trees, the science of kite-flying, which is a science, is lost to the boys of Boston, and largely to those of New England.

Two hundred and sixty-one years ago, the Common was a rougher pasture and less attractive to the cows, had there been any, than the open field which I have described.

Ann Pollard, a jolly, active girl of ten years old, ranged over it in a frolic in the summer of 1630, picked and ate blueberries from the bushes which were growing there, and, very likely, sat and rested herself under the shade of the great tree, which was already called the "old elm"; or, perhaps, on the Wishing Stone, which then had not received its name. The Wishing Stone was a great rock, a little below the Walnut Street gate, which was, alas! blasted and carried away, as if it had been a vulgar stone, to make the curbstone which is now around

the Frog Pond. That rock and many others were scattered over the Common, where you would now find it hard to pick up a pebble to throw into the pond. There were frogs in the pond, and most likely musk-rats as well. And I dare say the youngsters of that day were rewarded if they lay in wait on the hill sometimes for a tired duck or wild goose or wandering plover.

It is on this ragged, jagged, open hillside that this little story begins, a little after noon on a February day. Two or three large boys are watching a fire just above the Frog Pond; and another, on the hill above, is making signals to some people on the ice in the Back Bay below.

“Take my hatchet, Cephas, and run yonder quickly, and bring us two or three more of those cedars. They shall not say we left them to cut the wood, when they have gone so far for the clams.”

Cephas went off willingly enough, but came back, in a moment, bringing with him Adoniram, who, to the evident joy of the others, carried a little leather satchel.

“And what hast thou brought?” cried Tom Cradock, the leader of the gang. “What hast thou brought? We have three flounders ready to bake when the stones are hot enough, and Roger and Hiram are coming up yonder, with two redskins, who know a good place for clams. Micah, here, has filled both pipkins from a hole in the ice. My father has given me salt” [and he showed it in two large clam shells]. “Fitz John brought up two lobsters,

and we have them in the pot. But I tell thee I tire of sea-food ; and I said to Cephas that I hoped thy mother had one biscuit left."

The boy laughed good-naturedly enough, but said, in an affected tone of lamentation :

"Not a biscuit to-day between the Ferry and the Frog Pond here. My mother has not seen one for a week. Why, I know that Mrs. Winthrop put her last bread in the oven yesterday. Nathan Miller told me that, and he made the oven fire. Nay," he said, more seriously, "Goodman Griffith said to my father last night, that, next week of Thursday, there was to be a day of Fasting and Prayer in all the settlements, to turn away wrath. That day thee will eat not even lobsters nor clams."

"If only another wild goose would pass over!" said the bigger boy, looking for the fiftieth time upward and around, so as to scan the whole of the pitiless clear blue arch which was over them. He was wholly ignorant that the stray bird he had shot there three months before, was a late, exceptional straggler, and that he might as well expect a visible angel from the seventh heaven as such another straggler now. "But what has thee got, if thee has no biscuits?"

"See here," said the smaller boy eagerly, "the red-skin, Charles King, told me how to find them ; and he will be here in a few minutes with more. I gave him my old leather cap, last night, and we started before day-break, and went—oh ! ever so far, an hour's tramp the other side of the ruin or more, to

the place where he had hidden them — oh ! long ago. It was in under a rock, and there were a great lot of them, more than we could bring. And he had crowded in leaves and sticks, for fear that they should freeze.”

And the eager boy produced a handful of dirty little roots, of the shape of long nuts, which were the treasures which had been so carefully husbanded.

“ Charles King said that he found the place one day when they were fishing, and he knew they would want them sometime, and so he hid them there.”

Tom Cradock looked incredulously at the little roots, and tried one between his teeth, which failed to close upon it. He made a wry face as he took it away.

“ But they are to be baked ! They are to be baked ! ” said the other, “ and we shall have enough. I think we will put in some with the lobsters.” And his eye rested with satisfaction on the iron pot which John Freeman was hanging over the fire.

Charles King, the Indian boy, now slowly approached, with a heavy basket slung on his back. He readily assented to trying the new experiment of boiling ; and, while the boys were engaged in a rough way in washing the roots, the other party from the bay joined them, loaded down, as they had expected, with baskets of clams. They needed very little time to rake the embers off from a stone floor which had been used for this purpose by generation upon generation of the Indian boys, and their fathers long before them, and little more time to pile up the

clams, the ground nuts, and the fish, and to cover them with sea-weed. Silas Moody was then left to watch the smaller fire, over which three sticks supported the iron kettle, and the other boys, as by agreement, went down from the hill upon the lower ground, for play. Redskins and white skins, with one or two allies who had come up from the village, there were fourteen in all.

The white boys had begged a half-holiday, or had taken it without begging. The Indian boys knew nothing of work days or of holidays; it was all one to them. As their great countryman said, a century after, "They had all the time there was." If they said they would go to work, they meant only they would go, if they chose, when the time came; if they said they would go to play, it was with the same implied condition. On this occasion the day was fine, the temptation to beat the English boys in playing ball was an inducement, and in the straggling manner which has been described, they had arrived at the place of rendezvous. A part of the vague promise was that they were to teach the English boys their national game, which we call *La Crosse*; and they had come with nice bats, newly made of deer's sinews, for the occasion. The level surface of the frozen Frog Pond was the best place they could find for the beginning of the encounter. They divided themselves into two parties, each party took four or five English allies, and so the game began. Indian boys and English boys spoke to each other only with the greatest difficulty. Such in-

structions as were given, were given much more by gestures than by words. But both parties were good-natured. It was many weeks since the English boys had enjoyed a holiday so definitely appointed; and the biggest of them, quick of eye and of foot, began to catch the trick of the game, while all of them entered into its spirit. I need not say that no boy took much note of time. There was then no Park Street clock to tell any one that dinner was waiting, if his appetite failed to serve him as a reminder.

But there was reason enough why all parties should be hungry; and, before many goals had been lost and won, a cry from the two boys who were taking their turns of duty at the fire, called the whole party in. Dinner was to be served under the lee of a great bowlder, which was blasted away long ago to make the foundation of some house or barn. A great pile of brushwood, running out at right angles from the stone, extended the cover from the wind, a deep bed of hemlock and cedar branches made a comfortable enough floor to lie upon, and the low February sun lay warmly on the company. One or two dirty bear-skins had been brought by the Indian boys, and three or four blankets of English weaving, not much cleaner, added to the luxury of the occasion. The plates were slate stones and clam-shells. Two or three Sheffield whittles were made common property for knives, and fingers served for forks. None of the company was fastidious; all were hungry and all were good-natured;

the provision was ample ; and in their deep carousings from flagons more than once refilled with the Frog Pond water, which they drew through the ice and in their simple jest called "Adam's Ale," there was never a headache nor a quarrel. The meal, which had no name, was soon dispatched ; the remnants were left for birds or for woodchucks, and the whole company rose, like Greek heroes, refreshed, with a readiness which would have frightened a doctor of our day, to resume their violent exercise, as if Nature needed neither strength nor time for digestion.

As the little boys were picking the La Crosse bats from the pile where they had been stacked, Tom Cradock, who was the evident leader of the party, said gayly :

"No ! let them lie ! I have another sport for the evening. See what I have hidden here."

To the joy of the others he produced, from a secret place in the brush-heap, a limp bladder and the well-known cover of a foot-ball made from the best Cordovan leather.

In an instant more he had blown the bladder to a full sphere, and Cephas, with a bit of string from the never-failing pocket of his jerkin, tied fast the opening.

"You've shown us one of your games, we will show you one of ours," he said to one of the Indian boys, who looked on with quiet admiration. "Micah, you shall be captain on that side. I will be captain of ours. Don't thee take all the best lads. Take

thy fair half. Only remember," he said, laughing, "that I am a match for any three of you."

"That will do very well," said the other, good-naturedly. "As I count three on our side, that will give us each an even ten. When we come on purpose, we will bring more lads. But we will not mind now, seeing we have the best of the town."

And so saying, he drew off his half of the party, giving them the best instructions he could by gestures and loud words; and then, with a final conference with Tom Cradock, determined roughly what should be goals and bounds.

The fortunes of the games, played with not unnatural blunders on both sides, might have taken as long for description as I have known the story of some Indian ball games—namely, several hours of long and rapid narration. But so soon as the hill party warmed to their work, in one bold rush they drove the ball southward into a little clump of savin-trees, all crowded by a close growth of blackberry vines and other briers; and, to the amazement of all parties, defenders and pursuers, a red fox, who was in cover there, broke away, and fled in the direction toward which the flying ball had pointed.

The crew of boys forgot the ball on the instant, at the sight of nobler game. There was no hope that they could draw dog or man to help in the pursuit from the distant hamlet. It was quite sure that the fox would outrun the swiftest of them in three minutes; but they all joined none the less gallantly in pursuit. It was easy enough to track

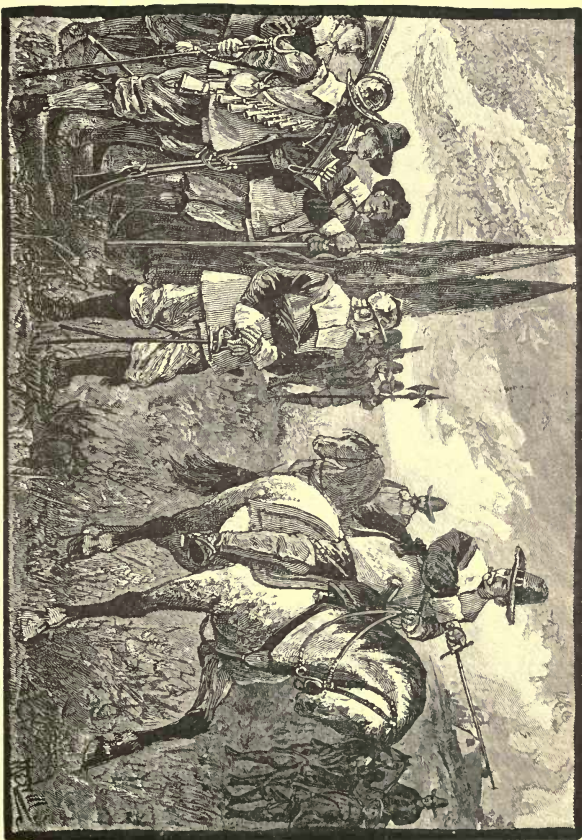
him across the long, low treeless flat, where is now Tremont Street and the Boston and Globe Theaters. Indeed, it seemed to those foremost in the chase, that a block of ice, hurled by one of the Indian boys, must have disabled him in some degree; for they fancied that he flagged in his running. He crossed the country trail far in advance of them. But they were quite sure that he only ran to cover by the little pond which they knew well — near where the street cars now turn into Harrison Avenue—and, in a straggling line, panting for breath, the leaders followed him thither. The smaller boys, to their regret for the rest of their lives, returned to their fire on the Common.

But no stoning, nor shouting, nor poking with sticks, would drive the fox from the close covert he had chosen. If he were there, he meant to stay there. The boys were retiring, crest-fallen with their failure, when a happy thought struck their cheery leader.

“It was the ball that started him. Try the ball again, Micah! Let fly right in among the willows!”

And Micah camped the foot-ball, as he would have said, high in the air, so that it fell, as if from heaven itself, among the trees.

The poor, lame, frightened beast, who knew enough to keep still when noisy men, or noisier boys, threatened him, was not proof, it seemed, to supernatural terror. He left cover again; and, though he left on the side away from his pursuers, they soon saw



TRAINING DAY ON BOSTON COMMON IN COLONIAL DAYS.

him upon the white snow, over which, with evident pain, he was running to the edge of the water.

The boys knew no mercy. They had gained their breath, and started again in the well-nigh hopeless pursuit. Hopeless, because he was far ahead of them, they had only their eyes to track him with, and they were quite as tired as he was.

But no boy flagged. Streets were none, nor even lanes or byways then. But, if they had left their track upon the snow, and men had afterward made streets to preserve it, you would say that they ran down Essex Street a little way, crossed to Bedford Street, could see the tired beast turning inland from the water, and making toward the rising ground of Fort Hill, and that there they lost him behind Goodman Rogers's woodpile. At the woodpile they all gathered, the tallest first, and the laggards later; but no fox was there. On some snow which had not been trodden could be seen his footprints, plain enough to show that they had tracked him rightly so far. But here he had disappeared.

"Stay here and watch, Micah. Stay here, all of you!" cried the impetuous Cradock. "And I will take this savage with me to the top of the hill; and perhaps we can see him. Ye can all hear me shout from there." As if well-nigh the whole town could not hear Tom Cradock's shout if he chose.

He called the Indian a savage, without the slightest thought of offense — which, indeed, as the other could not understand five words he spoke, it would be hard to give in language. Savage was simply

his name. On the instant, the breathless fellows dashed up the hill. The Indian knew very well why they went.

But not a sign of their victim! Snow, ice, brown grass, or tall reeds in the marshes — places enough where a fox might hide — but no sign of a poor lame fox crawling from one of these coverts to another. The Indian gave up the quest after one minute's careful, silent scrutiny, with one or two *Ughs* in the bottom of his throat, and the one word, "bad-bad" — the first word that he had learned in his intercourse with the strangers.

The day was still cloudless. The sun was just going down. The savage turned from the scrutiny of the shore to look seaward. It seemed as if he would not and could not let anything escape him, now he was somewhere where so much could be seen. He turned slowly, scanning island after island in the bay. They stood brown against the white ice and snow; but the tide had so broken the harbor ice that it had generally drifted to sea, and a long channel, deep blue, marked the way of the tide and river water from their feet to the far horizon.

The Indian boy was wholly grave and impassive as he turned from point to point; but when he turned full east, he fairly leaped and screamed.

"What is it, Charles?" cried the other, who was now the graver of the two.

The redskin, who had in derision been nicknamed with the name of King and Charles, only answered, by holding the other, and pointing, with a short

reed which he had in his hand, to the blue horizon. Cradock saw nothing.

"Chusett; big Chusett," said the Indian, compelling the other to see the hill where is now the Blind Asylum.

Tom Cradock knew that "Chusett" meant "hill," and made token that he saw it, as he could not help doing.

"Chusett; little Chusett," said the other, leading his eye northward from the near hills, on the horizon, where Point Alderton stretches up, ten miles away.

And Tom Cradock saw the little hill.

Then the reed, with which Charles King pointed, moved slowly northward, and stopped.

"Boat! big boat!" he said, in triumph.

Tom could not make it; did not make it; but the other simply said: "Boat! big boat!"

Then he lay on the ground; he adjusted his reed carefully on piles of stones. He bade Tom stoop also. At that moment, Micah Dugan came up, wondering. He was keener-sighted than Tom was; he knelt, and ranged over the reed, and cried: "A sail! a sail! He is right." And this time Tom Cradock saw the welcome sail.

It was many months since such a sight had been seen in the bay.

A whoop and cry brought up the other lads from the woodpile. All must share the wonder and the joy. Then came the eager wish to tell the news. Yet there was an anxious feeling that, if a watch were not kept upon the hill, the prize might vanish.

Tom Cradock bade the others wait for a moment, till he could summon the Governor, whose home lay below them, not far away.

In five minutes he was in the kind magistrate's presence, and with due decorum told his story. In five minutes more, the great man, not cumbered by his guard, as he would have been on an occasion of ceremony, was on the hill. He had no "perspective glass." Such things were not known. But ten minutes had brought the ship a mile nearer the town. Every sail was in sight on every mast, and the anxious Governor of an infant State knew that his fears might end; that succor was at hand.

"Let us pray!" he said.

And as the rough boys stood reverently and silently around him, with their eyes cast upon the ground, the Governor poured out his heart in gratitude to God.

Then, and not till then, did the boys rush to their homes, with the glad news that relief had come.

Neither boy nor man knew what the ship was, nor who was her captain. But, clearly, she was heavily-freighted. She was no belated fisherman nor dispatch boat from the Old Colony. The Governor hoped it might be his old friend, Pearce, in the *Lyon*, for whose return he had once and again plead earnestly with Almighty God.

And good Captain Pearce, in the *Lyon*, it proved to be. Long after nightfall, eager watchmen on the shore heard the plash of oars, and Captain Pearce himself hailed them as he drew near

their landing place. With him in the boat were Roger Williams, John Perkins and Robert Hale.

In his cargo were thirty-four hogsheads of wheat-flour, four hogsheads of oatmeal, four of beef and pork, fifteen of peas, with cheese, and butter, and suet. Just what the discouraged people needed to make a feast from the savage stores on which they had been feeding.

And Winthrop, who with his own grim humor had taught people to thank God for the treasures hid in the sand, before they dined on clam chowder, now called his council together, and they issued the first "Proclamation for Thanksgiving."

They had ordered a day of Fasting and Humiliation. They changed it to a day of Thanksgiving and Praise.

And then and thus, for the Colony of the Bay, did Thanksgiving Day begin.

CHAPTER VII.

A STUDY OF ANNE HUTCHINSON.

IT is clear enough that, in 1631, after the hardships of the first winter in Massachusetts, a certain depression of feeling existed among the friends of the colony in England, as it certainly existed in the colony itself. The emigration of that year is very small. But in the next year the English Puritans began to look again with favor on New England, and year by year the arrivals were larger and larger. In 1634 some gentlemen of rank began to correspond with Winthrop. They were on the liberal line in religion, but they wanted to preserve the privileges of English noblemen, and the correspondence is curious, as they ask how largely such privileges would be respected, and as the assistants, who have already learned a little of the disposition of a democracy, courteously reply. Of this movement, the principal visible result which has been left in history was the settlement made in the Connecticut River, of which the younger Winthrop became the chief. Lord Say-and-Seal, Lord Brooke, and other gentlemen, finally made their establishment there. But most of the settlers who were to go there arrived first in Massachusetts Bay, and the large

emigration of 1634 and 1635 must be considered as having been affected considerably by the interest of those who eventually established the colony of Connecticut. Among others who came over on this new tide of enthusiasm was Henry Vane, the same who was afterwards executed, the same who has received his highest honor from Milton's pen :

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled,
The fierce Epirot and the African bold;
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
Then to advise how war may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage; besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have done :
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;
Therefore, on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

Vane was only twenty-four years of age. His father's name was known and honored among the Puritans; his arrival itself showed that the colony was not to be forgotten by distinguished people "at home," and his personal bearing soon won enthusiastic support. This showed itself in his election as governor at the first annual meeting after his arrival; an election which, naturally enough, did not meet with much favor from Winthrop, whom he displaced, and perhaps not from most of the other magistrates, who had pulled through the hard work of the beginning.

To this hour nothing is so disagreeable to an American as to receive advice from a person who has just arrived from England. Nothing is so certain, on the other hand, as that the persons who have just arrived from England are most eager to offer advice to the persons whom they find speaking their own language in America. Mr. Lowell has described this passion of theirs with admirable humor in his paper "On a Certain Air of Condescension observable in all Foreigners." When this condescension is exhibited by a Bohemian or other stranger from the continent of Europe, it is generally uttered in very broken English, and there is something in the humor of the matter which helps the American who hears to bear it tolerantly. But when it is addressed to him in his own language, he is more apt to be irritated. He does not take it kindly, and the resentment which he expresses in return is apt to be much more than the occasion demands; certainly more than is deserved by the kind feeling with which such advice is generally offered, and the blunt unconsciousness that any offense is given.

The terrible quarrel which broke the little State asunder after the arrival of the emigration of 1634, is, perhaps, inexplicable. But it is probable that there was in it, as one element of importance, the indignation which those felt who were already "old settlers" when they found themselves criticised by the new arrivals. An unfortunate phrase of Anne Hutchinson's is cited, in which she expressed a certain dismay as she saw the houses which surrounded

her. We may be quite sure that Englishmen of good condition, landing together, could not help telling those who came before what they should have done. If they did not, they were quite unlike any Englishmen who have come since their time.

There had been a reaction of feeling caused by the mortality of the first year, and the discovery that the salt marshes and rocky hills and diluvial gravels of New England did not make Paradise. But after this passed and the energy of Winthrop, Dudley, and the rest of the "six hundred" had made a foothold in the Bay, this new wave of interest swept in — moving, as has been seen, some people of distinguished rank. Now the six hundred who had begun the work needed allies and needed capital, but even then the answer which Winthrop drafted to the gentlemen who wanted to come over, and asked whether their dignity would be respected, was cautious and not over-encouraging. To us, who know that the feudal system generally goes to pieces in about half an hour after any experimenter lands with it as a part of his luggage, the correspondence is amusing.

It is in the westward movement of this second wave, which brought Vane in 1635, that there came John Cotton, who had long been solicited to come, Anne Hutchinson and her husband, John Wheelwright, her brother, Lothrop, Symmes, and several other preachers. The arrival of a new element of such social distinction moulded the history of the

little State for years. Vane did not arrive till two years after Cotton and a year after Mrs. Hutchinson, but his sympathies were with them, and his influence, for the time that he lived in Boston, was thrown on their side of the controversy which followed. The reader must bear in mind all along that this controversy, though it is veiled under theological names which we scarcely understand, and carried on with an unintelligible fanaticism on both sides, was at the same time a contest between Boston and the other towns, and that there should probably be traced in it a distinct element of the jealousy with which eight or ten country towns regarded the place which was already assuming the airs of a capital city. Cotton was regarded by every one as the most distinguished of the preachers, and he had almost, of course, been called to be the teacher of the church in Boston. Until his arrival that church had satisfied itself with the ministrations of a pastor, John Wilson. The name "Boston" had been given to the peninsula with some reference to the hope that Cotton would arrive; but, before his arrival, so doubtful were its prospects, that the wits of the colony already named it "Lost-town." With Cotton's arrival in 1633 all this was changed; every one thronged from the neighborhood to his Thursday lecture; his known eloquence and position gave him a decided lead in the councils of the infant State, and the necessity, which was almost a geographical necessity, that the meetings of the General Court should be held at Boston, began to mark that settle-

ment as the capital. The contest between Winthrop and Dudley about building at Cambridge may be partly referred, perhaps, to the rise of an early jealousy.

As soon as Mrs. Hutchinson arrived in September, 1634, the whole church of Boston, with a few exceptions, joined themselves to her with enthusiasm. It seems curious now to speak of a body of people "joining themselves" to a woman who came in no public capacity. But what happened was that Mrs. Hutchinson opened what we should call religious conferences—first for women only, and then for women and men together. The small minority consisted of Winthrop and four other persons in the church, who allied themselves loyally to Wilson, the old teacher of the church. There was no formal quarrel between Cotton and Wilson, and to Wilson's credit it ought to be said that he has left on record no trace of jealousy separating him from the man who was undoubtedly his intellectual superior. None the less is it sure that Cotton was a very eloquent preacher, and that he had been called to the church to be its teacher while the more humble details of pastoral care were entrusted to Wilson as pastor. It need not be wondered at, then, if Wilson, to say the least, was in a position to see extravagances in Cotton's public statements, and to receive, perhaps with more sympathy than was wise, complaints which any person made, regarding such extravagances. As Mrs. Hutchinson's meetings continued, in the fervor of her religious experience and the enthusiasm of her

language, admiring Cotton as she did, to such an extent that she had crossed the ocean in order that she might hear him and be near him, it is certain also that she permitted herself to criticise most or all of the preachers of the Bay, and to intimate that the gospel which they proclaimed was not so satisfying as that of Cotton, and as that which she herself could interpret.

Here is an evident bit of that disposition to give advice which, as has been said, the new emigrant from England invariably shows. It is a part of the law of the instrument and must be accepted as such. It is equally certain that in the colony at large Anne Hutchinson lost favor by the sweeping criticisms which she made, adverse to the religious statement which she found well received in the community.

From a period very soon after her arrival in 1634, till she was exiled by the General Court, which held a special meeting to hear her defense, is a period of about three years. Of the discussions of that period we have more than enough, if one regard their present interest. They are preserved by her friends and by her enemies, and yet from them all it would be impossible to-day to say precisely what were the theological differences which were involved.

As to the other differences, however, it is clear enough that there were the rough "old settlers," who had been here four years or more, with their sunburned faces, their well-worn corduroys, and their hard hands, contrasting with the new comers, who brought the last sweet word of Puritan England:

here were nine or ten or eleven country towns all jealous of Boston; there were as many ministers who found people would go off on Thursdays to hear Cotton.

Such were the sets of people, ready for a collision, in life where there was so little to talk about as that of the little, newly founded towns. Of the ten or twelve towns the population was still hardly ten thousand. In larger circles of social life the collision might have been as to the disposal of a ribbon by the governor, or the right of precedence over the lady whom Sir Henry Vane handed to table. But with these people it turned on the gravest points of speculation, and beneath smoke and fire there was a heated mass of profound conviction, so intense in its fervor that it is impossible to speak slightly of any word of the controversy which followed. That controversy rent the little State, and Boston particularly, to their foundations.

First, whether sanctification precedes justification.

Second, whether the person of the Holy Ghost dwells with a justified person, and

Third, how far a devout Christian receives from God immediate revelations of his will.

These may be said to be the three questions between Anne Hutchinson and her accusers, as they eventually chose to state them. They exiled her from their colony at last on the civil charge that she disturbed their peace.

Of the three theological questions thus proposed, not by herself, but by her accusers, it would be fair

to say that none of our readers understands either of the first two, unless he has been professionally trained in the language of that time. Indeed, it is quite clear that her accusers themselves could not quite agree what they held—on subjects where human language is, from its very origin, unable to make precise expression.

With regard to the question whether the person of the Holy Spirit resides in the person of a believer, both parties finally determined that they had so little Scripture statement for their discussion that it was best to withdraw it. The first question, whether “sanctification” is an evidence of “justification” proved insoluble. “Mrs. Hutchinson was understood to maintain the negative; that is, she was regarded as affirming that a state in which man is justified before God precedes and is independent of his obedience to the law of holiness.” That is to say, she was charged with holding that any person who proved his “justification” by referring to any means of outward sanctification, was under a “covenant of works.”

Now a covenant of works was what both parties detested, as they detested any violation of the ten commandments.

Our own time is, fortunately, profoundly indifferent to such niceties of expression. The questions involved in them enter, as they must always enter, into the inquiries of young life. And every person of conscience forms, as he should form, his own theory as to the relations which he holds to God, and

which God holds to him. But the world has come so far that it knows that human language is inadequate to complete statement of that relation. And, on the whole, the world is so eager to see and find life in its men and women, that it does not analyze very critically the verbal statements which many of them make as to the origin of high determination in their hearts. But the people around Anne Hutchinson had not wrought out the experiments which have brought the world of the nineteenth century to this level of indifferences or toleration.

It seems necessary to say thus much of the language of the controversy itself, that the reader may understand the steps of the drama — sometimes amusing, always pathetic, and in the end tragic — which wove itself around the life of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson in Boston.

She was the daughter of a Puritan minister named Marbury. She married William Hutchinson early in the century. They were people of good blood and family, and lived with comfort at Alford, about twenty-five miles from Boston in Lincolnshire, in England. It is supposed that the family of Mr. Hutchinson was connected with that of John Hutchinson, the regicide.* The history of Boston would never have shown the name of this interesting lady, nor that of her husband, but for their enthusiastic interest in the preacher, Cotton, and in the gospel as he proclaimed it. The Hutchinsons — and it was

* But Mr. Savage says that this is not proved.

a large family group—were among a very considerable number of people who were willing to go to the new country if Cotton came, and would never have come if he had not. When he finally crossed the ocean, in 1633, in the ship Griffin, one of his fellow-passengers was Edward Hutchinson, the brother of Anne Hutchinson's husband. Other Hutchinsons had preceded them, one at least of that name being in the original emigration with Winthrop. In the ship with William and Anne Hutchinson came several other children. They arrived in the Griffin on the eighteenth of September, 1634. William Hutchinson united with the First Church in Boston the next month. There was some hesitation about the admission of Anne Hutchinson, with which the history of the controversy properly begins; but this was readily adjusted. Mrs. Hutchinson, when she saw the meanness of Boston on her arrival, said frankly, that she should never have come but for her admiration for Mr. Cotton and her wish to live under his ministry; but it does not appear that any immediate ill-feeling resulted from this expression or from the doubts which delayed her admission into the church. She made herself of use in the little town; it would seem as if their property was sufficient for them to live with comfort and maintain a cordial hospitality. Mrs. Hutchinson soon became a favorite among the women, and finding that there was nothing of what we should now call "mothers' meetings" or a woman's conference, she instituted in her own house

such a religious gathering for her own sex. There had been similar clubs of men before, and such clubs existed for more than a century. Mrs. Hutchinson's class or club was popular; it was conducted with spirit, and clearly enough it became one of the interesting reunions of Boston.

Her biographers have touched on the question whether personal beauty was one of the charms which rendered her so attractive. Dr. Ellis says, with very keen observation, that, as no reference is made to this among the writers on either side, it may be inferred that she was not a beautiful woman. But against this ingenious remark, it is to be observed that very remarkable personal beauty has for at least a century past been evident in the immediate descendants of her blood.

There were two of her meetings held every week, one for women alone, and after these had become popular, one for men and women both. A large number of persons resorted to these, to the number of fifty, sixty or eighty at once. But neither of the ministers of the town or of the neighborhood were invited, or were present.

The custom which thus grew up made precisely what in modern phrase is called a "salon," when we speak of Madame Récamier or of other brilliant women in Paris. And the success of Mrs. Hutchinson's meetings was such as to bring about a revolution, which, as has been said, did more injury to the town of Boston than anything which happened to it up to the time of the Stamp Act. Perhaps this

might be said of the injury inflicted on the whole colony of Massachusetts.

But such, alas! are the limitations of history that we know almost nothing of what passed at these assemblies which were fated to be so critical. One clever letter of two pages, from any bright young woman who attended them, would tell us more of what the meetings really were than we know from all the accusations of Mrs. Hutchinson's enemies or from her own brief and contemptuous defenses. This is certain, that they must have been entertaining. They were called "lectures"; but precisely what subjects were chosen, or how they were arranged, whether Mrs. Hutchinson "conversed alone," or whether others conversed also, does not appear. Undoubtedly she commented on Scripture. But what was more unfavorable to the public peace, was her repeating from memory the sermons she had heard and making her own commentaries upon them. Mrs. Hutchinson was undoubtedly a woman of rare genius, and her religious experience had been so real that she spoke easily and strongly on her intimate relations with God. From the report of her own trial, with which the tragedy of her own life in Boston ends, it is clear that she was quick and bright, that she readily turned an attack upon him who made it with a quick repartee. This full report is the work of a friend of hers, and so far it may be trusted. Weld, who was her enemy, says that she had a "ready wit and bold spirit,"—he has to admit her "profitable and sober carriage,"—and that by her

kindly and tender ministrations to the sick she had won the regard of many of the women of Boston.

Winthrop, however, who disliked her thoroughly, says, "She was more bold than a man, though in understanding and judgment inferior to many women."*

Whatever she meant when she began her lectures, and whatever she said which gave them their popularity, it is now impossible to tell. But it would happen once and again, so often indeed that she sealed her fate in doing it, that in repeating sermons which she had heard from various preachers in the Bay, she did not hesitate to criticise them in an unfriendly spirit. She said in brief that these preachers preached a "covenant of works." Now this phrase was as a red rag when it was flaunted in the face of an old-fashioned Puritan. His fathers had despised the Roman church for its ceremonies, and now for near a hundred years had been proclaiming because of that ceremonial that it relied on a "covenant of works." Anybody who knows how stiffly the government of Massachusetts then required regular church attendance, an exasperating observance of "the Sabbath," and even made church membership a test of fitness of citizenship, can see what a handle it gave to bright Anne Hutchinson, when she said or implied that their preachers had introduced a new "covenant of works" in place of the old one. But the charge was none the more pala-

* Winthrop did not suspect what Coleridge was so ready to affirm, that "the understanding is the lowest of the human faculties."

table because, in substance, it was true. Yet as the basis of their written theology, so far as it was expressed in words, these preachers held, as their most distinguished evangelical descendants have held, that the works or ritual are nothing but an external sign of a real union with God, and that their worth, for any purpose, is of no value in comparison with the inestimable conviction that the man is at one with him.

Mrs. Hutchinson had come from England, had made her husband come, and had brought with them their children, all because John Cotton had come and was to preach to the church in Boston. So she says, at least, and this must be taken as the ruling motive. Now, by way of preparation for John Cotton's arrival, John Wilson was relegated to the office of "pastor," equal perhaps in nominal dignity, but really engaging him more to services of ministry proper than to those of "teaching or exhortation" or the public duties of a preacher or "prophet." The name "prophet" and the duty of prophesying were familiarly spoken of among these people. Cotton was to continue the famous Thursday Lecture, which he had established in Boston in England. Let the reader remember that no other single grievance so goaded the Puritans into exile as did the refusal of the English authorities to permit the popular preachers to address their people on week days. It was as if the Secretary of the Interior in our day should have forbidden Mr. Beecher, or Mr. Parker, or Dr. Storrs to deliver an address to a general audi-

ence, and should have sent them to prison when they did so. Grateful as it was to Mrs. Hutchinson to listen again to the words of her old oracle, it may be well imagined that she found the hour long when Mr. Wilson's turn came to preach. For the first year she had but little of that grievance. For the pastor, Mr. Wilson, was for part or all of that time in England. But in the same ship with Sir Henry Vane he returned, on the sixth of October, 1635. When she came, in her lectures, to comment upon him, her criticisms on his sermons were not favorable. After a little he and she were avowed enemies. For this she probably cared too little, for all the Boston church, excepting five, were on her side. In particular, she had the sympathy and support of the popular young governor, Sir Henry Vane, and she thought she had the sympathy and support of her friend and master, Cotton. In fact, alas, Cotton did not stand by her; and the tragedy includes the dramatic accessory of a disloyal friend. But it must be remembered that Mrs. Hutchinson was, perhaps, a hard person to stand by. It is probable that she spoke from impressions rather than opinions, and that these impressions varied from time to time.

On her voyage from England, in the close cabin of the Griffin — which like a Griffin of romance, brought such woes to Boston — Mrs. Hutchinson and the preacher Symmes had unfriendly passages which he never forgot. She had received an "impression" about the length of the voyage, and she said so. This was brought up in testimony against her after-

ward by Symmes, with articles of theology which belonged to the view she made so charming of the intimate personal communion between God and his children. So soon as they landed, indeed, Symmes made public his suspicions of her unsoundness of faith, with such result that while her husband was readily and at once received to the communion of the First Church, she was not received till a month afterwards, that there might be time for fit inquiry. The inquiry was satisfactory, and she became a member of the church. But any one who knows New England of the old type knows that any such delay and inquiry would expose the subject of it to a certain observation or scrutiny for many years. Mrs. Hutchinson's brilliant conversation and her public life quickened such scrutiny.

But, as has been said, she made herself useful to the women around her. She was a kind friend, an efficient nurse, when their children were born; and her lectures gave entertainment in the long winter and the longer springtime of Boston. Nothing transpired for two years which required the notice of Winthrop's pen in his diary; and Winthrop was willing to notice some details which were insignificant. The arrival of Vane, a year after, brought new elements of animosity into the little State; and it may be guessed that with these animosities the real battle began.

It is quite possible, and even probable, that expressions as strong as Anne Hutchinson used regarding her intimacy with God, might, to-day, be heard

in any pulpit of America on any Sunday. She sought for God's help eagerly and she had found it, and she had told those who heard her that she had found it and that they must find it. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to make the reader of to-day understand how such earnest expressions, either describing intimacy with God or recommending those who heard her to seek it, could become matter of political inquiry among the rulers of a State. But at that time all Protestant Europe remembered the extravagances which had shown themselves in the course of the last century, where men had declared that they had the immediate authority of God for what they did, and had declined to submit to Bible, church, or rulers. The rulers of this little State knew very well that they were most jealously watched by what was still the government of England; and knowing how earnestly they had themselves declared that they were seeking the present direction of a present God, they were simply afraid of being confounded with the extravagances of what were familiarly known as the Antinomians and the Familists. The moment, therefore, they had occasion to find fault with Anne Hutchinson, it was easy for them to persuade themselves that her enthusiastic expressions were dangerous to the State. It is by the experiences which Europe had had of the extremes of fanaticism that we are to explain their readiness for drawing a series of purely theological expressions into the question or view of the civil tribunals. In the final trial of Mrs. Hutchinson, great

stress was laid upon an assertion which she made on the voyage, that she had had a divine revelation as to its length. Her friends appealed to a similar divine revelation which Thomas Hooker, a famous preacher, had said he received about the political condition of England. It is clear, therefore, that they were willing to acknowledge that such a revelation was possible.

The inevitable conflict was perhaps precipitated by the arrival of Mr. John Wheelwright in Boston. He was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Hutchinson, having married the sister of her husband. He was, like Cotton, an enthusiastic preacher of the doctrine of the possible real presence of God with his children, and was disposed to refer those who heard him to immediate communion with the Holy Spirit. Mrs. Hutchinson intimates, as has been said, that from the public preaching of Wheelwright and of Cotton she had derived the light and life which quickened her own religious experience. So eminent was Wheelwright, and so well-known his eloquence and fervor, that at first there was a disposition in the Boston Church to settle him as a preacher or teacher with Cotton, so that that church would have had three ministers. Nor does it quite appear how the tide of enthusiasm in this direction turned, for it would seem that a majority of the church were really desirous to take this step. But it was determined that they would not increase the number of their clergy, and arrangements were made that Mr. Wheelwright should preach to the church at Mount Wollaston,

now called Braintree. Still he preached enough in Boston to excite the whole colony, and indeed to display the flag around which the final battle of religious liberty was fought and was lost.

On the twentieth of January, 1637, a public fast had been proclaimed throughout all the churches, on account of their dissensions and the trouble with the Pequots. Wheelwright preached on that occasion to his church at Wollaston a sermon which did not help the matter.

Complaints were made before the General Court that this sermon was seditious ; the court proceeded to try that question, and found Wheelwright guilty. Upon this, Vane and some others sent in a protest, which, however, the court did not accept. Finally, on the second of November, 1637, " Mr. John Wheelwright, being formerly convicted of contempt and sedition, and now justifying himself and his former practice, being a disturbance of the civil peace, is by the court disfranchised and banished, having fourteen days to settle his affairs, and if within that time he depart not the patent, he promises to render himself to Mr. Stoughton at his house, to be kept till he be disposed of ; and Mr. Hough undertook to satisfy any charge that he, Mr. Stoughton, or the country, should be at."

After this sentence of Wheelwright, the dominant party, or what we might call the country party, felt strong enough to deal with Mrs. Hutchinson herself. And the whole tragedy — for it is one — is brought to a close. Three years cover the whole history. For

she arrived in Boston on the eighteenth of September, 1634. Three years after, the General Court pronounced her brother-in-law guilty of sedition, and exiled him and the most important of his friends. As if they were encouraged by the success of this tyranny, they then held a special court for the trial of the woman who was now left in some sort alone, but whom they regarded as the instigator of all these troubles.

The wretched injustice which resulted in both these instances taught its great lesson to the descendants of these men when they established the Constitution of this Commonwealth. The children separated forever their judicial tribunals from the transient prejudices of a day. The fathers, alas! left to the same men who were directing affairs the trial and the punishment of those who crossed their path. There is no doubt that the wise men who separated the judiciary from the executive and the legislature had before their eyes in every moment the injustice and cruelty of that General Court of 1637, which acted at once as law-maker, as judge, and as executioner.

Anne Hutchinson's trial before this court was held at Cambridge. The court, which was resolved to condemn her, would not meet in Boston for her trial, because in Boston she would be surrounded by her friends.*

The tribunal consisted of one or two deputies

* The young people who reside in the neighborhood should know that they crossed at Charlestown by a ferry and then went over Charlestown Neck by what is now called Main Street to Cambridge, so that it was then said to be seven miles from Boston.

from each of the twelve towns, of the magistrates for the year, and virtually of twelve or more ministers, who, though they were not proper members of the court, sat with it, spoke when they chose, and exercised to the utmost the authority which their profession then gave them. Winthrop, who was then Governor, presided, and it is a pity to have to say that he showed as bad a spirit as the worst of them. For friends, she had Coddington, Nowell, Bartholomew of Salem, and her brother-in-law, John Wheelwright, who was however himself under sentence. Cotton, who should have stood by her to the last, showed the white feather, and seems to have thought only of himself.

They did not venture to accuse her of sedition, which was the crime alleged against Wheelwright and his friends. They charged her simply with disturbing their peace; and for the specific disturbance, they said that she had maligned their preachers, charging them with preaching only a covenant of works, and not being able ministers of the New Testament.*

To give to the trial all its terrible burlesque, it should be remembered that every man in the tribunal had said these same things and much worse of all the prominent ecclesiastics in England. Indeed, those of them who were exiles and outlaws, as were Cotton and Peters and Shepherd, were exiled on precisely this charge, that they created a disturbance by their lectures. Before such a tribunal the exam-

* It must be remembered these are Scriptural expressions.

ination of the prisoner proceeded. It soon degenerated into a controversy of brisk repartee, varied by a long episode, which was introduced by Mrs. Hutchinson and her friends, as to whether the ministers, who were at once witnesses and accusers, should be sworn. But from the whole report, which is made by some one not unfriendly to the prisoner, one can pick out all the more important details of the story.

Her extravagances on shipboard, which had so alienated Symmes, are stated thus. One day she said, "What should you say if I told you we should arrive in three weeks?" Again she said that she had taken great comfort in Hooker's declaration that England should be destroyed, and that she would not have followed Cotton to America, had she not believed him. She denied saying that she was disgusted by the meanness of Boston. As to her meetings, she said herself that having absented herself from certain meetings she did not like, she was severely criticised and that it was precisely because she would not hold herself aloof from the rest that she had established her own lectures for women. On the other side it is conceded that for several months, six or more, these meetings continued without offense. We should probably, therefore, be right in saying that they did not attract the anger of the country until after the arrival of Vane and his distinguished companions. And it seems probable that the condescending criticism which the new-comers all together made upon the wilderness habits of those who had had to rough-hew destiny, had a

good deal to do with the ill-favor with which the old settlers received them and theirs.

We have two reports of the trial, beside Winthrop's general statement. One of these is from her friends, and was taken quite at length, probably in shorthand. The other is from Weld, the minister of Roxbury, who was one of her bitterest enemies. It must be observed that it is in no sense a trial for heresy, but that she is charged with disturbing the peace of the country. No one cares now to follow the detail of her quick repartee, or of the confession either of the court or of the elders who were present.

She was sentenced thus: "Mrs. Hutchinson, the wife of Mr. William Hutchinson, being convented for traducing the ministers and their ministry in the country, she declared voluntarily her revelations, and that she should be delivered, and the court ruined with their posterity, and thereupon was banished, and in the meantime was committed to Mr. Joseph Weld (of Roxbury) until the court shall dispose of her."

That winter she spent at Roxbury, with Joseph Weld, a brother of the clergyman who afterward prepared a bitter history of all this matter, very strongly prejudiced against her. In the course of the winter, the First Church of Boston, of which she was a member, had an ecclesiastical trial, which ended in her excommunication, although in the course of it she withdrew almost all the heresies which were considered as of the first importance.

She and her husband, with their family, removed

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to Aquidneck, which is now Newport, of which he was one of the purchasers. She afterward left this beautiful home and settled in Connecticut, to the west of the colony of New Haven and to the east of the Dutch, in a region where the Indians were under no restraint from either party. And there she and her children were killed in an Indian massacre.

I am sorry to say that the Massachusetts writers opposed to her regarded the massacre as a divine judgment upon her. It is difficult to draw any lesson from the whole story. But it does serve as one illustration in a hundred of the tremendous seriousness of moral purpose which was wrought in with all the fortunes of the infant State.

ANNE HUTCHINSON'S EXILE.

“Home, home, — where’s my baby’s home?

Here we seek, there we seek, my baby’s home to find.

Come, come, — come, my baby, come!

We found her home, we lost her home, and home is far behind.

Come, my baby, come!

Find my baby’s home!”

The baby clings, the mother sings, the pony stumbles on;

The father leads the beast along the tangled, muddy way;

The boys and girls trail on behind; the sun will soon be gone,

And starlight bright will take again the place of sunny day.

“Home, home, — where’s my baby’s home?

Here we seek, there we seek, my baby’s home to find.

Come, come, — come, my baby, come!

We found her home, we lost her home, and home is far behind.

Come, my baby, come!

Find my baby’s home!”

The sun goes down behind the lake, the night fogs gather chill,
The children's clothes are torn, and the children's feet are sore.
"Keep on, my boys; keep on, my girls, till all have passed the hill,
Then ho, my girls, and ho, my boys, for fire and sleep once more!"
And all the time she sings to the baby on her breast,
"Home, my darling, sleep, my darling, find a place for rest;
Who gives the fox his burrow will give my bird a nest.
Come, my baby, come!
Find my baby's home!"

He lifts the mother from the beast, the hemlock boughs they spread,
And make the child a cradle sweet with fern leaves and with bays.
The baby and her mother are resting on their bed,
He strikes the flint, he blows the spark, and sets the twig ablaze.
"Sleep, my child, sleep, my child! Baby, find her rest
Here beneath the gracious skies, upon her father's breast;
Who gives the fox his burrow will give my bird a nest.
Come, come, with her mother, come!
Home, home, find my baby's home!"

The guardian stars above the trees their loving vigil keep;
The cricket sings her lullaby, the whippoorwill his cheer.
The father knows his Father's arms are round them as they sleep;
The mother knows that in his arms her darling need not fear.
"Home, home — my baby's home is here;
With God we seek, with God we find, the place for baby's rest.
Hush, my child, list, my child; angels guard us here.
The God of heaven is here to make and keep my birdie's nest.
Home, home, — here's my baby's home!"

CHAPTER VIII.

INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE.

THE story of Anne Hutchinson and the fortunes of Sir Henry Vane in America deserve the space which has been given to them, because they show in a critical passage the habit of thought of the new-born Commonwealth. But whatever the interest which attaches to these proceedings of the first years, the reader must remember that Massachusetts was still in those times a very small community. When she felt strong enough to exile from her jurisdiction sixty or seventy men, most of whom were freemen and all of whom could bear arms, the whole number of her voters was but five hundred persons, and her whole population not more than ten thousand, while, according to some estimates, it was less than six thousand persons. It is this little community, as weak as this in 1637, which, at the end of the century, only sixty-three years later, owns more ships than all Scotland and Ireland, negotiates, one might almost say, with the Crown of England as an independent power might do, and, in the period of less than two generations, has risen to the dignity of a State, stamping its own coin, making its own laws, and determining its own policy.

Before we attempt the story of any separate incidents in the history of this State, we must try to understand what was the secret which gave to it such rapid increase in population and power.

Governor Hutchinson, a descendant of Anne Hutchinson, of whom we have been speaking, collected materials for the history of Massachusetts as early as 1760, and, not long after, published two volumes of her history. He says that the immigration into New England was never more than forty thousand persons; that, after 1640, it was not so large as was the number of persons who returned from Massachusetts to England. The reader will remember that in the year 1642 the Civil War in England broke out; "Charles I. raised his rebel banner against his independent Commons." From that time till 1660, the Puritan party was in the ascendant in England, and many persons interested in its fortunes went either to join the popular army or to take share in the administration. Such men were Sir Richard Saltonstall, General Sedgwick, Thomas Hooker, who became Cromwell's chaplain, and, among young men, many of the graduates of the first class at the University. Downing changed his coat, and became in after years a Royalist. Woodbridge of the same class was, for the period of the Commonwealth, the minister of the parish church of Newbury, not far from Oxford.

The increase of population, then, is to be accounted for by the growth from within. No censuses, as we now understand that word, were taken,

and the estimates which can be made are not quite accurate. But for our readers it will be enough to say that, in the first generation, until Philip's War, the population doubled in twenty-five years. This was a rate of increase which had not been observed in Europe, where unequal social arrangements, frequent wars, and in many instances terrible plagues, kept down the rate of increase. But, roughly speaking, allowing for one long exception, such an estimate as this gives the population of Massachusetts for any period between the settlement and the Revolutionary War. The whole number of emigrants from England was not more than forty thousand, perhaps not more than thirty. Of these, a very considerable number returned ; and, counting from the year 1640, it would be safe to say that the population in 1665 had doubled, giving about seventy thousand whites in the colony. At the end of the century it was considerably more than this number, though it had not increased in the same proportion. Most of the increase showed itself in the extension of settlements in the interior. The population of the town of Boston did not materially increase, it would seem, from 1660 till 1760 ; that is to say, at the later of these periods it was not above twenty thousand ; at the first of these periods it was at least six thousand. It did not increase at all in the ratio of the increase of the colony at large.

We are to see, then, how it was that so small a body of people built up a State so rich and prosperous. And the answer is to be found in the freedom

of individual action which the new world gave to each of those who were born in it. Under the old civilizations, if it is fair to call them so, a set of artificial restrictions condemned each man and woman to a certain very limited line of action. These restrictions, belonging to the feudal system, dropped off from the settlers as soon as they arrived in a new land. From that moment there was, first of all, land enough for each man to take what he wanted and work on it as he pleased. From that moment, also, there was a demand for every manufacture or other product of human industry, so quick and so determined, that there was a temptation to meet that demand, if it could be met. From that moment there were no guilds or other associated bodies of work-people, putting restrictions on the ingenuity or effort of any person. In a word, for every child of God, man or woman, there was open promotion, a fair field, and permission, as the managers of foot-races say, to "go as they pleased." It is to this absolute freedom of the American settler that the American people and States owe the very rapid increase of their wealth and prosperity. It is the habit of writers in older communities to speak of the resources of virgin soils; but virgin soils produce nothing until they are wooed by intelligent industry; and intelligent industry shows itself most eager and most efficient where every man or every woman is left to his or her own choice as to the way of work and as to the conditions in which work shall be done.

The hope with which most colonists in all ages change their homes is the hope of living easier lives than they have lived before. The restlessness of certain spirits takes them from home; but, on the whole, the inducement of the great body of emigrants is the expectation that they shall gain more in the new place than they have left in the old, from the work or the labor which they are willing to give. Of all stimulants, therefore, the expectation of gold is the most immediate force in rallying numbers of emigrants. The great wave of Spanish emigration, such as Columbus and Cortes saw it, and, in later time, the waves of emigration to California, to Australia, and to Africa, all which were started by the announcement that considerable quantities of gold could be had for very little effort, are illustrations of this stimulus. In the case of the New England colonies, there was no such bribe. No returning fisherman pretended that he had found kings with crowns of gold sitting on the thrones of Norumbega. The ten years' experiment of the forefathers at Plymouth had shown that the exports which they made were of as humble articles as sassafras wood, barrel-staves and furs. The promises of gain which John White, the founder of Massachusetts, was able to offer, were based principally upon the fortunes of the fishing ventures which went out from the seaport of Dorchester; and an old joke, carefully preserved, is the authority for saying that the colony of the Bay was built upon fish, or upon the expectation of taking fish. The original stations,

at which the fleets of Winthrop made rendezvous at Cape Ann and at Salem, were what we should call fishing-stations. The fishermen on the coast, who followed an industry carried on there for more than a hundred years, began to find the convenience of stations on shore where they could meet their immediate necessities, where they could dry their fish, and from which, indeed, the fish could be packed and shipped for a European market. Much of the same sort of thing is now going on on the shore of Newfoundland and the British provinces of America, in the neighborhood of the great fishing fields, and the diplomacy regarding these stations is one of the most difficult subjects of present politics. This industry of fishing, curing fish, and then sending it for sale to Europe, was, from the beginning, a prominent factor in the prosperity of Massachusetts. At the happy suggestion of a Boston merchant, rather more than a century ago, the statue of a codfish was hung in the hall of the Massachusetts legislature, in commemoration of her indebtedness to unnumbered myriads of his race. And there could be no more fit emblem of the first successes of Massachusetts industry.

Another memorial is not yet forgotten, which appeared in the amenities of social life. "In my early days," says Doctor Palfrey, "the most ceremonious Boston feast was never set out on Saturday (then the common dinner-party day) without the dunfish at one end of the table; abundance, variety, pomp of other things, but that unfailingly. It was

a sort of New England point of honor; and luxurious livers pleased themselves, over their nuts and wine, with the thought that, while suiting their palates, they had been doing their part in a wide combination to maintain the fisheries and create a naval strength."

If fish were to be taken, there must be boats and larger vessels for their capture, and John Winthrop, the wise, provident governor, laid the foundation of another very important industry when, on the Fourth of July, 1631, only a twelvemonth from his own landing, he launched on the Mystic River, in what is now the town of Medford, a vessel of sixty tons, which he called *The Blessing of the Bay*. She was the first vessel built in Massachusetts. She was a prosperous vessel, and, as it proved, well deserved her name. From that time forward, ship-building was an important industry of Massachusetts.* It proved that the forests of New England provided every wood, of admirable quality, requisite for the purpose of the ship-builder. At the end of the eighteenth century the spars of the New England pine forests had been sent to every ship-building nation in Europe; and it would be fair to say that, in the great naval battles of the Revolutionary War and the wars which followed, the masts of every capital ship had been cut in Maine or in New

* It is worthy of remark that the French word *charpentier*, always used in France for a builder of ships, has come in New England, under its form of carpenter, to mean any worker in wood, whether he be a ship-builder or no. This change of derivation points to the period when the greater part of the men who were working in wood were engaged in building sea-going vessels.

Hampshire. For Massachusetts and New Hampshire now sent their spars to Spain, to France, and to England. With the demand made upon the ship-builders, and with the ingenuity which displays itself where men are left to do their best, the ships built in the Bay attained a world-wide reputation. Before the end of the seventeenth century, the building of ships for sale in Europe was a regular occupation. Many a ship was built and sent abroad, never to return to her birthplace. As late as the year 1743, the ship *America* was built for the English navy in the harbor of Portsmouth.*

The natural expectation of colonists in a new land is that they will easily obtain everything from Nature's bounty. The prejudices of mankind are very strong and run always in one direction. They lead men to think that, if the world had been left to itself, they would not be hungry nor thirsty. There is constantly cropping out the notion that, in the primitive world, mutton, beef and poultry run about ready cooked for dinner, and that a man has only to put out his hand to find his daily bread ready for his use. All new settlers find themselves disappointed in such hopes; never were men worse disappointed than were those who landed at Plymouth or at Salem. A terrible sadness must have come over Winthrop and Dudley when, from the hills behind Salem or from the rocks of Roxbury, they

* Not to be confounded with the celebrated ship-of-the-line *America*, built for Paul Jones in 1780-81. This ship was presented to Louis XVI., was captured by the English at Toulon, and, under the name of the *Impétueux*, was the favorite ship of Lord Exmouth.

saw how little was the native production, and understood, perhaps for the first time, that they could not feed a thousand people on the blackberries and whortleberries which they found growing wild. The sea, as has been said, never failed them; it never has failed New England. At this moment, less than forty thousand New Englanders draw from the sea one half as much food as the whole fertile West sends to her in the shape of breadstuffs. So, as the reader knows, the colonists of the beginning were able to maintain life by eating clams, oysters, lobsters, mackerel, cod, haddock, salmon, trout, and fish in a hundred other forms.

In all these transactions, the coin, as it may be called, which the Indians of New England and New York used among themselves, played an important part. It was generally called wampum—sometimes peage—wampum-peage being, indeed, its full name. It was made by the Indian women of the shores of Long Island Sound, from shells thrown up on their beaches. Wampum was of three colors, and its value varied with the colors. It was of shapes differing more or less, but every piece of wampum was what we should call a bead, and could be strung on a cord, passing through the hole made for that purpose.

The writers on gold and silver currency are fond of telling us that at bottom, or in its origin, such currency represents a bit of the ornament of a savage race, and that when in Quentin Durward, Balafré wrenched off a ring from the collar he wore, and gave it in pay for service, he did exactly what an

exquisite of to-day does when he gives a piece of money for the same purpose. It is certain that this theory of currency is true with regard to wampum. Its convenience, as a medium of exchange, gave it a conventional value. But this value could not have been maintained but for its primitive value as a piece of ornament. This value was still further maintained by its use in high ceremonial. When a treaty was made — even as far West as the Iroquois Indians — a belt of wampum was given in token of the agreement. Perhaps if there were several articles, as many belts accompanied the ratification. These belts were kept in the archives of the contracting tribes; were indeed almost all, perhaps all, which was kept there.

And, to this hour, among the Christian Indians in the east of Maine, it would be thought that the ceremony of marriage was not properly completed, unless one or more belts of wampum passed between the parties. The art of making wampum for this purpose is not lost among the mothers of those tribes.*

It might then well prove that, when the Blessing of the Bay went to the Connecticut River for corn, she did not carry with her for barter all the articles which the river Indians needed, but that she took strings of wampum with which those Indians in turn could buy what they needed from Dutch or other traders.

* And for purposes akin to these, among the Indians of the Pacific coast, a manufactory of wampum is now carried on in New Jersey.

Such commerce as this supplied the people of the new-born State with what they needed of manufactured articles, when they could not supply it for themselves. But they learned at once the lesson that the long winters of New England were not to be given simply to skating or "coasting." From their late spring in May to the very end of their harvest in October, there were but six months' time for work. The fishing voyages occupied a little more time, but, as they were then conducted, no vessels went fishing in the severest months of winter. Yet men and women and children were alive in these months, and were eating food, and the New Englander had the wit to see that their possible industry in those months must be provided for.

The invention of the "winter school," an invention which seems almost peculiar to New England, made a partial provision for this industry, else wasted, — so far as boys and girls were concerned. In the very beginning, hardly knowing what they did, the General Courts of the early years had ordered that each town should maintain a school, open freely to each and all. It was evident to them all that if there were to be a State every man and woman must have the rudiments of learning. By a bold communism they threw on the public treasury the charge of the schools. Then, by an ingenious adaptation of the time they had to use, they threw upon the winter months the more important part of the school work. Twenty-two or twenty-three weeks in the year were all that were generally assigned for

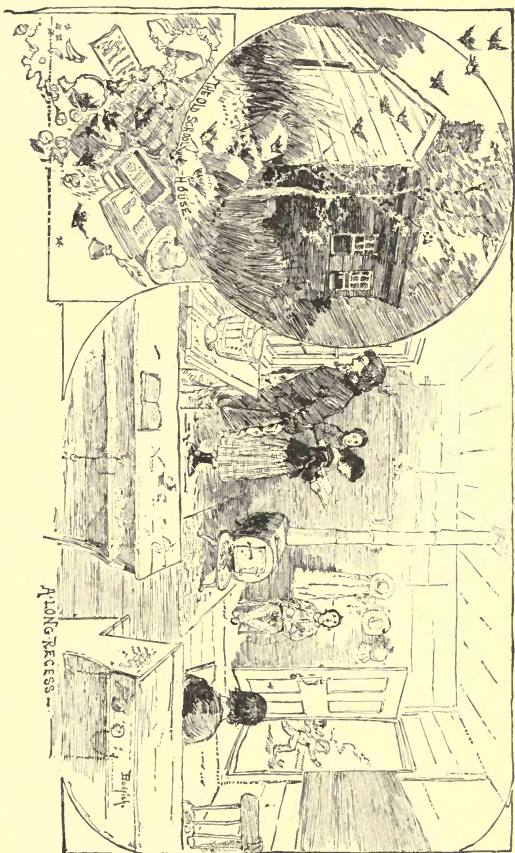
the work of these schools, unless they were "grammar schools," in which boys were prepared for the college. Of these weeks thirteen or fourteen were generally given to the "winter schools," which was frequented by all the scholars, at least till they were sixteen years old. A "summer school" of perhaps ten weeks' session, received the small boys and girls, whose work was of no use to any one. But attendance here was considered such a mark that the pupil was of no use, that boy or girl escaped from it at as early an age as possible, to take part in the work of the farm, the fishing-boat, or the household.

Provision must also be made for the unoccupied hours of those who were too old to go to school. Of course, every farmer had some work, in the way of preparation, which could be thrown on the winter months, and which those months provided for, where a provident man directed matters. But, beside this work, the New Englander, from the very first, devoted himself to home industries. He learned very early the lesson, that it is in the use of such broken bits of time that success on the whole is gained. The nation which does not know how to use its industry in all hours of all months throws away its most valuable resource. Yet industry is a resource which cannot be canned or salted down for use on any future occasion or in any distant place. Its stern motto is "Now or never." And the workman or the nation who, under whatever delusion, refuses to use this treasure at the moment, is like the

king who throws his jewels into the sea, or like the pettish beauty who lays aside her morning-glories to adorn her evening triumph. When such a man or such a nation has lost this treasure, it cannot be recovered by tears or by statesmanship.

The New Englander of the first generations learned his lesson more wisely and taught it to his sons. He determined to have at home the means of working at home. There sprung into being what Mr. Welden in his *Economic History* calls the "Home-spun Industries."

The colonial system of Europe was based on a mad desire of the home governments to repress such industries in the colonies. At the moment of which we write, the law of Spain compelled the colonist in Mexico to wear cloth made in Spain, instead of making it for himself. Possibly such a tyranny might have been exercised over New England, as it would certainly have been attempted had Charles Stuart kept his head and his crown. But it is not probable that even a Council of Lauds and Straffords and Stuarts would have succeeded in the effort. Fortunately for New England, it was never so much as made. By the time Massachusetts was adjusting herself to her business, the first Charles Stuart had too much on his hands at home to care for her spinning or weaving or felting or smelting. As the sheep increased, her people sheared their own wool — they made spinning-wheels for their wives and daughters, who spun the wool into yarn; they made looms in which the yarn was woven, and filling mills, in



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which the cloth was cleansed and made firm and sightly. Thus seven eighths of their woollen cloth was made in New England. By similar industries they tanned their own leather and made their own shoes ; they pelted their own furs and made their own hats ; they dug their own ores from their own bogs and smelted their own iron. All such industries went forward and established themselves, while the two parties in England were engaged in the Civil War. The Parliament passed The Navigation Act for the precise purpose of providing for the merchant ships of England markets not open to those of foreigners. But Cromwell saw that the New England men were in no sense foreigners. While his sway lasted, the New England ship went unquestioned where the New England merchant chose. And when the Commonwealth fell, it was difficult to change the channels of commerce which had thus been established.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

IN the year 1657 four persons were hanged in Boston for being Quakers. They had previously been banished from the Colony on pain of death, but absolutely disregarding the sentence of the court they either had refused to leave the Colony or had returned to it, therefore the death penalty was exacted according to law.

This is doubtless the extreme of persecution. There is not much difference between burning and hanging for difference of religious opinion. And the only reason for the banishment and subsequent execution of these unfortunate men and women was that they were Quakers.

The authorities of the Massachusetts Bay Colony were, as has been already seen, rather hard upon any who did not agree with them as to how matters civil and religious should be arranged. Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson had made themselves obnoxious by their differences with the constituted authorities, and the constituted authorities had settled the difficulty by banishing them both from the country. In so doing they proceeded upon the basis that the Company of the Massachusetts Bay had

almost sovereign and absolute jurisdiction over the territory which had been granted it by the Crown in 1628. Whether it really did or did not possess by law all the power that it thus assumed to possess does not make much, if any, difference in the matter. If the king had expressly granted to the Massachusetts Bay Company the power to expel all dissentients and to hang them if they refused to stay expelled, the moral question would have been precisely the same. And, as a matter of fact, whatever might have been the *de jure* position of the Massachusetts Colony, its *de facto* position from 1630 to 1660 gave it the power it used, and the legal consideration of the matter is of no importance except as being of antiquarian interest.

What we want to understand is not whether the Colony had legal right to expel Baptists and hang Quakers. It is not to see whether Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson had legal right to vent opinions displeasing to the magistrates. It is to see why the Quakers wanted to come to New England, to see why the Puritans wanted them to stay away, to understand why the Quakers, at the peril of their lives, felt constrained still to enter the forbidden ground, and to see clearly the temper of mind of the men who felt justified in hanging by the neck such persons as disagreed with them on religious matters. When we have once done this, when we have got down to the hearts and minds of these people and seen what their thoughts and passions were, when we can see the life of those times, we shall

have done everything that will be of any profit to us to-day.

Our own judgment on the matter need not be pronounced. It will not make the facts different. It will not affect any good purpose. It will not make future Puritans more tolerant or future Quakers more reasonable. The facts themselves ought to be enough to do any good that may be done, for they are so simple that everybody who has any notion of righteousness and noble life will be quite able to form a sufficiently good judgment for himself.

It was in the year 1656 that the first Quakers appeared in New England. In that year Anne Austin and Mary Fisher came to Boston from the Barbadoes. At once the General Court, although acknowledging that these women were not transgressors of their former law against heretics, considered that, being of that sort of people commonly called Quakers, their opinions were harmful, their books dangerous and their presence in the Colony undesirable. An order was therefore passed that their books should be burned, their persons put in prison and the captain who brought them to Boston should as soon as might be take them back to the Barbadoes.

All this was done. There appears to have been no especial proof that they were Quakers beyond their plain manner of address, but it is not probable that they denied the charge. They were put in prison until the ship should be ready to sail back whence they had come, and for fear that they might

spread heresy among the people by their conversation (their books being burned) a board was nailed over their prison window that they might have commerce with no one. In spite of these precautions, however, one Nicholas Upsal felt so strongly the injustice of the Quakers' lot, and the strength of the faith that upheld them under such trials, that he was moved to give the jailer money for their subsistence, and indeed to sympathize greatly with them, as will be seen later. Now why did the General Court, before these Quakers had ever set foot on New England ground, feel such terror at their approach as to take order to send them home at once as though they had been a bundle of plague-infected rags? For very much the same reason that they would have sent back any bundle of plague-infected rags which they knew to be on board any ship coming to harbor. They feared Quakerism and its advent into New England. Quakerism in that day was not exactly what it is now.

As we look back at the seventeenth century Quakerism, we can see that its essential points, the points wherein it was Quakerism and not something else, were its recognition of the supreme authority of the conscience and its uncompromising inflexibility in standing up for what it held right. These have always been the essential and necessary points of Quakerism. Other things are and were at that time unessential. But these two points were not exactly what the Puritans saw. There is no reason for doubting that in his own day the seventeenth

century Quaker was looked upon as one who would destroy all religious system by his elevation of the inner light above the Scriptures (the fetich of the century), and who would destroy all civil government by the tenderness of his conscience and his views of liberty. Justly or unjustly, the Puritan governors of the Massachusetts Colony believed that the spread of Quakerism threatened the downfall of the ecclesiastical and civil Commonwealth which they had left their homes to erect, and which as they held, it was the will of God that they should erect. To men of such iron strength as the Puritans there was no alternative. The only allowable outcome was that Quakerism must be utterly non-existent in Massachusetts. Hence Anne Austin and Mary Fisher were at once sent back whence they had come.

Hardly had these two Quakers been sent away when more appeared in a ship from London. These were not suffered to land, except to be sent to prison, where they remained for about eleven weeks. During this time the General Court having come to a decision as to the right course to follow, proceeded, in default of any existing legislation in the matter, to pass a general law against all Quakers who might subsequently appear within their jurisdiction. The general purport of this law was that any Quakers to be found in the Colony should be at once sent out of it, that no Quaker books should be allowed to exist in the Colony, and that any one who upheld Quaker opinions should be fined. Following out the idea of this law, the eight Quakers who had come from

London were at once sent back thither on the ship in which they had come.

This law against the Quakers was in due course published throughout the town, as was then the custom. When the officials came to the door of Nicholas Upsal, "the good old man, grieved in spirit, publicly testified against it." For this proceeding he was at once brought before the General Court then sitting, when he warned them that the carrying out of this law would be a "Forerunner of judgment upon their country." Upsal had previously been a person of some consideration in the town and a church member, but now, for some time, he had been considering the justice of the Quaker cause and, coming to a sense of the wrong done by the Puritans, he had absented himself from church. For this absence and for his protestations just noted, he was fined twenty-three pounds and was (under the law which he had protested against) banished from the Colony. He went away and traveled through the woods to Rhode Island, although being an old man this journey was rather a hard thing for him. He received, however, it was said, help and sustenance from the Indians, who wondered somewhat at the religion of the English, which should command them to banish so cruelly those who differed from them in opinion.

The next year came to the Colony Anne Burden and Mary Dyer: the former apparently on a matter of business; the latter, on her way to Rhode Island where her husband was a person of consideration.

These two were both put in prison at once. William Dyer shortly obtained the liberty of his wife, but Anne Burden was sent back to London.

The next to suffer at the hands of the Puritan law was Mary Clarke, who came to deliver herself of a message. To this message, as the Quaker historian, remarks, "the Puritans turned their backs and she then turned her back to them and they smote it as aforesaid," namely, with twenty stripes of a three-corded whip.

These early cases are fair illustrations of the subsequent welcome which the Quakers met in Massachusetts up to the year 1659. Imprisonment, fines, banishment, stripes — on these four notes were rung a number of changes varying through a wide gamut of cruelty and oppression. We need not detail all the instances. It will be enough to note that these attempts to keep the Quakers out were wholly unsuccessful. Not only that: they operated in precisely the wrong direction. Instead of being a terror which should keep the Quaker away from New England, they were an attraction which drew him irresistibly toward it. Of these eight who had been sent to London, some "found themselves under a necessity of returning again, being firmly persuaded that the Lord had called them to bear testimony to his truth in these parts, having a full assurance of faith that he would support them throughout whatsoever trials and exercises he should be pleased to suffer them to be tried with."

The existing laws, therefore, proving inadequate, the General Court proceeded to pass a more stringent one, which forbade entertaining or concealing Quakers, and prescribed severe penalties for a return into the jurisdiction on the part of Quakers who had been banished from it. These punishments may properly be noted. For the first and second offense every male Quaker was to have one of his ears cut off and be put into the house of correction until he could go away at his own charge, while the female Quaker was to be severely whipped and similarly confined. In case a Quaker came into the jurisdiction a third time, he or she was to have the tongue bored through with a hot iron "and be sent to the house of correction close to work, till they be sent away at their own charge." It was further ordered that Quakers among their own number should be dealt with in the same way as foreign Quakers. An additional law was passed the next year prohibiting Quaker meetings under severe penalties.

These penalties and punishments were vigorously inflicted and as zealously incurred. The whole strength of Puritanism seemed to rise up, partly with the Quakers to do as they thought right, partly with the magistrates to see that the charge given into their hands was surely kept. The Puritan magistrates and ministers seemed to the Quakers to be urged on by atrocious hatred of everything good. The Quakers in like manner appeared to their persecutors to be urged on by the Devil. But Quaker

determination was more than equal to Puritan rigor, and despite all manner of harsh laws cruelly inflicted more and more Quakers appeared within the jurisdiction, and even among the church members themselves not a few appeared to be led away by the doctrine of the Inner Light. Endicott, Norton and the rest saw that the flock of which they were the keepers and shepherds was becoming infected. Their only notion was to make more stringent the means for repression. Banishment, whipping, branding, imprisonment, cutting off ears, selling into slavery, had all been tried without effect. The evil only increased. In spite of the most cruel punishments, the Quakers were undoubtedly gaining strength.

In this pass the magistrates took council. They were petitioned by sundry citizens, some of them influential in the Boston Church, to pass a law inflicting the death penalty on such Quakers as should dare return from banishment. The matter was proposed, put into the form of law, and finally passed in the General Court, thirteen for it and twelve against. So, remarks a Quaker authority, "it was now resolved to prosecute the Quakers to death; and all this trial when it came on, was only whether they were Quakers (which they concluded them to be by their coming in covered) and whether they had been banished before?"

Such was the most severe law passed by the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay against persons who differed with them in religious opinion. Whether it

was generally supposed that the law would prove effective in clearing the Colony of Quakers cannot be said. Certainly the steadfastness with which the Quakers had hitherto withstood the law and borne their testimony could hardly have encouraged the magistracy to suppose that the added severity of the death penalty would be of great avail. Katherine Scott, on being banished and told they were likely to have a law to hang her if she came thither again, had before this replied gravely, "If God calls us, woe be to us if we come not; and I question not but he whom we love will make us not to count our lives dear unto ourselves for the sake of his name." To which remark Endicott is said to have answered, "And we shall be as ready to take away your lives, as ye shall be to lay them down," a remark hardly borne out by subsequent facts.

Whatever the opinions about it were the law was passed on the twentieth of October, 1658, and it only remained to see how soon it would have to be enforced. In the course of the next year not a few persons were banished from the jurisdiction on the penalty of death if they should return. Two of these, William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson, would not depart from the jurisdiction. A third, Mary Dyer, departed and returned. The three were re-arrested and taken to prison. They were then removed from prison, brought to court, examined, and there condemned to be led back to the place from whence they came, and thence to the place of execution, to be hanged on the gallows until they were

dead. This sentence was carried into partial effect on the twenty-seventh of October, 1659, on which day Stevenson and Robinson were hanged. Mary Dyer was reprieved and again banished. She again returned and was finally hanged on the Common in Boston, May 21, 1660. So also was William Leddra banished and finally hanged, making four who had borne testimony with their lives. One other, Wenlock Christison, was also condemned to death, and many more were in prison, when on the twelfth of June all were suddenly released. We may judge of the feeling of the more bigoted people in the colony, from a passage in John Hull's diary of December 26, 1660. He says, "The rest of the Quakers had liberty, if they pleased to use it to depart the jurisdiction, though some of them capitally guilty. The good Lord pardon this timidity of spirit to execute the sentence of God's holy law upon such blasphemous persons." Again, on the fourth of June, 1660, he says, "The Quakers are all sent out of prison, and Weanlock, that was condemned, was once more let go. Two of them was whipped out of the jurisdiction at a cart, and all the rest went along with them; and as they came hereafter to be whipped hence as vagabonds."

This general delivery may be taken as the beginning of the ebb tide in Puritan severity. It may have been ordered in deference to intelligence from London. It is certain that some time later came a mandate from King Charles II., now lately restored to authority, forbidding further procedure, and

brought over from London to Boston by one Samuel Shattuck, himself a Quaker. He had suffered at the hands of the Massachusetts Bay Company, but had taken a much more effective way of stopping the severities than that to which many of his fellow-sufferers had felt themselves constrained. Or again, it may be taken as showing that the magistracy had ventured farther than the good sense of the people could stand, and that therefore in deference to popular opinion they retreated from the step they had taken. Doubtless both of these causes operated ; no one can properly ascribe the result to one rather than to the other.

Such was the persecution of the Quakers by the authorities of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. It is true that the persecution did not end here. For almost twenty years more severities of one sort or another were visited upon such Quakers as were found in the jurisdiction, but they were but repetitions of the punishments which we have already noted, prosecuted with more or less vigor and atrocity. The persecutions which we have already related will serve to give a general idea of the whole episode.

It is an episode which has attracted much attention and one on which there are divers opinions. It seems to be a question upon which it is singularly difficult for one to be unprejudiced. Certain it is that those whose sympathies lie with the Puritans are led to pronounce the Quaker of the seventeenth century an essentially coarse, blustering, conceited,

disagreeable, impudent fanatic. While those who look upon the question from the Quaker point of view hold Endicott to be an impetuous and relentless inquisitor, and Norton a fierce promoter of the persecution, and remark that "they resolved on their [the Quakers'] extermination, even as Elisha and Jehu conspired to exterminate the house of Ahab." Massachusetts men have worthily appreciated, and well may they admire, the devotion and strength of their Puritan ancestors. There have never been lacking in the Bay State noble and scholarly men who should keep alive in the hearts of the children the deeds of the fathers. We admire the New England Puritans for their self-sacrifice, their patient strength in bearing adversity and overcoming difficulty; for their pure idealism in conceiving a godly order of things, their resolute earnestness in standing firm to that idea through all obstacles; for their wise forethought in laying what has proved to be a broad and firm foundation for a great nation. Self-sacrifice and resolution, idealism and strength of purpose are noble qualities. But it is rare in this world to find idealism which has not some touch of fanaticism, or resolution which has not some touch of intolerance. When wisdom fails an idealist and leaves him a prey to phantasms, we call him a fanatic. And when wisdom fails a resolute man so that right appears to him to be wrong, he becomes what we call intolerant. Now that the Puritan character had in it the element of intolerant fanaticism cannot be denied by one who remembers Anne Hutchinson,

Roger Williams, John Clarke, Mary Dyer and John Norton. It is the same strength which is their glory that is their shame. Lacking one they would have lacked the other. Had not the Puritans been men who came to be willing to maintain their ideals even by hanging innocent men and women, they would have submitted at once to oppression in England and never been heard of there or elsewhere.

Let us regret this if we desire. But let us also recognize that it was necessary. It was the very strength of purpose and earnestness of resolution that enabled Winthrop to cross the ocean which caused Endicott to hang the Quakers. It was the same idealism and again the same earnestness of resolution that led John Cotton to quit his church in Boston and compelled Cotton Mather to persecute the witches. In the conditions of life of the seventeenth century, one could not have existed without the other. Given the conditions of life of the seventeenth century, and, knowing the Massachusetts Puritans, one might have predicted the hanging of Quakers and witches. If we regret this, let us regret it honestly. Let us regret that the Puritans were men. Let us regret that they were not perfect.

But if we thus qualify our admiration of our Puritan ancestors, if we learn to admire them more nobly because more truly, we must not forget to try to see as truly what was the character of their opponents in this struggle. We may justly admire the bravery and prowess of men who withdrew from persecution to found a State in a New World. But we cannot

but think it a higher bravery and a higher prowess, which conquers persecution by endurance and thereby remodels a nation in an Old World. Surely the Puritans did a great thing in leaving their homes and founding New England. But it was on the whole a greater thing when the Quakers staid at home and went to prison by the thousand for conscience sake and even crossed the water that they might be hanged by the neck as a testimony.

True, it was doubtless not so practical a course; one would hardly try to argue that the same result might not have been attained in another way. But no one can consider the matter well and deny that it was higher, that is to say, more divine. It is hardly for those who look for comfort and truth to the Sermon on the Mount to deny our sympathy and admiration to those of whom it might have been said, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake."

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST INDIAN WARS.

WHEN the Pilgrim Fathers arrived in New England, there ranged through the forests of all New England forty or fifty thousand Indians. They were living in a very low grade of savage life, and had hardly made the beginning of social organization. The students of race and language have found it convenient to divide under several distinct groups the Indians who were at home there. As new dialects or languages are discovered, the number of these groups enlarges. But, at last, Mr. Horatio Hale has presented the supposition, which is probably well founded, that one or two families may be separated from their tribe, that the parents may die before the children have well learned the language, and that thus a new language may come into existence. It may be, then, that tribes, so-called, which have languages wholly unlike, still have a common origin.

Seven distinct groups, however, have been well made out, of the Indians of the United States, differing widely in language, in customs, as in government and social order, but presenting some striking analogies, and quite different from the other great races

of men. Of these, the Indians of New England belong to what is known as the Algonkin family, which ranged from the St. Lawrence as far as our State of North Carolina, and far to the northwest. Of this great group, the New England Indians were among the lowest representatives, and the race, as a whole, is inferior to the Cherokee group, the Iroquois group, and others of the North American family. The noble Indian of poetry and romance, is never an Indian of the New England tribes, unless the author who describes him is "low down" in his ignorance.

The first explorers, like Gosnold, were sadly afraid of these savages. But the Pilgrims found a friend in Samoset, and made a favorable treaty with Massasoit. Winthrop and his friends had no more difficulty with the Indians at the head of the Bay. A small tribe of these, living round the "Great Hills," which are now known as the Blue Hills, in Milton, Quincy and Braintree, took the name of these hills and gave it to the bay which is shut in, in a manner, on the east, by Nahant and Nantasket. Chuset, or Wachuset, meant "a hill" in their dialect, and Matta meant "great." Mattachusetts meant the "great hills." And by the name of Mattachusetts Bay, with double *t*, is the colony called in its first charter and in other legal documents. But the harshness of the *t* yielded to the sibilant *s* immediately, and except in legal instruments and on the coins, that name was never known.

Among a number of little tribes who made up the forty or fifty thousand native New Englanders, the

Pequots of Connecticut and the Narragansetts of Rhode Island were perhaps the strongest. Certainly they were the strongest known to the Massachusetts men of the first generation. They had taken the single advance toward civilization made among any of the Indians, in their device for money, constructed from shells. They were on ill terms with each other, the Narragansetts dreading the Pequots, who were a more cruel and warlike tribe than they.

With the Indians of the Bay or of Plymouth Colony, the new settlers of Massachusetts had no quarrel or difficulty. But so soon as they heard of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, and began to make settlements there, they found that their relations with the Pequots were more critical. The Pequots ranged from the Pawcatuck River, near the present western boundary of Rhode Island, at least as far as the Thames River in Connecticut, and when they were on their excursions of war they claimed a farther right. They thus held the shore of Long Island Sound. Again and again they attacked fishermen and others in the small vessels which went round from the Bay to the Connecticut River, until the little handful of settlers on that river found that their very existence was threatened. There was a population there of about eight hundred whites; they were thirty miles from the Pequots, and there need have been no interference. But the Pequots could not resist attacking the different vessels which passed from the Bay to the river and back again. Governor Vane attempted to awe them by an expe-

dition which he sent out under Endicott. Endicott killed thirteen Pequots, wounded forty, collected a quantity of corn, burned some houses and canoes, but he did not intimidate the enemy, and certainly did not conciliate them. On the other hand, they began to make attacks on the Connecticut settlers, and before the winter of 1636 was over they had killed thirty of the English and carried away some captives.

The Connecticut settlers sent to the Bay for aid, a special session of the Massachusetts General Court was held, and a force of ninety men came from Massachusetts, and, under Mason and Underhill, at once attacked the enemy. Mason passed up and down the Sound in his little fleet of three vessels. He knew that the enemy expected to be attacked on their western frontier, and boldly determined, therefore, to march through the Narragansett country and surprise them. He landed his men in Narragansett Bay at the foot of what is now called Tower Hill. He then marched twenty miles westward, across our State of Rhode Island, invested a Narragansett fort there, lest intelligence should be sent to his enemy, and then marched fifteen miles more, to the neighborhood of the Pequot fort.

This was built in the Indian fashion, with a circular palisade of trunks of trees twelve feet high. Within, arranged along two lanes, were seventy wigwams, covered with matting and thatch. There were but two passages through the palisade, opposite each other. The surprise was complete. Mason entered, with sixteen men, on one side, Underhill did

the like on the other. Mason snatched a live brand from a wigwam, and threw it on a thatched roof; Underhill set fire with a train of powder. The village was in flames, and in an hour was destroyed. As the poor wretches fled from their covert, the English shot them down. If there were any stragglers they fell into the hands of Mason's Narragansett allies, who had kept cautiously from the conflict, but had no mercy on the fugitives. The accounts of the loss of the Pequots vary, but it is clear that more than four hundred of the poor creatures perished, and some estimates make up seven hundred.

Mason's whole force had been seventy-seven Englishmen, sixty Mohegans, and four hundred Narragansetts and Niantics, but his Indian allies had declined to join in the attack. Of the English more than a quarter were wounded, and two were killed.

Mason marched at once toward another Indian fort, and met on his way its garrison of three hundred men. He kept them at bay, until happily he saw his vessels approaching from the east. He dispatched the greater part of his forces for the protection of the Connecticut settlers, and with the rest returned to Narragansett Bay and home. The remnant of the Pequots determined to seek safety in flight. They tried to join themselves to the Mohawks on the Hudson, but in fact broke up into a mere wreck of stragglers, many of whom were put to death by the jealousy of the neighboring tribes. Nobody had any mercy for the Pequots, now that they had been beaten. Sassacus, their chief, was

killed by the Mohawks, to whom he had fled. By one sudden blow, the colonists of Massachusetts and their friends had broken the most powerful nation of the natives, and had struck awe upon them all.

“The land had thus rest for forty years.” Such is Dr. Palfrey’s apt quotation in describing the results of this cruel victory. It was not till 1675 that any serious danger was apprehended by Massachusetts from the Indian tribes. That danger then came from the determined Philip, the son of the Massasoit with whom Winslow and Bradford made the first treaty.

When a New England man speaks of the heroes of ’75, he generally means the men of 1775 — who fired the shots at Concord “which echoed round the world,” — or those at Bunker Hill, from which “Democracy started on its march,” over the route by which these echoes had gone before.

But there are other “heroes of ’75,” who do not appear upon this roll of honor. They are the heroes of sixteen hundred and seventy-five, just one century before Lexington and Concord. New England was in danger then of being wiped off the map — to have the geographers write again the savage names of Norumbega and of the Aberginians. Every man in New England was scouring his musket, and filling his powder-horn. And the great-grandfathers were learning the lessons of warfare which the great-grandsons put in use a hundred years after.

In the beginning Massasoit had gladly accepted English protection against the more powerful Indians on the West, — the Pequots, and those whom they called Mohawks or Man-eaters, as well as those of the Northeast, whom they called Tarrantines. When Governor Bradford of Plymouth proposed to Massasoit, a chief whom he thought much more important than he was, to become an ally of King James, Massasoit said he would gladly become his subject and he put his hand to a paper to say so. How much he understood what he said or signed, is, indeed, doubtful. He probably did understand that if he signed this paper, the English would be courteous to him and would protect him.

They were courteous to him, and they would have protected him and his, had they needed any protection. The terrible punishment of the Pequots showed him and his what the English soldiers could do.

But a new generation grew up, both of white men and of Indians. Some of the whites, under the lead of such men as Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, were trying to civilize and Christianize them. Most of the whites despised and hated them. When the college was founded at Cambridge, one object was to train the Indian youth. One of the college buildings was called the Indian College. And, among other young men of Indian blood who learned something there of Christianity and of civilized arts was a young man named Sausaman.

Among the Indians who did not go to Harvard College and did not want to, was a son of the Massa-

soit who had so readily made himself a subject of King James. This son was named Philip, and he is the Philip who is generally called "King Philip." The laws which the English had made to forbid the sale of guns and powder to the Indians were not carefully enforced. Philip and other Indian young men learned how to use guns as well as their white neighbors. And Philip, after the death of his father Massasoit and of his brother Alexander, took some pains to bring together the Indians of his own tribe, in the southeastern parts of what is now Massachusetts, and to make preparations, as if for war. He and his Indians lived on the north and east of Narragansett Bay. His own home, so far as he had any, was at Mount Hope, near the site of the city of Fall River.

The Government of Plymouth inquired about these preparations for war, and Philip admitted that he was making them; but he said that it was in fear of the Narragansetts on the other side of the Bay. In truth, he was probably an ambitious young man, who was learning a good deal from the whites, and saw the need of closer organization, if his own people were not to be driven out of their old country. When the Plymouth governor sent to meet him, in the year 1670, Philip appeared with a military force; nor would he confer with the commissioners sent from Plymouth and Massachusetts, unless his escort might come with him. At that time he was compelled to give up seventy guns, and to make promises of peace. But these promises bound him but little.

He spent the next four years in going from place to place, to show the Indians of different neighborhoods how weak the English were, and how much scattered, and to arrange a common plan for exterminating them on the same day. For this they were all to provide firearms and ammunition, and they were to strike, all together, in the spring of 1676.

If Philip could have kept himself in check till then, he might have succeeded. But he was his own worst enemy. When John Sausaman left college he became a schoolmaster at the Christian settlement of Indians at Natick. But having misbehaved here, he left the Christian Indians, and became Philip's "prime minister," if one may use such a phrase. In this utter savagedom, as civilization advanced, Philip had to have some one who could write his letters for him. So he employed this Harvard graduate. But, on the other hand, John Eliot could not bear to lose him from his work. He persuaded him to return to Natick, where he publicly expressed his repentance for leaving it, and became a preacher. In 1674 he made a visit among Philip's people, and then became sure that Philip was making a great plot against the English. He revealed this plot to the English governor. Probably some one reported this to Philip, and the report cost John Sausaman his life. The evidence of his murder was clear. Three Indians were convicted and hanged for it in Plymouth in June, 1675.

This was really the beginning of "Philip's War."

On a hot summer afternoon in what was then June,

— we should call the day the second of July,* — a tired and dusty messenger rode over Boston Neck and found his way to the house of Governor Leverett. He brought a letter which Winslow, Governor of Plymouth, had sent that morning from Marshfield in Plymouth County. It told of what was the outbreak of war. Philip and his men had driven the English of Swansea into their block-house, and had killed their cattle.

It is said that there was a curious superstition among the Indians that that side would be beaten which killed the first man. It certainly appears as if Philip and his men tried, by every provocation, to make the English begin.

All Boston was in a ferment. The train-bands were mustered, and Captain Thomas Mosely announced that he would raise a company of volunteers. He was a favorite, as he deserved to be, and he enlisted, at once, a hundred and ten men.

It is to be remembered that it was nearly forty years since the men of New England had been engaged in war. Their fathers had come over from England with fears of the natives which the event had not justified. For they proved to be comparatively few in number, almost without government and very poorly armed. The arrival of the whites was, in fact, a blessing to them all. For it gave them better tools, better weapons, better fishhooks and conveniences for hunting, and better clothes. When they had more skins than they wanted or more corn, it gave them

* The change of style makes June 21, 1675, into July 2.

a good market in which to sell their surplus. They observed, at once, that after their squaws had iron hoes, their crops of corn increased many fold. But, after the very beginning the English were foolish enough, as has been said, to sell them guns, powder and lead. They learned at once how to cast their own bullets. Just at this time by a very easy transition, the old matchlock was passing into a flintlock. It may well be that a flint arrow head has often been used to strike fire in the powder pan of the weapon which was assuming the form of our musket.* After the alarm started by Philip it was easy to prohibit again the sale of powder, but the Indians had no difficulty in buying it from the Dutch traders on the Hudson, or the French in Canada.

When the alarm from Swansea came to Boston, the people mustered with spirit but without experience in war. Mosely had perhaps had some such career as a buccaneer, as Mr. Stevenson gives to his imagined Blackbeard in the next century. There was, however, a regular organization of "train bands," and the captains of these train bands were supposed to have some skill in war. The train bands of Boston and the neighboring towns were directed to furnish one hundred able soldiers to meet in Boston on the 25th, each with his arms complete and his knapsack, ready to march. Daniel Dennison was appointed commander-in-chief of all the forces of the colony, Daniel Henchman, captain of one hundred infantry, and Thomas Prentice, captain of the horse. Mosely, with

* It is not known to whom the invention of the flint-lock is due.

his volunteers, overtook the regular soldiers on the second day, and all of them arrived at Swansea in forty-eight hours from the time they left Boston. They drove the Indians back from Swansea to Mt. Hope, then they crossed into Rhode Island and this show of force compelled the powerful tribe of Narragansetts to make a treaty, in which they promised that they also would make war against Philip. Returning to Massachusetts, Henshaw pressed Philip so closely that he hardly escaped. He did leave his women and children. His powder was almost gone, so that this escape was naturally regarded as a great misfortune.

Meanwhile all the western towns were in danger, and towns within thirty miles of Boston were then called western towns. The governor of Connecticut was raising troops to act against the Indians on Connecticut River, and a company of soldiers was raised in Boston to support him. A company of the finest young men of Essex County, called the "flower of Essex," were surprised by Indians at Bloody Brook at Deerfield, and almost every man was killed. The popular fury rose against John Eliot and Gookin, the approved friends of the Indians, and their little colony of Christian Indians at Natick was removed to Deer Island in Boston Harbor, to keep them from the neighborhood of the enemy. Between July and December of that year, the excitement in the four colonies was intense, and the news of every week was that of some new massacre. Almost all the men of the fighting age were somewhere in the field. But Philip

himself was out of sight, though his presence and counsel could be inferred as one English village after another on the frontier was burned.

It was then that the commissioners of the United Colonies determined to carry the war against the Narragansetts. It seemed certain that they supplied Philip and his men with powder. It was freely charged that their young men had been seen in Philip's war parties. Probably this was true, for there was no such strictness of government among the Narragansetts, that they could have helped this if they would, and the evidence is strong that they did not want to help it. In the summer, as I have said, they had agreed in their treaty that they would make war against Philip, but they had not done so. At a later period Canonchet, their sachem, had agreed to give up, within ten days, the hostile Indians under their protection; this also they failed to do. Five days afterward, therefore, the commissioners of New England ordered an additional force of a thousand men, to serve against the Narragansetts. Governor Winslow, of Plymouth, was put in command. The Narragansetts made no offer of submission and no pretense of fulfilling Canonchet's agreement. The troops raised by Massachusetts and Plymouth met, therefore, at Wickford, in Rhode Island, early in December. On the thirteenth of that month they learned of the arrival of Treat of Connecticut at Bull's Fort in Pettyquamscott, not far away. From this point Mason had marched in his successful enterprise against the Pequots forty years before. Bull's Block-House gave

the name to "Tower Hill," which will be remembered by many readers as now overlooking the watering place of "Narragansett Pier." Winslow's force consisted of eight companies of foot and one of horse. Treat had five companies of English and fifty Mohegan allies. The whole army was about one thousand men. Unfortunately for them the block-house at Bull's had been burned down a few days before, so that they found themselves assembled in severe December weather, without any protection from the storms.

All the more promptly they moved to the attack of the Narragansetts' principal fort and settlement. This was about nine miles from them in a direct line, but their march to it must have been thirteen or fourteen miles. They started early Sunday morning the nineteenth of December. It shows that they were good campaigners, that they arrived in the neighborhood of their enemy in an eight hours' march. For a part of the time at least the snow was falling, and through deep snow the men marched on.

The enemy whom they sought were well fortified on an island, which was and is wholly surrounded by a swamp. On the inner side of this swamp they had protected themselves still further by rows of palisades. Whoever entered the inclosure did so by passing over a bridge which was made of a single tree, so felled as to cross the water, and this little bridge was covered by a block-house. Captain Johnson, of Roxbury, led the attack at the head of his company. They were hotly received, and on the

bridge Johnson fell dead.* In the fight, six of the thirteen English captains were killed or mortally wounded by the well-directed fire of the Indians. But, for the English, there was really no retreat. With them the alternative was literally "to conquer or to die." Every man there knew that he was a long day's march distant from any food except that in this encampment and from all other supplies. They knew as well that the snow had been gathering behind them. Whatever their ignorance of arms six months before, they had been initiated by those six months into the mysteries of forest warfare. A battle followed, which lasted for two or three hours, with various success. Once the assailants entered the fort and were beaten out. On a second entrance the English were so successful that they were able to set fire to the wigwams within the inclosure, thus following the strategy of Mason forty years before. The destruction was so complete that the conquerors could not even stay on the battle ground. Captain Church, who was present — the same who killed Philip the next year — says he deprecated the destruction of the wigwams. Each of them was well stocked with corn for the winter, and, had they been saved, the English army could have rested and recruited itself on the spot. As it was, they were obliged to return at once to Pettyquamscott with their wounded, of whom there were one hundred and fifty. Seventy of their number had been killed, so

* At this distant time I put on record this achievement of my own ancestor, with a certain serious interest, the more willingly, because, so far as I know, he has no other memorial.

that they had sustained the terrible loss of nearly one quarter of those who took the field. Of the three thousand five hundred Narragansett warriors, it was said that seven hundred were killed and three hundred were mortally wounded.

This critical battle entirely broke the force of the Narragansetts, and indeed practically ended the war against Philip. It was not until the next summer that he was brought to bay and killed ; but from this moment his forces were divided, his only allies entirely broken and his best source of supply taken away.

The antiquarian of to-day who visits the site of the Swamp Fort finds a pretty Rhode Island farm. If he wishes to take home a memorial of the fight he digs a little below the surface, and he finds a few grains of Indian corn which were burned black in the terrible fire of that day, and as charcoal have preserved their shape for two centuries.

Whether this massacre and destruction were necessary, it is impossible to say. This is certain, that no one among the whites doubted the necessity then. These brave men who marched and died in the attack, did not doubt it. But on the other side it is to be remembered that the Narragansetts had always been the friends of the English. As has been said, Philip called them his enemies five years before. It is hard to believe that if they knew themselves guilty, they would have hazarded all, as they did, by bringing into one stronghold all their forces. Canonchet may well have promised more than he could perform, and found that he could not execute the

terms of the treaty which he had made. The whites made this failure their reason for the attack and the massacre.

The victory of the whites broke the power of this strong tribe, and the man who is splitting wood for me, on the outside of the window where I write, a few miles only from the fort where so many of them died, himself a respectable farmer, whose wife brought me last week a beautiful nosegay of roses, is one of the Last of the Narragansetts.

CHAPTER XI.

SIR EDMUND ANDROS.

THE founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony had withdrawn from England to set up in America such a form of government in Church and State as they had thought to be agreeable to the Word of God. What that government was, the reader has already seen. It goes without saying that it was a form of government of which any Stuart King of England would have highly disapproved. But at the time of the institution of the Puritan Commonwealth and during the first years of its growth in power, the King of England then reigning, Charles I., had found his hands so full of affairs with his English subjects, that he by no means had time to regulate in any way the proceedings, however distasteful, of those in America; so, with the setting up of the Commonwealth, the Massachusetts Puritans had seen the places in power in England filled with those who were on the whole favorable to them, or at least not openly opposed to their views and ideas. Therefore, for the first thirty years of its existence, until the Restoration of Charles II., the Puritan Commonwealth directed its own affairs in the manner that seemed to it best,

with no interference on the part of any outside authority. This happy immunity from trouble was, however, to come to an end. Massachusetts was to come into collision with the royal power in England.

We have already seen the manner in which Charles II. had interfered in behalf of the Quakers. It could hardly be expected that interference would stop here. Under any circumstances the *de facto* independence of the Massachusetts Colony could not but have been distasteful to the King of England. But during the period of its power that *de facto* power had been used in such a way as had raised up against it a crowd of enemies. One of the earliest settlers of New England had been Samuel Maverick. Exactly when he came to this country cannot be stated. He was found on Noddle's Island by Winthrop and his fleet. He was an Episcopalian, and by no means sympathized with the ideas and aims of the new colonists. In the disputes that rose between them Maverick was decidedly worsted, and withdrew to England, where at the Restoration he was naturally a person of some authority as to colonial affairs. Other victims of the Colony's rigorously exclusive policy were also to be found at the Court of Charles II. Roger Williams, it is true, had betaken himself to Rhode Island and as for the unfortunate Anne Hutchinson, she had gone to a higher court even than that of the merry monarch. But there were at this time in England Dr. John Clarke, who had been banished from Massachusetts, and various Quakers who had been banished, as well

as friends of those who had been hanged. And Gorges and others who had charter rights in Maine were naturally on the lookout to find defenders of those rights against the Colony which had disregarded them.

The English merchants, too, were dissatisfied because the New Englanders paid no attention, to speak of, to the navigation acts. And even had these witnesses been wanting, there were enough now in England sufficiently jealous of the king's prerogative to make sure that it was nowhere infringed upon. The Puritans in Old England had been put to the wall, what more natural than that the proceedings of the Puritans in New England should be put to a thorough overhauling.

When the matter was carefully considered it appeared that the New England Colonies had done many things which in the view of the crown lawyers they by no means had any right to do.

They had confined the right of franchise to a very small number.

They had refused to allow those who desired to use the English Book of Common Prayer to do so.

They had neglected the Navigation Laws.

They had made laws and drawn up writs in their own name, and not in that of the King of England.

They had neglected the oath of allegiance.

They had made laws repugnant to those of England.

They had refused to allow appeals to England.

They had coined money.

They had otherwise assumed powers not warranted by their charters, and Massachusetts was executing her charter in another place than was intended.

In other ways too had they proceeded in a high-handed and authoritative manner, and it was quite clear that, as soon as matters in England had been put on a stable basis, the New Englanders would have to be humbled.

The first attempt was not attended with all the success that had been desired. In the year 1662, the colony thought fit to send to England agents who should bear to His Majesty an address expressive of colonial loyalty and, it may be added, colonial obstinacy. John Norton and Simon Bradstreet were chosen for this duty and bore with them an address and letters to such important persons at court as might aid their suit. Some time subsequent to their departure, the General Court, as though to make quite clear their exact position, proceeded to pass an order providing for the issuing of new coin, — an act indicative of the most independent sovereignty. It was this money, by the way, which bore upon it a tree usually imagined by New Englanders to be a pine, but presented to Charles II. as a representation of the Royal Oak in which he had hidden himself after the Battle of Worcester.

The agents returned from England bearing with them an answer from the king in which His Majesty demanded that in most of the points noted above the colonists should mend their ways. The letter was published according to rule, but very little at-

tention was paid to it. The General Court made the pretense of obeying portions of it, but on the whole their proceedings could not have been wholly satisfactory to royal authority. Had not Charles and his ministers been very busy at home something would have been done at once. As it was, it was two years before four commissioners were appointed to represent the king in New England. They were to see that the king's letter of two years previous had been complied with, and to hear appeals from the colonial courts.

Not to be tedious, these commissioners may be said to have wholly failed in their business. They first visited the New Netherlands which had just come into the possession of the English. Next they passed through Connecticut (to which New Haven was now joined), Rhode Island and Plymouth, where they were received on the whole with deference. From thence they came to Boston and here they found it wholly impossible to carry out their orders. The General Court and the magistrates argued with them, and with many protestations of loyalty quite prevented them from hearing any appeals or doing much of anything else that they had come to do. The commissioners sailed for England in a discomfited frame of mind. The Colony of Massachusetts Bay had scored a victory.

For ten years no step was taken by the royal authority to enforce the power which had thus practically been set aside. Events in England during these ten years were such as fully to occupy the minds of

those who governed. It was in 1676 that the matter was again opened. In that year Edmund Randolph was sent as messenger to Massachusetts, and began a strife which, lasting for ten years, ended in the complete downfall of the Puritan Colony, the withdrawal of the Colonial Charter, and the administration of Sir Edmund Andros.

It would be too long for our purpose to detail all the steps in this long-drawn and hard-fought battle. The result could hardly at any time have been doubtful. The colonists were not in the position to defy openly the commands of the King of England. King Charles II. was not a man to allow his desires to be disregarded with impunity. Step by step the colonists gave ground, until finally an action *quo warranto* was brought against the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay. The object of such an action was to inquire by what warrant the company had done such and such things alleged against them, and to demand the showing cause by the company why their charter should not be forfeited. As a matter of fact the company had done much that was illegal. But even if it had not, the purpose of the Royal Government to take away the charter could not well have been withstood. The company did not endeavor any legal defense and a judgment was entered vacating the charter on the twenty-third day of October, 1684.

Such was the end of the Puritan Commonwealth. For fifty-four years it had existed in New England as a practically independent political body. It had

been ruled over by men whose chief idea was to carry out the will of God on earth. In pursuing this notion much evil had been worked, but the good which had been accomplished was far greater. They had offered to the world such a spectacle of self-government as it had been for a long time unaccustomed to, they had brought up a generation of Americans in the habits and enjoyment of practical political liberty, they had been the forerunners of the Revolutionary heroes. They had not done all that they might have done. It was reserved for Rhode Island, Maryland and Pennsylvania to show the possibilities of religious liberty, but Massachusetts had at least given birth to that feeling for political freedom which has never died out in our country.

The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay now no longer existed. There was therefore now no legal form of government, under the king, in the territory which they had previously controlled. The old government was, however, continued provisionally. Charles II. died and James II. was proclaimed. Still for some time nothing was done. New officers were elected as usual under the charter but they were regarded as only provisional. It was not until 1686 that a temporary government was erected. Joseph Dudley, the son of Thomas Dudley, who had shown himself rather a friend to the Royalist party than to those who represented the principles of his father, was made President over Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine and the King's Province (now part of Rhode Island). But this arrangement

also was only temporary. Toward the end of the year the Province of New England was constituted, which comprised in time all the territory now known under that name, with New York and New Jersey to boot, and Sir Edmund Andros was made governor thereof. The new governor arrived in Boston on the twentieth of December, 1686.

If the inhabitants had enjoyed the privileges of almost absolute self-government during the fifty-four years' maintenance of the charter, they now experienced the exactions of arbitrary tyranny for the two years and four months of the reign of Andros. The reign of James II. in England, although short, was long enough to acquaint her people with some of the most grinding forms of tyranny. Andros was no unfit representative of his royal master. Understanding thoroughly James's desires and purposes in England, Andros endeavored to carry out as far as possible in New England desires and purposes of the same nature. The period during which Andros held the office of governor-general of New England was marked by obstruction of justice, arbitrary taxation, oppressive exactions, less in extent than those which characterized the reign of James II. only because the country over which Andros ruled was less populous, less wealthy and less extensive than that of the English tyrant.

The points in which Andros became especially oppressive were not many in number, but they were of a nature that touched almost every inhabitant of the country. In the first place, as to land titles, the

ingenious mind of some one connected with the royal government devised a way of at once outraging and oppressing the colonists and enriching the governor and his friends. All the land in the Colony was held on tenure that at one time or another came from the Massachusetts Bay Company. The King of England was held to be by right of discovery the owner of all land in New England. He had made over his right to the Massachusetts Bay Company, who in turn had turned it over to towns or private individuals, who had in turn passed it on. It was now explained that the company having lost its charter, its grants were of no avail, and that all the land reverted to the king. In pursuance of this idea, it was given out that whoever desired to retain possession of his land might do so upon the paying of a quitrent to the king. If the present land owners did not acquiesce and take out new leases, the land was, in not a few cases, taken from them, and often handed over to some one near the governor. In like manner were the common lands of the various towns dealt with, being generally near the center of the towns and so of some value. In these transactions Andros and Randolph showed very clearly that their notion was not so much to govern the Colony as to revenge the king upon it for having so long governed itself.

Another matter which touched the colonists nearly, was in the direction of taxation. The General Court, which had been made up of representatives of the towns, had been done away with, and the only form

of legislative body in the Colony was the Governor's Council, which had been named by the king. This body was little more than a means of registering the governor's decrees. The governor and council now imposed certain taxes, and ordered the commissioners and selectmen of the various towns to assess them properly on the inhabitants. There has never been any grievance which so bitterly aroused Englishmen as that of arbitrary taxation. This example was no exception to the rule. Many towns refused to obey the warrant from the council. The form which the opposition took was a refusal to elect a commissioner who should assist the selectmen in making the assessment.

The governor, however, was in no mood for trifling. The recalcitrant citizens were at once arrested and brought to Boston, where they were put to speedy trial and, having been found guilty of contempt and high misdemeanor, were heavily fined. The offenders in one or two cases served as examples and speedily brought the rest to terms. There was, indeed, nothing else to do. The governor was backed by the power of England, and Massachusetts was in no condition to think of open resistance.

The governor and council, in the second year of their tenure, passed an act which in another direction was as subversive of the liberties of the colonists as had been either of the oppressions before noted. Its purport was to forbid the various towns to hold more than one town meeting a year. At that town meeting selectmen were to be chosen who were to

manage the property of the town and carry on its business. There was to be no town meeting in the old sense, however, any more than there was any representation of the towns in General Court.

Another proceeding of the governor's, far less objectionable in itself, but almost as exasperating to the colonists, was the establishment of the Episcopal form of worship in the Colony. Andros made requisitions on the ministers of the town to allow the meeting-houses to be used for service according to the Anglican form at some time when it would not interfere with the regular worship. The ministers, after considering the matter, agreed that they could not conscientiously allow their meeting-houses to be used for such a purpose at any time. The governor insisted. He demanded the keys of the Old South Meeting-house for service on Good Friday. The congregation protested, saying that the house was theirs and that they could not allow it to be used for any such purpose, but Andros proceeded without their consent, and the church was after that time used for Episcopal services as well as those for which the house had been built.

It may be imagined that the people did not remain quiet under these and other like oppressions, without trying to gain some redress. In the early part of the year 1688, the once famous Increase Mather had been dispatched to England to present the grievances of the Province to the attention of the king. Mather was a man of note in the Province and appears to have been treated with some distinction in

England, but at this time he was able to do nothing whatever in the way of mitigating the severities under which the Province was laboring. The king promised favor, but it became quite clear to Mather that he should be able to accomplish nothing.

It was not by soft words that the New Englanders were to accomplish their end. Like their countrymen at home, they were to obtain their liberty through force. As James II. fell in England after a revolution, so did his servant Andros fall in Boston, after a revolt in the town that would have turned out seriously had it met with any opposition worthy of the name.

Toward the end of the year Andros became involved in difficulties with the Indians in Maine and New Hampshire. He made a military expedition against them to the eastward, which turned out unsuccessfully and thus gave occasion for numerous suspicions. It was said that Andros was in league with the French ; that it was proposed to hand New England over to them ; that his expeditions had no other object than to denude the Province of its fighting men. At this time came rumors of the anticipations in England of the movement of the Prince of Orange.

In February there arrived in Boston a young man who brought news of the landing of the Prince of Orange in England. This was enough to set fire to the smouldering embers. It is true that there was no assurance of victory ahead. William of Orange was by no means certain of success. If the New

Englanders should rise and James should succeed in retaining his throne, their last condition would be worse than their first. Nevertheless the attempt was made, and made in the quiet and concerted manner which became not unusual among the inhabitants of Boston at a later period.

On the eighteenth of April there was a rising in Boston. The captain of the English frigate in the harbor was arrested. Andros took refuge in the fort on the hill of that name (Fort hill). The members of the old government gathered together to discuss matters. The people thronged the streets. A number of the governor's party were put in jail.

The leaders of the proceeding drew up a Declaration in which was set forth the unlawful behavior of Andros. The Prince of Orange was mentioned, and the document stated that the offenders were now to be secured to wait the orders of "His Highness and the English Parliament." This statement of purpose was read from the town house to the assembled people, much to their satisfaction. It only remained to carry the purpose into effect — which was, in truth, no very difficult matter, for the country was by this time aroused and soldiers were beginning to come into Boston from the neighboring towns. Andros was in the fort. The frigate *Rose* in the harbor, and also the *Castle*, held for him. But Andros was shortly seized, the force against him being overpowering, and at his order the *Castle* was surrendered. As to the frigate, a compromise was effected and she was not surren-

dered, but dismantled and otherwise made useless. One by one all of Andros's principal adherents were seized and committed to jail.

Such was the end of the government of Sir Edmund Andros. He had rendered himself intolerable to those he had oppressed under pretense of governing in the same manner as had James II. And in return, as the English nation had showed that they could not stomach the oppressions of James II. so did the New Englanders make it clear that they could not get along with his servant.

For the time being the members of the government which had existed before the Presidency of Dudley took up again the offices which they had laid down, but only for a time. They waited for some settlement to be made by William III.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INDEPENDENT STATE. — THE SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

THE very moment when Phipps assumed the government under the new charter marks the period which has the sad pre-eminence in Massachusetts history that it saw the beginning, middle and end of the terrible delusion which we call the Salem Witchcraft. The scene of the bewitchments and their consequences was the town now known by the name of Danvers. It is a short distance from Salem, and at that time was known as Salem Village.

Mr. Samuel Parris was the minister of the church. His daughter Elizabeth, a girl of nine, with other girls and young women of ages between ten and twenty, became wildly curious about sorcery and witchcraft. The superstitious fancies of the second generation of Puritans were full of such stories, and it may be said in passing that such stories lingered in Essex County as traditions within the memory of people now living. These children became so nearly insane in their excitement, that physicians, who did not understand it, declared that they were bewitched. The children themselves, pressed to say who bewitched them, gave the names of Tituba, a slave half Indian and half negro, who belonged to Mr.

Parris, and whom he had brought from Barbadoes, of Sarah Goode and Sarah Osborn. The children afterward named Martha Corey and Rebecca Nourse, church members of excellent standing and character.

The excitement in the neighborhood increased, and all five were committed for trial. The whole neighborhood was in a ferment ; Mr. Parris preached on the subject, and by the fourteenth of May, when Phipps arrived from England, there were a hundred alleged witches in jail, waiting trial. Phipps at once issued a special commission of seven magistrates to investigate the cases. He had no right to do so under the new charter which he was administering, but no one seems at the moment to have made official protest against the procedure.

In June they tried Bridget Bishop. At the end of four weeks they sat again, and at this time sentenced five women to die, and all of them were executed within three weeks after protesting their innocence. When Rebecca Nourse, a matron eminent for piety and goodness, was tried, the jury acquitted her ; but Stoughton, who presided in the commission, sent the jury out again with his own interpretation of the words she had used on her examination, and she was also sentenced and executed.

The people charged with witchcraft were not simply uneducated people of low degree, but a warrant was sent to Maine for the arrest of George Burroughs, a graduate of the college, who was the minister of Wells. He had been a rival candidate at Salem Village in a controversy when Parris had been

elected minister of the church. He was sentenced, and on the nineteenth of August was executed. In the course of the next month, six women were tried, convicted and sentenced in one day, and on another day eight women and one man, of whom eight were hanged. Giles Corey has won the name of a martyr by refusing to plead. He was eighty years of age, and he was pressed to death with heavy weights laid on his body—the old penalty of the English common law for a refusal to answer; it is called the *peine forte et dure*.

In the month of October the delusion had extended into other neighborhoods. In all twenty men, women and children had been executed, and persons of more and more distinction were included among those charged. Hezekiah Usher, one of the older magistrates, and Mrs. Thacher, who was the mother-in-law of Corwin, one of the justices, were among them. At last Mrs. Hale, wife of the minister of Beverly, was charged, and even Lady Phipps and Mr. Willard, the minister of the Old South Church, were spoken of invidiously.

With the intimation that Mrs. Hale was a witch, the tide turned. Her husband, who afterwards confessed with shame that he had joined in the delusion, now stood on her side, and popular feeling at once went round, like a gale in the tropics, and blew from the other quarter. The visitation had been confined to some towns in Essex County, and as soon as the public opinion of the province at large came to bear, it stopped. The General Court met on the twelfth

of October. It superseded the court of special commission by constituting a regular tribunal of supreme jurisdiction. When that court met, more than half the presentments were thrown out by the grand jury, and although bills were found against twenty-six persons, only three were found guilty, and all of these were pardoned. From this moment, all parties, excepting Stoughton and Cotton Mather, were eager to disclaim all connection with the tragedy, or to ask pardon of God and of their fellow-citizens for their share in it. The story of Judge Sewall's penitence has been made well known by Mr. Whittier's poem.

For such madnesses in any community and in any time, it is impossible to account fully, except by saying that they are madnesses, that the ordinary laws that govern human intelligence do not apply to them. But now that we see and hear so much of what are called spiritual manifestations, now that every intelligent person has to admit that there are forces for which no naturalist is able to account, easily called into being by a strong will or by an ingenious manipulator, it seems impossible to deny that something of what we now call hypnotism or mesmerism or spiritualism was involved in the Salem witchcraft. Add to this element the presence of Tituba, with those wild superstitions of the negro which take the name of Voodoo, and put the scene of the tragedy in a little Puritan village, at the end of winter, when the people have been shut up to themselves and to their petty and miserable quarrels, and it is not

difficult to make out causes enough, even for consequences so terrible. It may be added that, if these children had told their lies at any other moment in the history of Massachusetts, from 1620 to 1891, those lies would have been forgotten like the other lies of childhood. As it happened, they came at a moment when it would almost be fair to say that the province was under no government. They came when Phipps, an ignorant man, had come out with a new charter, which had not been put in force. Yielding to some of the superstitions of some of the best men around him, Phipps established the extraordinary court, to which the State owes the worst disgrace in her annals. So soon as the province could act of itself, under its own charter, the infamous proceedings of that tribunal came to an end. In the next generation, the province made such scanty return as it could to the children of those who had been tried, by restoring them to all civil rights which, under the law of the time, they had lost.

As early as 1640, the colonists of Massachusetts and of Connecticut had begun to import cotton from Barbadoes. This was used at first, it seems, for corselets, to turn the flint point of an Indian's arrow. But, almost as soon as the manufacture of cotton began in the English Manchester, the New England housewives found out that the fingers and wheels which would spin flax, would spin cotton, and from that time cotton spinning was a Massachusetts industry. The cotton thus spun was not regular enough to be used in a shuttle for the warp of a web of cloth. But

the woof, or lay strips of the web, was made from it, and a sheet half cotton and half linen was thus woven. Or it might be that the warp was of wool, and a sort of cotton flannel was the product.

When Charles II. returned to the throne, such industries were too well established to be dispossessed.

Indeed, at that time, Massachusetts had existed for thirty years as a sovereignty well-nigh independent. From 1652 to 1682 she stamped her own money, usurping for convenience of trade, the prerogative which has been regarded as a special visible sign of royalty. The Pine-Tree Shilling, bearing the pine-tree, which was on the seal of the Colony, was struck in Boston for a generation, with six pences and three pences of a similar pattern. In the hope of keeping this coin at home, it was made of such size that a New England shilling was worth three fourths of an English shilling; and to this hour, an old New Englander speaks as if six shillings were of the same worth as a Spanish dollar.

The conditions of trade and manufacture thus described were well established by the end of the seventeenth century. The fishermen of the Bay brought in cod-fish and dried and salted them — or perhaps cured them on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence or other Eastern waters, in which or near which they had been taken. The fish thus cured were sent to the West Indies, to the Teneriffe Islands or the Azores, to Portugal, Spain or the Mediterranean countries, and were there sold or exchanged for the products of those countries. In

Catholic countries, especially, the demands of the fast days of the church gave a stimulus to the prosperity of the heretics of New England. In our own time, an experienced traveler has told me that he had never found the "dun-fish" of New England so delicious as in a convent at Vaucluse — a name which we are not apt to connect with such carnal pleasures.

With the product of his "voyage out" the captain returned to America or to England, as seemed best. He did not distress himself much as to the requisition of the Navigation Acts. If when he came to England, he found that any shipping merchant turned a fond eye upon the beautiful vessel which had been built in "the Bay" he sold the vessel, and, with his crew, returned home, investing the proceeds of the sale of vessel and cargo in such goods as would sell well in New England. If no one offered for the vessel a price which pleased him, he freighted her with a cargo of such goods and brought her home. Such a three-sided voyage was the general course of foreign trade. And this course — with increasing volume of exports and imports — continued until the Revolution.

It was by such industries, whether in the field, with the spinning-wheel or the loom, in fishing-boats or on the ocean, that the people were using the means which nature had lavishly laid at their feet, and were increasing in wealth as they increased in numbers. With the increase in numbers they took up new lands and established new towns. All around

them, as will be seen in another chapter, were savages who deserved that name, who were instigated constantly to attack by the Jesuit missionaries who virtually led the politics of Canada. There was, therefore, almost nothing of that separate settlement by individuals in lonely cabins, each with his own family, which has characterized the more recent emigration to the Western States. The habit of Massachusetts was rather to establish a town, which from the beginning carried with itself the essential elements of organized society. Some leader or leaders found a place fit for a new settlement; these men applied to the General Court for the right to take up those lands, for which they paid nothing, and to establish there a "town." This did not mean what the word "town" means in the language of England. It meant a community or corporation with very considerable rights for its own independent government. Those who had the right given them to establish such a community proceeded to collect men and women who would unite with them. To those who joined them they gave a village lot and a farm, generally with a right in the "commons," which were held by the public. They established a "meeting-house," in which religious services should be held, and in which the town-meetings might assemble. And if they were prosperous they appointed at the very beginning a minister of the gospel who should accompany them. To this minister they gave a lot for his home and a farm. In many cases he became the practical leader of the town, as John Williams was for many

years the director, even in war, of the town of Deerfield. They thus secured, from the very beginning, the order which belongs to civil society. From the beginning, each town was able to maintain a school or schools for its children. Each house maintained a block-house in the edge of the frontier, in which the inhabitants might assemble in case of danger.

Under such a system the colony, or the province, as it began to be called, increased steadily in wealth. The system quickened at once the individual enterprise of every person, while it gave to every person the strength which belongs to social order, and to social order only. At the end of the century, Boston was spoken of as a town as well built as any in the king's dominions outside of London. And not only in Boston, but in many of the larger towns, were homes which had all the comforts and luxuries which would have been found in England. In all these large towns there still remain houses which were the homes of some of the magnates of those days. The fashion of our own day seeks to imitate what is called the "colonial architecture" of those times, and he is a skillful architect who builds a house as comfortable as the best of those old mansions. A good example, which may be readily examined by many of our readers, is in what is known as Wadsworth House in the college grounds at Cambridge, which was built under the orders of the General Court, for Wadsworth, the president of the college at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Lord Bellomont, who was the governor in the last

year of the seventeenth century, wrote home the statement which has been already cited — that the colony of Massachusetts Bay had more vessels engaged in commerce than had Ireland and Scotland together. The frontier villages, as the reader will see, were in constant danger of attack from savages; but the country was sufficient for its own support; it imported luxuries for the table and the clothing of those who were most prosperous. But had an ocean of fire separated Massachusetts from the rest of the world, she was in the year 1700 wholly able to take care of herself, and needed nothing which she could not provide from her own resources.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS.

THE career of prosperity and progress thus described is without parallel in the history of the world. It belongs, as has been said, to the system which gives to each individual the right to press his own fortunes as he can, without restriction from the State while he does not interfere with any other. The same system gives open promotion to each child of God. Thus every faculty is at its best, and every incentive is given to each man and woman to advance his own fortunes and the prosperity of the State. No speculation on the prosperity of America is well founded unless the freedom of the individual, or what has been called "open promotion," is regarded as the one foundation of the whole.

For Massachusetts, this career of prosperity was hindered or interrupted, as is known, by a series of petty wars, amounting almost to a continual border war on her own frontier. She did not owe this perpetual wasting of her resources to any impolicy of her own; it was due to the jealousies and rivalries of foreign courts and to the determination of the Jesuit body, who had virtually the control of the fortunes of Canada, to uproot and destroy the heretic

establishments of New England. When these two causes acted together, as they did whenever England and France were at war, the settlers of the frontiers of Massachusetts on the north and west had to be on constant guard against the attacks of savages. For nearly half a century this border war continued. In that time the growth of the population of Massachusetts was checked; instead of doubling in twenty-five years, it scarcely doubled in fifty, so large was the draft made upon her young men for war, and so terrible the devastation made by Indian massacres. It is not to be wondered at that the people of Massachusetts for those fifty years preserved that hatred of the Catholic Church which had sent their fathers into the wilderness.

For a century, the series of military operations into which Massachusetts was thus compelled were known in the familiar conversation of her people as "the French and Indian wars." With France as France, Massachusetts of course had no quarrel; with Canada as Canada she had nothing to do, and would gladly have let Canada alone. With the Indians as Indians she had measured her forces, first in the Pequot War and afterward in the war with Philip, and she had crushed them. The Indians whom she found on her own frontier were well disposed to live at peace with her people. But it was the policy of the French governors of Canada — led on more by religious hatred, it would seem, than by any motive of policy — to rouse the savages on the eastern and northern frontiers to constant hostilities with the

English settlers. In this policy they persevered until, in the great expedition of Wolfe, in the year 1759, Canada fell into the possession of the British crown. If ever a nation deserved the humiliation which France then received, France deserved it; and if ever the governors of a province brought upon themselves their own fate, it was the governors of the province of Canada.

It was fortunate for Massachusetts, and, as it has proved, it has been fortunate for the civilization of America, that the great confederacy of the Iroquois, who at home occupied the greater part of what we know as the State of New York, took no part in these murderous and treacherous onslaughts upon the whites. Students of history have traced this neutrality back to that good fortune by which the Hudson River, the key to that great region, was settled by the Dutch and not by Englishmen or by Frenchmen. Englishmen have never shown any aptness in dealing with savage tribes; we cannot imagine John Smith or John Winthrop as conciliating the Iroquois by the arts or with the success with which the Dutch conciliated them. But the settlement of the Dutch was simply a settlement of tradesmen. They had at the outset no territorial ambition; they were not attempting to add a new province to their country. They made their stations on the Hudson River as a New England whaler might to-day make a station on the northern edge of Siberia, to try out his oil or to repair his boats, without any thought of adding a province to the rule of Massachusetts or Connecticut.

Going thus as merchants to the new land, it was as merchants that they dealt with the Iroquois. From first to last they kept faith with them, as merchants must with those with whom they have to do. From first to last, therefore, the Iroquois had justice done to them, and knew that they could place full confidence in the word of a Dutch trader or a Dutch magistrate. After the English took possession of the Dutch settlements, the English governors had wit enough to use Dutch traders as their negotiators with the Iroquois. As the immediate consequence of the good faith thus kept with them, and the advantages which the Iroquois derived from such peaceful trade, this great confederacy was, from the beginning to the end, a rampart for the English colonies on the northwest, against the incursions of France, of the Jesuits, and of their savage tools. On the north, however, and on the northeast, Massachusetts and New Hampshire had no such frontier. On the least excuse, or on no excuse, savages of the most savage type were ready to deliver an attack on the villages of the pioneers. The French governors of Canada maintained a standing bounty on the scalps of any whites which might be brought in. They asked no questions for conscience sake as to how these scalps were obtained, and for more than fifty years, the Indian who was in want of powder knew that, if he could not conveniently trap beaver for sale, if it were more easy to catch a white woman or a white child picking berries outside the observation of the men of a frontier village, the scalp of

that woman or that child would buy for him whatever he needed in the market of Montreal. In this condition of things, the state of the frontier of Massachusetts, which now included the province of Maine, was a state of almost perpetual border war.

It is impossible, within the compass in which I am to deal with this history, to attempt the wretched annals of such excursions, as they were made from year to year, in the periods when King William, or Queen Anne, or the early Georges were at war with France, — or, in periods when Europe was at truce, when the quarrel was continued in the forests of New England. The reader must remember that those forests were still so dense and the ways through them so hidden, that towns which we have spoken of as frontier towns, were those which we now regard as almost close to the capital of New England. Thus Andover, Haverhill and Lancaster, each of them now within an hour's ride from Boston, are among the towns whose story is most terrible. From Schenectady on the west, to the settlements on the Kennebec on the east, no place was free from danger. On old maps the scenes of massacre used to be marked with crossed swords; and one who studied those maps alone, might suppose from the number of such records of horror that New England had been a veritable Flanders — the battle-ground of America. It is to be observed, also, that in such wars — if that name may be given to these atrocities — the result for the savages was success or nothing. If they did not make a complete surprise, they

generally retired almost immediately from the field; if the surprise were complete, they killed every man whom they found and took away captive every woman and every child. Thus the massacre at Schenectady, at Deerfield, at Haverhill, and many smaller villages which might be named, almost swept away those villages as they then were. The houses were burned, and the beginnings had to be made over again.

It is necessary to say all this, in order to understand why the government of Massachusetts, through this period of fifty years, engaged itself in one or another offensive operation against the French. These operations never took the form of retaliation against their frontier settlements. The people of Massachusetts had no reason for obtaining the scalps of Frenchmen; they had no Indian allies who would have gone on such business had they been told to; and they were well enough disposed to let alone Canada and its settlements on the waters of the St. Lawrence, if only they might transact their own business in their own valleys and on their own hills. But there was statesmanship enough in the government of Massachusetts to know that these atrocities were dictated in the French councils. The powder of the savages was from French arsenals, the knives were from the French armories, and the bounties on scalps were paid from the French treasury. There were, therefore, constant efforts on the part of Massachusetts to capture the French forts in Acadia (which we call Nova Scotia), those in New-

foundland, and on the river and gulf of St. Lawrence, which they knew to be the bases of operation for this border war. With the instinct of seamen, — perhaps one might say with something of the blood of Northmen — they preferred to carry on these attacks by water, and not to rely on the more difficult and laborious enterprise which involved marching through the forests. The history of eighty years includes four of the greater expeditions which were set on foot with this purpose. Of these, the first two were wholly unsuccessful. The last two involved the fall of Louisburg and Quebec. Historically speaking, and in the minds of the people of Boston, they belonged to one system of operations ; when the second was undertaken, there were men who recollected the failure of the first ; when the third was undertaken, there were men who recollected the failure of the second ; and, in the armies before Quebec, there were those who recollected the success of what professional soldiers would have called the mad attack on Louisburg.

However disgraceful was the alliance between the Stuarts and the King of France, it was an alliance which had given peace to the frontier settlements of New England. As long as James II. was in the pay of Louis, no Canadian governor could with decency unloose his savage hounds upon the New Englanders, even though those New Englanders were heretics. But so soon as William came upon the throne, with the immediate and necessary war with

France as the ally of the Stuarts, this peace was at an end. And, as I have already said, there was but little peace from that time forward until the end of the Seven Years' War. These short pauses of hostilities may be looked upon rather as truces in which the colonies took their breath, then as occasions for real pacific development. At the beginning of this period, as the reader knows, Massachusetts had to pass through the terrible ordeal of the Salem witchcraft, and at the same time to submit, unwillingly enough, to the new system of government inaugurated by William, which gave to her a royal governor.

If Massachusetts was to have a royal governor, she meant to use him ; and at once, in the spring of 1690, she dispatched a force of eight hundred men under command of Phipps, in eight small vessels ; this captured Port Royal, which was taken almost by surprise. A small vessel was sent to England, begging for a supply of arms and ammunition, with a force of the king's vessels, to attack the French by sea, while the colony should make an attack by land. The king had too much to do in Europe to answer this request, and Massachusetts proceeded alone, relying on Connecticut and New York to attack Montreal by land. A fleet of nearly forty vessels, with two thousand men, was sent against Quebec. Unfortunately, the land force had not succeeded. Frontenac, the able Frenchman in command, concentrated his whole force at Quebec, and sent an insolent reply to Sir William Phipps's

pompous summons to surrender. Phipps landed with twelve or thirteen hundred men, and his ships attacked the town, but did little damage by their guns, while they were themselves badly injured by the batteries. A tempest came on, which drove some of the vessels from their anchors and scattered the fleet. Phipps lost in all, of seamen and sailors, two hundred men, his army suffering from the small-pox. Thus the first expedition against Canada failed, to the great disgust of the people and to the injury of Phipps's popularity.

It was however determined in England, as in New England, that the enterprise should be renewed. It was resolved in England that a united expedition, in which Massachusetts should furnish the land forces under Phipps's command, should go up the St. Lawrence River, and take Quebec and Montreal. Unfortunately, the government at home undertook to do two things at once, instead of satisfying itself with one. It was not the only instance where they were misled by what poor Lord Salisbury, two hundred years after, called looking upon maps which have too small a scale. They sent a fleet to reduce Martinique in the West Indies, and directed Sir Francis Wheeler, the commander of that fleet, after he had succeeded, to come around to Boston and take Quebec on his way home. Of this grand plan the misfortune was that, before he arrived in Boston, he had buried, in the West Indies or in the ocean, three quarters of the sailors and soldiers who had started under his command. Those who survived had con-

tracted illness in the West Indies and brought it with them to Boston. The same malignant disease spread in that town, and worked more havoc than had ever been experienced from any plague. It was impossible to proceed with a force thus diminished, and Sir Francis Wheeler therefore arranged that, the next year, two thousand men should be raised in the colonies and two thousand more should be sent from England, that the English forces and those from New England should join at Canso on the first of June, should sail up the St. Lawrence River, and take Montreal and Quebec. But this expedition fell through, Sir William Phipps was removed from the government, and the plans against Canada were not renewed for some years.

In 1710, however, twenty-one years after the first failures, a similar expedition was attempted, this time with a considerable force from England. Two regiments from New England were added to it, and with an army of seven thousand men in good condition, the English admiral sailed from Boston on the thirtieth of July, 1711. Nicholson, who was to command the land army, went to Albany the same day, the plan being essentially the same as that of 1690. But when the fleet, which consisted of fifteen men-of-war and transports, arrived in the mouth of the St. Lawrence, the pilots, some French and some English, did not well agree upon the course to be pursued. A fresh storm coming up from the southeast, the ships brought to, being out of sight of land and out of soundings.

Within two or three hours some of the transports were among the breakers ; eight or nine ships were there wrecked and lost. About midnight a thousand men had been drowned, and six or seven hundred men saved by the other ships only. Still all the men-of-war escaped, and they might have gone up to Quebec but, in a council of war it was resolved to abandon the expedition, and the admiral, with the English contingent, returned to Portsmouth. It was at once intimated in Massachusetts that from the beginning he had no heart for the expedition and that he meant that it should fail.

The Massachusetts transports were all preserved excepting one and all the crews were saved. The disappointment enraged the provincials. They courted an inquiry in England, expecting to show to the officers of the Crown that the blame was not with them, but no such inquiry was made.

Such were the two more important offensive operations which belonged to the wars generally known in our history as King William's War and Queen Anne's War. The failure of the two expeditions against Quebec offered but a poor parallel to the successes of Marlborough on the other side of the ocean. Meanwhile, at the same time, the attacks of the Canadians with their savage allies were of a kind to stimulate to the utmost the people of Massachusetts, and compel them to make some effort to cut off the root of their sufferings.

In what is known as King William's War — namely, in the period between 1689 and 1699

—the series of massacres on the frontier was such as to arrest all progress on the north and northeast of Massachusetts. That province now held jurisdiction in Maine, and so weak were the inhabitants of New Hampshire that she considered rightly that it was her duty to protect them as well as the settlers on their east or south. It was very certain that no Jesuit priest and no Indian chief made any distinction between the arbitrary geographical lines which one charter or another drew for the boundaries of these colonies.

It is useless now to attempt the sad annals of successive inroads; the story is always the same, if it be the story of success on the part of the invader. He attacks, at night and by surprise, a sleeping community; he kills all the men; and he carries into captivity all the women and the children.

In these ten years, the presence of a strong force of Massachusetts soldiers twice compelled the savage chieftains to agree to a temporary peace, so that there are two or three winters which are exempt from these horrors. But, in ten years only, Hutchinson records sixteen inroads, in each of which a considerable number of persons was killed, and an even larger number, perhaps, carried away as prisoners.

In nine years' time, he gives a record of one hundred and seventy-two who were killed in these atrocities, one hundred and fifty who were taken prisoners, and of one hundred and seventy-four more where there is no discrimination, and we do not know whether they were left dead or were taken

away to die. Here are four hundred and ninety-six killed or captured, from the scanty northern frontier of a province which at that time had not for its whole population sixty thousand people.

It will be readily seen how bitter must have been the sentiment of hatred which was thus cultivated, and how determined the resolution for safety and for revenge. Without attempting to give any detail of such atrocities, it will be enough to repeat here the story of the massacre at Haverhill, which was attacked and burned in March, 1698.

A party of the enemy had attacked Andover, which is but twenty-five miles from Boston, where they killed seven of the inhabitants, took some prisoners, and burned many houses. On their return home, crossing the Merrimac River, they took alarm, and left their prisoners to escape, committing some ravage, however, as they crossed the river northward, upon the town of Haverhill. Perhaps they reported the unprotected condition of the town.

In March, another party came down upon that place, burned nine persons, and killed or captured about forty. One of the captives was Hannah Duston, in whose memory a statue now stands, on the line of the railroad, at the place where she made her escape. She was at home when her house was burned, unable indeed to fly, as she would have thought, as she had an infant but a week old. Her husband, with seven older children, made their escape. Hannah Duston, with her nurse and her baby, were taken by the Indians, and compelled to march twelve

miles. They beat out the poor child's brains before they had gone very far. In their rapid retreat they dragged the women along a hundred and fifty miles, and then told them that they must be stripped and run the gauntlet through the village.

The two women had been assigned as servants to an Indian family, who had as another slave an English boy who had been prisoner a year and a half. The terror of the gauntlet seems to have inspired Hannah Duston with resolution. She prevailed upon the woman who was her companion, and the English boy, to join her in destroying their tyrants. The Indians kept no watch, for they regarded the boy as one of themselves, and they despised women too much to fear them. A little before day Hannah Duston awoke, and finding the whole company in a sound sleep, wakened her two companions. With the hatchets of the Indians they "silenced such as they begun with, and they took care not to make so much noise as to waken the rest." They thus killed the whole family, excepting a boy who was a favorite, whom they spared, and an old woman who feigned death but escaped with the boy.

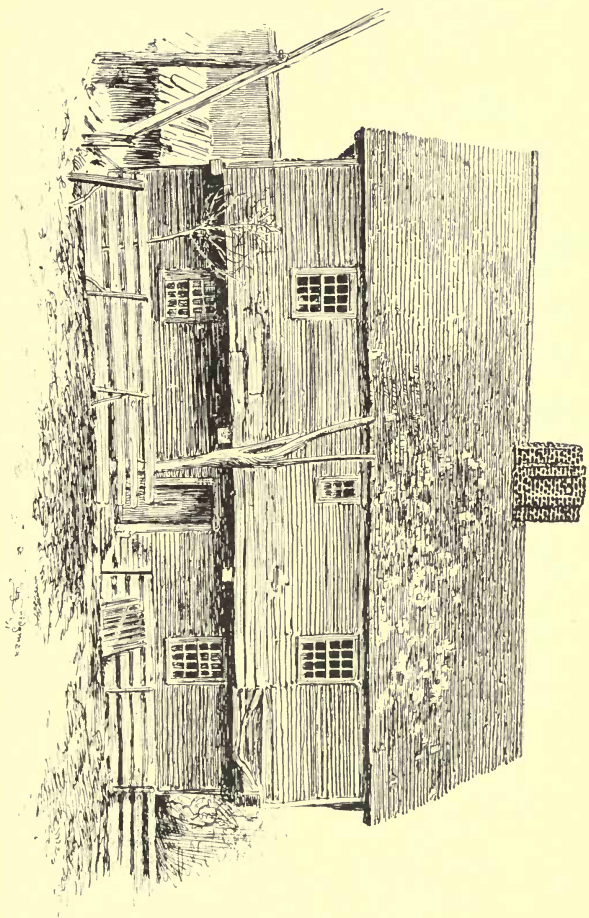
Determined on full revenge, they took the scalps from ten to bring home with them. Their courage was successful; with the double danger from their pursuers and from famine they traveled home, and arrived safe with their trophies. The General Court rewarded them with a present of fifty pounds, and even the distant colony of Maryland, having heard

the fame of this exploit, sent them a valuable present in recognition of their courage.

There is scarcely a town in Massachusetts or New Hampshire which in those days could in any sense, be regarded as on the frontier but holds some such story of horror on its early records.

Another of these assaults which is still well remembered at the place where it was made, was that attack at Deerfield. This village, situated on one of the most charming terraces of the valley of the Connecticut, had been ravaged in the last war. Its position was known by the partisan soldiers of Canada, and one of them, named Rouville, was permitted to take the charge of a party to destroy it. He, with four brothers, led two hundred and fifty Indians and Frenchmen to the attack. The drifts of snow around the little village were so deep that its stockade was buried in places, and could be passed over. The enemy approached it unobserved, on a winter's night—the twenty-ninth of February, 1704.

Not long before the break of day, the sentries left their posts, and the savages of both nationalities attacked. They slaughtered sixty persons, and took a hundred prisoners. For twenty-four hours they burned, plundered and destroyed the village, and then withdrew to the woods with their captives. The alarm was given in the towns below, but the soldiers seem to have marched without snowshoes, and were obliged to abandon the pursuit. The successful party, with captives and booty, reached Quebec in twenty-five days.



OLD GARRISON HOUSE AT DEERFIELD. BUILT 1687.

John Williams was the minister of Deerfield, and was its leader in war as well as in peace. Years afterward he published an account of his captivity. He was aroused from sleep by the noise of axes and hatchets striking against his doors and windows. He leaped from bed, but found his house already entered. He aimed a pistol at the first Indian who attacked him, but it missed fire and he was bound. After nearly an hour he was permitted to dress himself, and his family received the same permission. When the sun was an hour high they were taken out of the house, and saw that the village was already in flames.

On the second day his wife was taken from him and killed by the savage who had her for a prisoner. Nineteen of his fellow-prisoners were murdered by the way, and two starved to death. Under such horrors he arrived in Montreal, and then received the courtesies of the French governor who had permitted these atrocities. After two years and a half, some of his friends in Massachusetts obtained an exchange of prisoners, and, with fifty-seven of his partners in captivity, he sailed from Quebec and arrived in Boston. One of his daughters eventually became a Catholic and was married to an Indian husband. It is believed to be one of her descendants who afterward supposed himself to be a Bourbon prince and the true claimant of the throne of France.

Passing from these atrocities to the war which marked the reign of George I., we take note of the destruction by the Massachusetts forces of the

Indian post at Norridgewock, and the church which Rasle had built there. This priest, a devoted Jesuit, had been for nearly forty years the spiritual director of the Penobscots, and in that capacity, had directed their attacks upon the frontiers. He was known and thoroughly hated among the border settlers of Maine and New Hampshire, and seems, indeed, to have been called "The Jesuit," as by a proud pre-eminence.

Four companies of the frontier levies, consisting of two hundred and eight men, with three volunteers from the Six Nations, undertook the surprise of the settlement at Norridgewock. This was a village on the forks of the Kennebec, still known by the same name, and about fifteen miles north of Augusta, the present capital of the State. Apparently the Indians had no sentries; from a prisoner whom they took on the evening of the tenth of August, and who was the wife of Bomazeen, long known as a leading Indian chief, they received full account of the condition of the village. On the twelfth of August they approached it, and divided their forces, so that a part might handle the Indians in their cornfields, and the rest surprise the village. They came upon it at three in the afternoon, and found no one in sight, all the people being in their wigwams. The Englishmen advanced softly and silently, and were within close fire when they were discovered. The warriors, sixty in number, came out to fight; the rest fled for their lives.

Moulton, the English commander, had not suffered

his men to fire at random, but had bidden them hold their fire till the Indians' guns were empty. His foresight was justified; in the sudden surprise the Indians shot over the heads of their assailants, who did not lose a man. The English fired in return and made great slaughter; the Indians had only a chance for a second volley and then fled towards the river. The water was low, and but a few of them succeeded in fording the stream; others escaped by swimming. The English returned to the village, where they found "the Jesuit" in one of the wigwams, "firing upon a few of our men who had not pursued." Moulton had given orders not to kill "the Jesuit," but when one of the Englishmen was wounded by his shot, the lieutenant, Jacques, broke open the door and shot Rasle through the head. Moulton always regretted this action, and expressed his disapproval of it, but Jacques insisted that he had found Rasle loading his gun, and that he had declared that he would neither give nor take quarter. There can be no question that Rasle interpreted his duties as a leader of the church militant in the most literal way, and did not think that it was above or below him to handle a gun in fight.

The English cleared the village of the Indian savages, and plundered and destroyed the wigwams. They took the plate from the Roman Catholic church, and broke the crucifixes which they found there; for which they were bitterly accused of profanity by Charlevoix, in his account of the defeat.

After the English withdrew, the Indians returned to their village, and, according to Charlevoix, made it their first care to weep over the body of their holy missionary, while their women were looking out for herbs and plants with which to heal the wounded. They buried him "in the same place where, the evening before, he had celebrated the sacred mysteries" — that is, where his altar stood before the church was burned.

This success broke the force of the Norridgewock Indians, and was, indeed, the most critical of those frontier fights in that war.

The government increased the premium on Indian scalps to one hundred pounds each, in the inflated currency of that time. It was with a company of volunteers who had gone out with no better motive than securing this bounty, that Lovell made one and another invasion of what is now the western part of the State of Maine. With thirty-three men, on the eighth of May, he came to the pond which still bears his name.

Doubtful if they were not drawn into ambuscade, they laid down their bags and searched cautiously for the enemy. But the Indians were more skillful than they at that sort of strategy; they seized the bags in turn, and awaited the return of the owners. When these appeared, they found themselves at once attacked by a force of eighty men. They retreated to the pond, and continued the battle, in unequal numbers, for five or six hours. Nearly half their number were killed, eight of their wounded com-

panions were left in the woods without food ; only sixteen returned to the frontier unhurt. One is glad to read that this misfortune discouraged scalping-parties.

But after Rasle's death, all the Indians were at liberty to follow their own inclinations, which were for peace. The next year a treaty was made, which was succeeded by a long period of quiet on the frontier. And in all discussions of the attitude of the Jesuit body in these horrible contests, it must be remembered that as soon as Rasle, the most distinguished of their number, ceased to direct the forces, there was a perfect good understanding on the frontier. It proved, indeed, that the Indians preferred to trade with the English trading-houses, and commerce, as has so often happened, brought about the good understanding for which war had tried in vain.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOUISBURG.

THE most important military operation undertaken in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, by the New England colonies under the lead of Massachusetts, was the capture of Louisburg. Its full importance of the victory did not then appear. A worthy achievement in itself, a part of its apparent value was given away when the whole island of Cape Breton was ceded back to France at the end of the war. But the importance of the expedition, then not apparent, lay largely in that it was the united act of the Colonies, and not only the united act but the practical proof of the united military power of the New England colonists. The union of the American Colonies, in so far as it was accomplished, for military purposes, both before this and after it, had an importance not so easily seen at the time as now. It made familiar to them the idea of union for military purposes which readily became actual fact in the year 1776.

Cape Breton was one of the recent colonies of the French in America. Neglected until the time of the treaty of Utrecht, it subsequently sprang into great importance which it retained for some fifty

years and then sank back into a state resembling its primeval quiescence. Ever since the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi by La Salle, the colonial mind of France had been inflamed by the great idea of an empire embracing the valleys of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, each communicating with the mother country by sea and bound to each other by a row of forts ensuring the free navigation of the Great Lakes. A great colony with two capitals, New Orleans and Quebec, surrounding and hemming in the English colonies on the Atlantic seaboard would insure to France the practical sovereignty over the vast spaces of undiscovered country to the west and the northwest.

With this idea in mind, everything possible had been done to strengthen the communication between Canada and Louisiana. Having been first in the field, the French had gone vigorously to work to make firm their position, and in the year when Governor Spotswood was crossing the Blue Mountains of Virginia with his Knights of the Golden Spur, only to see from the summits the fertile country of Kentucky, the French were already firmly intrenched far to the west on the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers and all along the Great Lakes. This system, however, by no means so far developed at an earlier time, had in the year 1712 received a severe blow, when by the Treaty of Utrecht, Newfoundland and Acadia had been ceded to England. By the cession of these colonies at the very mouth of the St. Lawrence, the certainty of the free navigation of

that river so necessary to the communication between Canada and France, was seriously endangered.

The cession struck a blow at the very idea then in its infancy of a two-headed colony controlling free waterway from the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico. With the mouth of the St. Lawrence blockaded the scheme seemed nipped in the bud.

It was with these ideas in view, doubtless, that immediately after the treaty of Utrecht the French set about the founding of New Orleans to make sure of one end of their great possessions. To do what they could for the other they set about the colonization of Cape Breton. Newfoundland commanded the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north, Acadia commanded it on the south. The island of Cape Breton lies directly between ; and this island, hitherto overlooked as unimportant, the French at once proceeded to settle ; and, upon it, they began the building of what was intended to be the most impregnable fortified town upon the American Continent. This they named first Havre a l'Anglais, and afterward, for their ruling monarch, Louisburg.

Such was the importance of the Island of Cape Breton, called by the French at this time Isle Royale. Its importance lay only in its position. It had no trade, no industries, no agriculture to speak of, the chief business of the inhabitants being fishing. Isle Royale became the great center for the French fishers, and in time of peace it was little more. In time of war, however, as may be readily seen by a

glance at the map, it became singularly important to the French both as an entrepôt and as a base of operations. Thus the fortifications were pressed with exceeding vigor and although they were not finished in the year 1744 when war again broke out between France and England, they were at least so far advanced that the town was held to be impregnable and was boastfully called the Dunkirk, or sometimes the Gibraltar, of America.

To whom first occurred the idea of an expedition against Louisburg to be undertaken jointly by the English Colonies, cannot be exactly stated. But the honor of first bringing the idea before the Assembly, of putting it into practical form and of pressing it to a successful venture, belongs to Governor Shirley.

In the year 1744 war was declared between France and England. Whatever this may have meant in the Old World, the declaration was in the New more a matter of form than anything else, for it can hardly be said that there had been any peace between the French and English Colonies for the last fifty years or more. But the formal declaration served at least to arouse and encourage the energy of both sides, and the Governor of Cape Breton hearing of it before the English Colonists did, at once sent an expedition to seize the island of Canso, one of the centers of the English fishing business in those parts. The expedition succeeded at Canso, but failed in an attack on Annapolis, and returned to Louisburg with very many fishing vessels as prizes, having struck a serious blow at the English fishing interest.

A desire for retaliation at once naturally arose in New England, and Shirley, taking advantage of the popular feeling, at once communicated to the House, in great secrecy, a project for the capture of Louisburg. He pointed out the advantages of the time, having obtained information as to the state of the town and the garrison; he spoke of the union of all the colonies; he suggested the co-operation of Commodore Warren who with an English fleet was now in the West Indies. The House was at first somewhat cautious. But the matter becoming public, despite great efforts to keep it secret, the popular voice pronounced unanimously in favor of it. In fact public opinion became so strong that the House was driven into action and finally decided to undertake the expedition.

Shirley had contemplated the joining of all the English provinces. But no colony outside of New England joined in the undertaking. They were farther away and had their own affairs to attend to, and it may be that being less accurately informed upon the matter than the New Englanders the enterprise loomed up before them in proportions too dreadful to be thought of. However that may have been, the expedition was made up of troops from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island with the addition of stores sent by New York and Pennsylvania. They made up a little army of four thousand in all, a force, had they known it, more than double that which served as the garrison of Louisburg.

Shirley had also seen the necessity of naval co-operation and with that view had succeeded in obtaining from the ministry an order to Warren to repair to Boston to make his fleet useful for the defense of the fisheries. This order came only just in time, for Warren having been previously invited to the enterprise by Shirley, had declined to busy himself about it. On receiving his orders, however, he had at once betaken himself from the West Indies to Boston, on the way to which place he heard that the armament had sailed, and at once turned to join it, which he succeeded in doing at the right moment, and so was of excellent service. The command of the expedition was given to William Pepperell of Jeffery. He was by profession a merchant, and by no means experienced in warlike matters, but he threw himself into the enterprise with his whole heart and his example was followed by the people in general, so that it was without difficulty that the quotas were filled up. The expedition rendezvoused at Canso toward the end of April and according to Shirley's directions prepared to make a landing in Gabarus Bay.

From a ship off Louisburg (for instance, one of Commodore Warren's ships in the month of May, 1745) the view of the shore of Cape Breton would be somewhat as follows: Looking to the northwest (that is, straight ashore), we see to the left the town of Louisburg, at the base of Rochfort Point which stretches out to sea. A little more than a mile away to the right is Lighthouse Point and between the

two is the entrance to the harbor, which widens out behind the two points so that once in, it is almost three miles from end to end. But this entrance to the harbor, although one mile across from point to point, is in reality a fairly narrow channel. For right between the two headlands is St. John's island (whereon the French have erected a battery of thirty-odd guns) some four hundred and fifty feet long, between which and the town itself is such a chain of rocks as to be impassable. Therefore any vessel going in or coming out must pass between Lighthouse Point and the battery on the island.

This battery faced the mouth of the harbor and had twenty-two embrasures for as many thirty-six or forty-eight-pounders beside the ordnance. On the north shore of the harbor, about a mile to the northward (not on Lighthouse Point, but across the harbor), is the Grand or Royal Battery whereon are mounted thirty-five forty-two-pounders. Such in general was the appearance of Louisburg and its harbor from a ship lying off the entrance. Such it would have appeared to Pepperell as he looked over the situation and considered it, had he not already made up his mind where best a landing and an attack might be made.

As a matter of fact, however, no such survey was made by Pepperell. Gabarus Bay, to the south of the town, had been selected probably some time before as a point for landing the army and it is not likely that any of the English ships appeared off Louisburg before the thirtieth of April, on which day, early in the

morning, the New England troops landed and until which day the French had no manner of knowledge of the impending attack.

The place of landing was a spot known as Fresh-water Cove, some three miles and a half from the town along the shore (away from the harbor) to the west. From this place the army moved toward the town and made their camp at a point, two miles distant from it, still on the seashore, called Flat Point. Here they encamped on either side of a brook which ran into the sea near the cove. Three regiments were upon the side toward the town, the two other regiments away from it, and on this side also was General Pepperell's headquarters.

Even while the camp was being pitched, the first success had been attained. William Vaughan, who was well acquainted with the country, having been here the previous year with a party of four hundred had almost immediately upon landing pushed around by the city to the harbor with a view to destroying certain magazines. The officers in charge of the Royal Battery seeing the smoke thought that the whole provincial army was upon them.

Having but little confidence in the men under their command they spiked the guns, tumbled the ammunition into the water and made their escape to the city. Vaughan upon this moved forward and occupied the battery at first with only thirteen men. With these few he repelled an attack made upon him by the French who had no sooner lost the battery than they desired to get it back again ; and

finally on the arrival of reinforcements Vaughan proceeded to drill out the spikes from the guns and the Grand Battery was ready to do effective service against the Island Battery and the city.

The first step having been successfully made, the New Englanders turned their attentions to the actual investiture of the place. A landing might be made, a battery taken, by surprise, but Louisburg, the town itself, must be approached with more respect. Either its walls must be so battered that an assault might be made, or it must be invested so that it might be forced to surrender. In either case siege works must go up.

It may be that when the New Englanders were once well landed and ready to begin the investiture, they looked upon the fortifications with some misgivings, with some natural failing of the enthusiasm which had brought them thither. It may be that Lieutenant-Colonel Gridley, the engineer, as he inspected the formidable works before him with a view to throwing up batteries, felt in his heart some doubts as to the possibilities of a successful outcome of the siege. Indeed, such doubts, such apprehensions would have been by no means out of place. Here was Louisburg, called the Dunkirk of America, fortified by the scientific rules of the great art of war and garrisoned by regular troops of Louis XV. Here was to be no Indian foray, no partisan warfare.

In that town was extended to the New World the prestige of the armies of France. It was the incarnation of the Art of War in the Western Continent,

—of that art whose eminent professors had been Turenne, Villars and Vauban. And to match the skill, the resource, the prestige of the armies of France, the New Englanders had little to offer but careful shrewdness, resolute bravery and indomitable pluck. Still pluck, bravery and even shrewdness must often go by the board when they venture to oppose themselves to the Art of War.

So it seems not unnatural that some feelings of anxiety might have lurked, perhaps all unconsciously, in the minds of the colonial soldiery as they looked upon the town. Situated upon one of the points of land forming its harbor Louisburg needed no more extensive fortification than a few batteries and a musketry curtain* to defend it on its north and south sides. On the land side, to the southwest the fortifications were more elaborate. They had been drawn up according to the first method of Vauban, the great military engineer of Louis XIV., and, though somewhat simpler than many European fortresses and indeed not yet wholly finished, had all the essentials, and were sufficiently formidable.

First was the turf-covered glacis gently sloping upward from the surrounding country, and protecting a covert way which ran behind it the length of the line broadening before the curtains into places of arms for the gathering of troops for a sally. Beyond the covert way was the ditch, about ten feet deep and seventy feet across, whence rose on the other side the granite escarpment above which was

* A curtain is the straight wall connecting two bastions.

the parapet proper to the height generally of thirty feet. Behind were mounted the guns, of which there should have been some one hundred and forty-eight by right, though only one half had been put into position.

The line across from harbor to sea had four bastions. Nearest the harbor was the Dauphin's, from which extended a curtain (longer than the rules prescribed by reason of a marshy pool or inlet which supplied water to the ditch) running south to the King's Bastion. This last was called also the citadel, and though not the largest was the most important of the four, having within it the Governor's apartments, the church, the barracks, and being fortified within against the town that, all else being taken, it might itself be held to the last.

From the King's Bastion another curtain extended, past a bridge across the ditch useful for sallies, to the Queen's, thence again to the Princesses' Bastion on the seashore, the last of the four. Such was the protection of the town upon the land side. The walls were not high, but built of stone and carefully planned, with due allowance for natural inconveniences (as the pool above alluded to), according to regular fortification as understood in the Old World.

On the other sides, as already noted, there was no such extensive fortification necessary. Running north from the Princesses' Bastion on the seashore was a small-arms curtain of no great height, the rocky shore affording sufficient protection, of six hundred yards in length. At this point was some more exten-

sive fortification facing the burying yard which ran out almost a mile to Rochefort point. Here the whole distance between the sea and a great pond on the harbor side was taken up by regular fortification as before, glacis, covert-way, ditch and parapet. At the two ends were the Bastions Brouillau and Maurepas to the south and north respectively. On the harbor side of the town was less fortification. From the Maurepas Bastion ran a bridge, over a pond, to the Battery la Grave which commanded the harbor. From the Battery la Grave to the Dauphin's Bastion ran what was called the key curtain, in front of which were gathered the French ships with a boom extended around them for protection.

Such then was the circuit of the town, though doubtless Pepperell and Gridley could not acquaint themselves at once with all the above particulars. It was thought best to make the first attempt at a point about half-way between the camp and the town. A battery was therefore erected upon one of the slight elevations called the Green Hills about a mile from the town and opposite the Dauphin's and the King's Bastions. The equipping of this first battery was a matter of great difficulty. The New Englanders had not many guns, and the few that they did have had to be laboriously hauled over a morass on great sledges. The soldiers, aided by sailors from the fleet, toiled unremittingly at this for fourteen days, and finally about the middle of May the battery was up and ready to begin. It does not appear that this first battery was very effective.

The New England troops were not well provided with artillery, nor had they been had they especial aptitude for the slow and scientific approach of a fortified place by means of parallels and trenches. Finding the first battery too far away to do much damage, they just went up nearer and built another one where it would do more good. This second battery was on the shore of the harbor opposite the Dauphin's Bastion and about a thousand yards distant. This distance was subsequently decreased about one half by the building of two other batteries each nearer than those before it.

Meanwhile on the other side of the town, affairs were advancing. The Grand Battery kept up a vigorous cannonade with the Island Battery and the Battery la Grave. The Island Battery becoming annoying the New Englanders made various endeavors to capture it, notably one on the night of the twenty-sixth of May. The attack was made by a party of volunteers who approached the island carefully in boats, having scaling ladders in readiness to mount the walls. But the alarm was given and the boats were fired upon before they reached land. The assailants in landing wet their muskets so that many of them were wholly useless. The attack failed therefore, and the assailants were driven away leaving some sixty of their number dead and about twice that number as prisoners.

By the end of May, affairs had got on well. The batteries were within a few hundred yards of the town wall, the Royal Battery was reinforced by an-

other, called Tidcome's Battery, nearer the town and the Lighthouse Battery was effective. Commodore Warren held the sea, so that no aid could come in, and the garrison being weak could make no sallies. There had been certain successes also, not least of which was the capture of a sixty-four-gun French man-of-war laden with stores for the besieged.

In the meantime, the garrison had done almost nothing. Duchambon the commander was doubtful of the trustworthiness of his regulars who had been mutinous during the winter because they had been forced to work on the fortifications and because their pay had not been forthcoming. Then he was weak in numbers, having at best only eight hundred French and a thousand Canadian militia, most of whom consisted of hurriedly pressed *habitans*, with little or no experience or discipline. So he merely lay within his fortifications, hoping devoutly that some aid would turn up, and satisfying himself with repelling such attacks as might be made.

Still, by the middle of June it became apparent to Pepperell that the siege might drag on and on unless vigorous measures were taken. The Lighthouse battery though useful in its work, did not succeed in silencing the battery on the island. The Royal battery was not of very great service because the cannons taken from the French could not be used with the shot that the Provincials happened to have. Tidcome's battery and the other batteries near the harbor were doing good service against the Dauphin's Bastion which defended the west gate.

The commodore did not feel wholly comfortable at sea. He was running short of provisions; he feared the arrival of a superior French force. He continually urged Pepperell to an assault.

In some ways things on shore were not going to suit the general's mind. There was a great lack of powder. There was a good deal of illness in the camp, over a thousand men being on the sick list. And although the first efforts had been successful, nothing had been done on shore of late and the siege was hardly more advanced than it had been a month before. Under these circumstances Pepperell, after consulting with Commodore Warren yielded to the commodore's desire to attempt the place by storm. It was arranged that the ships should sail by the Island battery into the harbor and bombard the town while the land forces should make the assault on the Dauphin's Bastion which was the most depleted of the four.

While these negotiations, however, were in progress the French commander rendered them unnecessary. On the sixteenth of June after a siege of forty-eight days the town surrendered. Duchambon who was not an officer of the highest military skill and ability was frightened out of his position. Having been at the very first caught with his fortifications incomplete, with his guns only half-mounted, with a very small garrison, and even such garrison as there was in a semi-mutinous condition, he had at no time felt very resolute. The absolute blockade kept up by Warren's fleet, the capture of pro-

jected aid, the gradual advance of the provincial batteries and the imminence of an assault by a superior force had a very discouraging effect upon his powers of endurance. On the seventeenth of June, Pepperell marched into the town and took possession of it for the Crown of England. The French prisoners were paroled and sent back to France. A considerable quantity of military stores fell into the hands of the victors.

Such was the New England victory at Louisburg. The bastions and ditches and parapets planned and executed according to the scientific rules of the art of war had fallen before the "simple militia hurriedly gathered together, and commanded by merchants who had no knowledge of military affairs." It is true that there had been many circumstances aiding the event, but be all that as it may the New Englanders had triumphed over such obstacles as these had been and had taken the place. We cannot say whether they would have been as successful had circumstances been different. Taking things as they had found them, they had gone to work and captured the town. They deserve the credit which belongs to success.

That credit they received in a large measure. Shirley, the originator, and Pepperell, the executor of the scheme, were both made colonels in the English Army. Sir Peter Warren was made an admiral. Pepperell was made Sir William Pepperell instead of plain Mr. William. The rejoicing throughout New England was great. It was felt that this was an un-

precedented success. Even the stern Puritan inexorable in thanking God for the uttermost farthing, allowed in this case that there were so many things to be grateful for that time must be infinitely too short for the expression of them.

While the English Colonies were raised to such a pitch of jubilation at their achievement, the Canadians and the French were aroused to the serious nature of their loss. At Quebec it was believed that the capture of Louisburg was only the forerunner of an expedition against the capital itself. The authorities at home were stirred up and energetic, though secret preparations were set on foot for an expedition the next summer which should not only retrieve the loss of Louisburg, but inflict corresponding damage upon the English in the New World. A great fleet and armament were at once gathered. The first object was the recapture of Louisburg; the reduction of Acadie came next and, as a fitting end, Boston itself was to be taken and burned, and the New England coast ravaged. The force prepared was not inadequate to the undertaking. Admiral D'Anville had under his command eleven ships of the line and a fleet of transports bearing an army of three thousand men. Twelve hundred Canadians and Indians were arming at Quebec to assist in the expedition.

Such an expedition would be far superior to any force the English colonists could have sent to Louisburg or Annapolis. It presented the gravest terrors even for the safety of Boston. All New England

was alarmed, and Boston Common became a camp for thousands of men, some of whom had come posting down, seventy miles in two days, with provisions for a whole campaign on their backs. But Shirley was not daunted by this intimation of future ruin. The English fleet was still at Louisburg. He hoped for reinforcements from England. And so, not frightened into spending all his thoughts on how to defend himself at home, he went vigorously to work to prepare a counter expedition against Quebec. But with others in the New England provinces, the gravest apprehension prevailed.

Such apprehensions, though by no means unfounded, fortunately turned out to be futile. If the capture of Louisburg was the result of a special providence, in this new danger the hand of God might be much more clearly seen. The New Englanders never had to battle against D'Anville. A terrible storm separated the fleet while still on the ocean, and a part of the ships were sent to the bottom. Of the rest, some were forced to return to France, some found their way to the West Indies, while a miserable fragment gathered under D'Anville on the shores of Nova Scotia. Even such as reached America were by no means fit to undertake any warlike demonstrations, for the voyage had been long and painful and sickness, more terrible even than the storm, had broken out in the crowded transports.

The soldiers when once on shore died by the hundred in the hastily constructed shelters put up on

the lonely shores of Nova Scotia. D'Anville himself died suddenly and D'Estournelle, second in command, fell ill, became delirious, and fell upon his own sword. In spite of these distressing events the remnant of the armament under La Jonquiere set sail for Annapolis. But in doubling Cape Sable even this squadron was struck by a gale, and to save themselves the ships put to sea and ultimately returned to France. They had never got within gunshot of an English town. All New England saw here the protecting hand of God made manifest.

Nothing more of import was done during the war. The French, undiscouraged by the failure of D'Anville, dispatched another armament which was met and destroyed off Finisterre by Admirals Warren and Anson. As an offset to this they obtained some advantage in Acadie, although failing to capture Annapolis. Shirley's expedition against Canada came to nothing, no aids being sent from England. And in 1748 came news that peace had been signed at Aix-la-Chapelle. The peace restored the *status quo ante* as far as America was concerned. Louisburg and Cape Breton were restored to France in exchange for Madras which had been captured by La Bourdonnais.

New England was disgusted and hardly appeased by a parliamentary grant of about two hundred thousand pounds sterling to help defray the expenses of the expedition. The benefit which came to New England from thus uniting in arms for a common object was not to be measured by money,

nor was it, to tell the truth, of a nature which England would have been likely to approve, had it presented itself to open view.

The leaders of Massachusetts had been distressed beyond measure at the loss of the rights under their first charter. They had been virtually independent under it. They thought they had lost their independence. They sent mission after mission to England, to plead and negotiate. But all would not do. And William III., whom they all believed in, — whose assumption of the crown was a sign that Oliver Cromwell and the men of his kind had not lived or died in vain, — William III., who restored the liberties of England, was the man who imposed on Massachusetts the new charter. The men of that time regarded it as an act of tyranny.

But in truth they lived under the new charter precisely as they lived under the old. True, they did not elect their governor. But, as they did not propose to give the governor any power to speak of, this made very little difference to them. In many instances the Crown appointed the very men whom the State would have chosen. It was rather a matter of convenience that the "Old Colony" was annexed to the "Bay Colony." To the people of Plymouth, however, there was an additional grief in their loss of separate sovereignty. It is to be observed, however, that they have never lost their pride in their traditions, nor a noble sort of indifference to the criticisms of the rest of the world. Every visitor in the town of Plymouth, to-day, is conscious that he is in a capital.

The governors appointed under the charter of William and Mary were William Phipps, from 1692 to 1695; Richard Coote, Earl of Bellomont, from 1697 to 1707; Joseph Dudley, from 1702 to 1715; Samuel Shute from 1716 to 1727; William Burnet from 1728 to 1729; Jonathan Belcher, from 1730 to 1741; William Shirley, from 1741 to 1757; Thomas Pownall, from 1757 to 1760; Francis Bernard from 1760 to 1769; Thomas Hutchinson from 1769 to 1774; Thomas Gage from 1774 to October, 1775.

Of these, Phipps, Dudley and Hutchinson were Massachusetts men; of a position and ability such that the State or "province" might well have chosen them to be governors had it the right to do so. Shirley, whose reign was longest, proved himself a man of remarkable ability. He was not a native of Massachusetts, but an Englishman. He had, however, come over to Boston to practice law, and had acquired, as he had deserved, the public confidence. It was as a Massachusetts man that he was appointed governor. It is a misfortune that no biography of him was written when his papers were still together. He was generally a favorite in Massachusetts. He was promoted from his place here to what was thought a higher appointment, and he returned to Massachusetts to spend the last years of his life in his elegant home in Roxbury. Massachusetts had no native citizen who could have done what Shirley did so well. And Massachusetts was never slow to follow Shirley's lead. She gave him the support which gave him his reputation.

These three administrations cover thirty-one years of the eighty-two of the royal charter. For three more the governor's chair was held by "deputies" who were Massachusetts men; they served in the "interim" between one royal governor and another. Of the other governors it may be said that none were fools.

Bellomont made himself, in a certain sense, popular. The grandsons of the first settlers were really gratified to see a live earl, though he were only an Irish earl. Burnet did not live long enough to give offense, and he did show intelligence, an elegant home, and a certain taste for letters. He made his home in New York more than in Massachusetts.* The Earl of Bellomont was the brother of Bishop Burnet, and appointed, perhaps, from deference to his wishes.

Francis Bernard was governor of New Jersey when he was appointed to the government of Massachusetts. This was, in some sort, promotion, and Bernard came to Massachusetts to live. Of Shute and Belcher little need be said. They were in no way men of importance, and cannot be said to have directed any policy. Of the whole series of English governors, Pownall was the most intelligent, and his papers addressed to the administration in the time of the Revolution, if there had been anybody who cared to read them, made a body of excellent advice. It was the fashion of Minot and Hutchinson, in an

* There is a well conceived dialogue, quite fictitious, describing his interview with the boy, Benjamin Franklin. The interview took place — see Franklin's *Autobiography* — but this narrative is the work of some modern writer.

amusing desire to make the history of the little commonwealth parallel with that of the larger countries of Europe, to group the events in that history under the names of these several governors. But, in point of fact, the governor of Massachusetts, from 1630 to the moment when I write, has had very little power. The governor is now rather a clerk of the council, in theory, than the director of the forces of a great State. A wise and intelligent man will indicate a line of policy which will be carried out by a wise and intelligent legislature. But really the "General Court" of Massachusetts is the ruler of Massachusetts, and while the governor of Massachusetts from the beginning has been able to annoy the General Court of his time a good deal, it is not often that he has exercised any of the attributes which belong to our ideas of a Cromwell, a Napoleon, or a Henry IV. *

The People of Massachusetts has always been the power which has governed Massachusetts. The history of Massachusetts is a history of steadily advancing prosperity, of increasing wealth, and of the power which belongs to wealth. The advance has been hindered by war, by pestilence, by savage invasions, and sometimes by bad legislation; but the men called the governors of Massachusetts have had singularly little to do with that history. If it were the place of this book to discuss that matter, a

* Governor Andrew, the great war governor, will be remembered as in some sort an exception to what has been said. But it was an open secret at the time, that his power was rather that of a strong sensible man — who would have been a leader of Massachusetts in such an exigency, though he were in what is called private life — rather than power derived from the constitution or statutes.

similar statement might be made as to the fortunes of the United States of America, and the place which the presidents of that nation occupy in its history. In the case of Massachusetts, from the time of Phipps to the time of Hutchinson, there is one unbroken series of annals, in which the governor of the time asked the assembly of the time to give him a permanent pecuniary support, and the assembly of the time as regularly refused to do so. It became a point of honor with them to vote simply a salary for the year, which was regularly paid; but they never meant to leave the purse-strings in any hands but their own, and never did leave them so. At the time of these conflicts they always assumed a good deal of importance, and it is quite possible to take the history of any single year, and to make quite a dramatic account of the battle between the leaders of the people and the representative of the Crown.

But there was always a foregone conclusion — this hated thing, a permanent establishment for the governor, was never to be made real. The provision made for the governor was, in fact, so small — never amounting to more than a thousand pounds in the colonial currency — that it is really amusing that it should have been made a point of battle for three quarters of a century. Had the royal authorities forecast the future with any intelligence, they would have paid the royal governor from the royal exchequer; they would then have had an officer dependent upon themselves, who could have defied colonial legislatures. But when their representative

in Massachusetts was a Bellomont or a Shute or a Belcher, who had his grocer's bills to pay every year from the money which the legislature of the colony chose to vote him, the Crown had not a very efficient advocate in that assembly, or a very strong ruler. And really this is all that the intelligent young reader of to-day need trouble himself to remember about the political history of Massachusetts. Macaulay used to know his archbishops of Canterbury by heart ; but no one need take the trouble to learn the list of the governors which I have written out. It is enough to know that the people of Massachusetts governed themselves, that they did as they chose, that they advanced in prosperity, and that nothing which was done or suggested by the Crown had any effect on that prosperity, unless it were the blunders initiated by the Crown in the conduct of their wars. In the matter of war, they went far in advance of the policy of the English cabinet ; they were always planning expeditions which were very formidable on paper, and they were taxing themselves, as perhaps no part of the British Empire was taxed at the same period, for the cost of those expeditions in men, in ships and in money.

Of such expeditions the reader has seen the history of the most important. They culminated in the fall of Quebec and the surrender of Canada to the English crown. It is interesting to see now that intelligent men in all parts of the world foresaw that, as the French thunder-cloud on the north was to be feared no longer, the independence of America

was likely to be the next step in history. But it goes almost without saying, that the coterie of dull people around George III. — who was himself, if that be possible, duller than any of them — were the last persons who made this observation. It is certain, on the other hand, that it was made by intelligent Frenchmen and Germans, and that it was made in Massachusetts, as well as in other parts of the civilized world. There is a curious remark of Washington's, in one of his letters to his London correspondents, in which he seems to foresee absolute dullness or nothingness in the political world to which he was born, and where he was to be the most important man :

TO RICHARD WASHINGTON, July 14, 1761 :

“The entire conquest of Canada and of the French in most parts of North America being a story too stale to relate in these days, we are often at a loss for something with which to fill our letters.”

TO RICHARD WASHINGTON, Oct. 20, 1761 :

“I do not know that I can muster up one tittle of news. In short, as we live in a state of peaceful tranquillity ourselves, so we are at very little trouble to inquire after the operations against the Cherokees.”

This tranquillity was broken when, on the twentieth of September, he writes to Mrs. Washington's uncle in London :

“At present there are few things among us that can be of interest to you. The Stamp Act imposed upon the Colonies by the Parliament of Great Britain, engrosses the conversation of the speculative part of the colonists, who look upon this unconstitutional method of taxation as a direful attack upon their liberties, and loudly exclaim against the violation.”

And that is a very curious view in history which inquires to what the American colonies would have grown, if the ministry of the young king of England had not been as absolutely stupid as they were in fact. George III. had come to the throne, the grandson of an old king, with that sort of enthusiasm about governing which young kings are apt to have. Writing in the year 1891, one may say he was the Emperor William of his time. I have been fond of saying that he was "a Brummagem Louis XIV." In his first speech to Parliament he boasted that he was born in England — as unfortunately, none of his predecessors had been since James II. He was unquestionably a great favorite at the time he came to the throne; nations which have kings always like to have them young till they have tried them. It was in the year 1761 that he was crowned. Quebec had fallen, and the treaty of peace which was soon to follow, recognized England as the first military and naval power in the world. France was more thoroughly humbled than she had been since the days of the Edwards. The king had, or seemed to have, the Parliament or government of the nation in his pocket. He wanted to do great things, and why should he not want to, and why should he not do them? All this blinded the eyes of the men who made up his cabinet. It is idle to use the distinctions between "Whig" and "Tory" in speaking of them; they were the "king's friends," and as the king's friends were spoken of in history. Our own countryman, Benjamin West, is the author-

ity for saying that this young Louis XIV. thought he would like to have a Versailles of his own. If he were to have a Versailles, he must have money; if there were to be money it must be raised somewhere where money had not been raised before; and, according to this anecdote of West's, it was this desire for more show in administration which suggested to Grenville, who was the king's adviser in such matters, the famous stamp duty, from which followed, as it proved, the independence of America.

The Stamp Act was first proposed as early as 1763. In 1764, Grenville was prime minister, and in his amendment to the Sugar Act, he introduced a resolution in these fatal words: "It may be proper to charge stamp duties in the colonies and plantations." This resolution challenged little attention in Parliament, but the agents of the colonies resident in London at once called the attention of the colonial governments to the proposal. They waited on Grenville to say that this was a scheme for internal taxation, and that it would be intolerable in America. Grenville said in reply that he had introduced it in this way on purpose that the colonial assemblies might suggest any other method more agreeable to them for raising such revenue. He seems, therefore, to have understood that he was treading on delicate ground.

From the beginning the colonies had recognized a certain right of the home government to establish import duties at their ports. The recognition was accompanied by a very steadfast countenancing of

smuggling in various forms, and by a determination to evade the English Navigation Act, wherever it pressed heavily upon their commercial interests. This evasion, indeed, was not much frowned at by the home government. It was so clear that the colonies understood the course of their own commerce better than England could do, that many very considerable deviations from the Navigation Act had become countenanced by custom and, indeed, established by special statute.

But, with Grenville's new plans, he fancied that he could extend the range of the duties on imports, and, as a feeler, he threw in the internal duty on stamps in his hope of obtaining some revenue from the colonies. If he had read any of the dispatches of the last seventy years, he must have known that the legislative assemblies had always refused the slightest proposal of their governors to raise any revenue which they themselves had not voted. Only in the year before he introduced the Stamp Act, the House of Representatives in Massachusetts had said, "It would be of little consequence to this people whether they were subject to George or to Louis, the King of Great Britain or the King of France, if both were as arbitrary as both would be if both could levy taxes without Parliament."

It need not be said, therefore, that no colonial assembly accepted Grenville's suggestion of providing other sources of revenue. On his part he was as good as his word; he had given his year's notice to the colonies and they had done nothing. He there-

fore introduced the Stamp Act, which was passed by an enormous majority in a full House of Commons on the twenty-second of March, 1765. The cheapest stamp was to be one shilling; for more important documents the prices ranged upward. This act was to be enforced after the first Tuesday in October.

The matter does not seem to have attracted much attention in England. The memoirs and the journals of the day are full of other matters which have proved of no consequence in comparison. But the whole of America was thrown into a fever. In Massachusetts the indignation expressed itself in every form of popular excitement. The gentlemen who were appointed to sell the stamps were told that they must resign, and generally they did resign. In Boston, Oliver at first refused to resign; the mob entered his house and broke his windows. Thomas Hutchinson, soon afterward to be the governor, was unfortunately Oliver's brother-in-law. Hutchinson, who was a man of wealth, of position and of ability, was trying very hard to be on both sides — on the king's side and on that of the people. The people were all the more indignant with him; they attacked his house also, left it ravaged and empty.

This is one of the worst disgraces of the town of Boston. He says himself that valuable documents were lost in that mob which were never recovered. It is curious enough that the rioting began on the birthday of the Prince of Wales; it is perhaps the first and the last time that poor George IV. ever had much influence in Boston, but that day was still kept

as a holiday. He was three years old this day. Crowds assembled in the streets, shouting "Pitt and Liberty!" This was in gratitude for the change of ministry, in which Pitt had come back to office.

It was then proposed that Andrew Oliver, the stamp officer, should be hung in effigy, and two days afterwards on the Liberty Tree were seen hanging a stuffed figure labelled with Oliver's name, and a large boot with a head and horns upon it which represented Lord Bute. This was the standing joke of both countries, Bute being supposed to be the head of the court party, which had been turned out at this moment by Pitt's return to the ministry. These effigies were hung by a club called the "Sons of Liberty." Hutchinson ordered the sheriff to remove them, but nothing was done till evening, when the Sons of Liberty took them down, and in a great procession carried them into the old State House, to the open hall under the council chamber where Bernard the governor, Hutchinson and other advisers had met. The crowd shouted "Liberty, property and no stamps!"

Then the mob, for it became such, moved to Kilby Street, where they destroyed the frame of the building which Oliver was putting up for his office. With a part of this frame and with the effigies they went to Oliver's house and burned the effigies in a bonfire. Bernard and Hutchinson were both frightened and took refuge in the castle. A few days after this insult to Oliver, a second mob gathered near the old State House and after some lesser outrages, went to

the elegant house of Hutchinson in Garden Court Street and sacked it.

In their first outrages they had "made free use of the contents of the cellars." They burst open the doors and the windows, and carried away every thing in the house ; nothing remained but the brick walls. Hutchinson had resolved to remain, but one of his daughters begged him to leave the house, and he did so just before the mob arrived.

At a town meeting the next morning the town unanimously condemned these outrages and some arrests were made, but there was never any trial of the ringleaders. The General Court afterward reimbursed Hutchinson, as far as money could do so, for the losses which he had sustained.

Andrew Oliver at once sent in his resignation and declined to receive the stamps. They were stored in the castle on their arrival. An extra session of the General Court was held in September, and in October the first congress of the Anglo-American colonies called together by the general indignation at the Stamp Act, met in New York.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

FROM this time until the nineteenth of April, 1775, a period of nearly ten years, Massachusetts was alive with the hopes and fears which led to war and the American Revolution. It is probable that, at the town-meetings in Boston which expressed the unanimous sentiment of respectable people regarding the mob, there was not a single person who even dreamed of the change which was to come. But when we say, as James Otis is made to say in an imagined speech,* that in the beginning the colonists did not think of independence, we must remember that they did think of maintaining the condition of things which existed, and this condition was virtually independence. Massachusetts had really been independent of the Crown for a hundred and thirty-five years, and no man in Massachusetts, excepting a few connected by their places or by birth with England, had any idea of surrendering that position. The word "independence," then, if used at all, must be used with the recollection that it has two meanings in this matter. It is undoubtedly

*This speech is in Miss Francis's admirable novel, *The Rebels*. Miss Francis was afterward Mrs. L. M. Child. Very unfortunately, but few of the speeches of patriots or tories before the Revolution were reported. Molyneux, who "died before the sight," was an orator of great reputation. But I think that no speech of his is preserved.

true that the people of Massachusetts in 1765 had no thought of throwing off the nominal connection which bound them to the crown of England ; it is, on the other hand, true that their leaders meant, as they had meant from the beginning, to preserve a substantial independence of their own. It is worth noting in this connection that the word "independence" was at that time a new word. It is a word which does not appear in Shakespeare ; it came into existence as a theological term to represent the position of the Brownists and other extreme Puritans, and it is only in the eighteenth century that it begins to appear in any broader connection in English literature. An interesting anecdote shows that when Nathan Hale, in 1775, spoke of "independence" at a town meeting in New London, a boy in the audience had never heard the word, and had to ask his father what was its meaning.

For Massachusetts, these ten years involved many crises of intense excitement. Under the practical constitution of Massachusetts, each town was virtually an independent power, and there are many records which show how separate towns of Massachusetts defied George III., and made preparations to fight him. Separate towns bought powder for their magazines, and in other ways prepared for the struggles which were before them. The history of a thousand separate movements, all looking towards the preservation of the independence which they had always enjoyed, makes a romance of those ten years, of which the two most dramatic passages are

the Boston Massacre, which took place March 5, 1770, and the Boston Tea-party, December 13, 1773. These two passages were important enough to be seriously noted by the government in London, and they marked successive stages in the progress of the stream which was rushing to the plunge.

The Boston Massacre is the popular name of the transaction which brought into collision the people of Boston and the garrison stationed there. It must be remembered that Boston had never been a garrison town. No such thing as a soldier in time of peace was known in Massachusetts; in time of war every man was a soldier, or might be. In time of peace he was a member of the train-band, and was obliged to appear for drill once or twice every year; but he was not a soldier and did not think himself a soldier. In times of peace, with a very few transient exceptions, no soldiers belonging to a standing army had ever been seen in Massachusetts. To this hour, the presence of a man in military uniform in a street in Massachusetts excites curiosity; it is known that he represents some anniversary or other festival. A man might travel from town to town in Massachusetts for years, and never see such a person. But the government in England was used to moving troops from place to place, and posting them in garrisons. Nay, it was considered a favor in England to have a body of troops stationed in a town; you may see in the English novels that a regiment is received with a certain interest or enthusiasm. But in the towns of New England this

was not so ; the presence of a regiment was in itself an insult. When that regiment wore a uniform which was not the uniform of Cromwell and his men — that is, was not the blue and buff in which the battles of Naseby and Worcester had been won — the uniform itself was the sign of a foreigner. When, therefore, Grenville's administration, by way of marking its disapprobation of the Hutchinson riot, ordered some companies of troops to go up from the castle in Boston Harbor, and to live in the little town of Boston, the town of Boston took this as an insult, and an insult it was.

It was on the first of October, 1766, that seven hundred men, with muskets loaded, were sent from the castle to Boston, and encamped upon the Common. In November, parts of two more regiments joined them, and quarters for the winter were found for all of them, so that here were more than a thousand men in red coats, carrying weapons, when all was at peace. The town did not number more than twelve thousand people, so that one man out of four of its adult population appeared as a paid "loafer," sent by the Government across the sea to insult the people. The common soldier of England was in that day enlisted from the very dregs of her population. From the very beginning, therefore, there followed collisions between these soldiers and the sailors of Boston and the floating population of the lowest class. They made appointments to fight each other, and these quarrels culminated on the night of the Boston Massacre.

On the night of the third of March, a party of soldiers and a party of rope-makers had agreed to meet each other in a sort of duel. They fought with clubs, near midnight, and several men were badly wounded on each side. The next night an attempt was made to renew the fight, which was suppressed with some difficulty. On the evening of the fifth of March, two young men tried to pass a sentinel at the foot of the street now called Cornhill, near where the statue of Samuel Adams stands, very properly, to-day. The sentinel tried to stop them, and a struggle ensued.

The encounter itself was trifling, but it called out the neighbors, and a file of troops came up from King Street where the officer of the day was posted. The English officers succeeded in drawing their men back into their barracks, but by this time a large body of the people of Boston had met, and they saw another sentinel who was stationed in front of the Custom House. This Custom House was on the east side of King Street, now State Street, at the corner of what is now known as Devonshire Street. A boy pointed out this sentinel as being a man who had knocked him down lately, and a mob gathered to pelt the poor fellow with snow-balls and other missiles. He tried to enter the building for protection, but the door was locked and he was obliged to call for the main guard.

The officer in command sent six men to his relief; he also sent for Captain Preston, the officer of the day. Meanwhile an immense crowd gathered, and

the bells were rung as if for fire. Preston with six more men joined the first file of six men. They fell back in a curved line in front of the Custom House. Preston knew, and the mob knew, that his men must not fire without the order of a civil magistrate. He behaved with moderation and judgment through the whole affair. The mob dared the soldiers to fire. "Come on, lobster-backs!" "Come on, bloody backs!" These were allusions to the hated red-coats, which, as has been said, were the sign of a foreign invasion. "Fire if you dare!" "Damn you, why don't you fire?"

At last a soldier received a severe blow from a club; he leveled his piece and fired. Immediately after, seven or eight more of the soldiers fired; three of the people were killed, two others were mortally wounded, and six slightly wounded. The rest of the mob fled, and Preston was able to withdraw his men without injury.

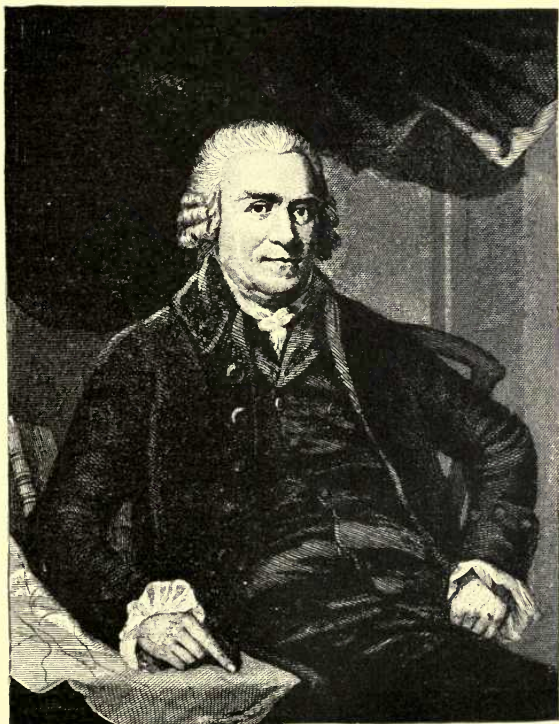
The drums beat to arms, the Twenty-ninth Regiment paraded in King Street. Thomas Hutchinson was governor; he was already present, and addressed the people from the balcony of the town house. He promised a full investigation in the morning; a citizen's guard of a hundred men took charge of the streets and peace was restored. Early in the next morning Preston gave himself up for trial.

Everybody had feared such a collision as this, and under the circumstances such a collision was inevitable. Wholly apart from what followed, it is an event of great historical interest, as marking the

point since which the posting of garrisons in large towns of these States in time of peace has been virtually impossible. The popular leaders took the ground from the first that to place soldiers in the midst of peaceful people was a violation of the rights of those people; and one of the allegations of the Declaration of Independence, introduced for the purpose of showing the tyranny of George III., is that "he has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislature."

The next morning the selectmen of Boston waited on the governor and council to enforce this view. A town-meeting was held at Faneuil Hall to await Hutchinson's reply. Hutchinson said that the troops were under military orders, being under the command of General Gage at New York. But with the fatal facility of a weak man he said that Colonel Dalrymple would withdraw the Twenty-ninth Regiment to the castle in the Bay.

Faneuil Hall pronounced this answer unsatisfactory, and Sam Adams, at the head of a committee, waited upon Hutchinson again. It was then that Adams made the celebrated remark that if there was power to remove one regiment, there was power to remove two, and that nothing less would satisfy the people. Hutchinson gave way, and the regiments were removed to the castle in the Bay. The Boston Massacre thus resulted in a popular triumph, and from that time forward the young king always called those two regiments "Sam Adams's regiments."



SAMUEL ADAMS.

Preston was tried for murder. He was defended by two of the patriot lawyers, Josiah Quincy and John Adams, whose names afterwards became famous, and he was acquitted. Two of the soldiers were found guilty of manslaughter; the rest were acquitted. Under the inhuman law of the time, these two poor fellows were branded in the hand. Hutchinson, the weak governor, who could have pardoned them, said this was of little consequence to the prisoners, and he thought it advisable not to interfere.

Meanwhile, the questions regarding revenue had never been settled. All the colonies had exulted in the repeal of the Stamp Act; they had even put up statues to George III. and to Pitt in New York, in gratitude for their assent to that repeal. But, as the stupid king said, the right to tax must be preserved, and a revenue bill had been passed which imposed a new import duty on tea, glass, paper and painter's colors. At this time the English government was not troubled simply by its relations with the independent colonies, but was in the grip of one of those anacondas known as great trading corporations, and the immediate crisis under which America parted from England was a crisis brought about by that fatal necessity in which a government of England had to sustain the East India Company. This company was in difficulty; Lord North had lent it a million and a half of money to save it from bankruptcy. The Americans refused to drink tea which came from England, because they would not pay the newly imposed duty.

The course of trade which the Navigation Act required compelled the East India Company to land its tea in England and then to export it to America. When they landed in England they paid sixpence. Lord North understood human nature but little, and understood the American colonies not at all. He offered to the East India Company to repay them their sixpence in England, as a drawback on all teas exported to America. The Americans were to pay threepence where the English paid sixpence, and Lord North thus gave to the Americans a suspension of the Navigation Act, so far as those teas were concerned.

To this plan Parliament consented. The directors of the East India Company knew America better than Lord North did ; they begged to be permitted to land the tea free in America, and to continue to pay in England the sixpence which the government offered. But the king said, "There must be one tax to keep the right to tax." The company therefore chartered its own ships and freighted them for America, consigning them to different seaports. Their arrival in the autumn of 1773, renewed all the excitement of the original Stamp Act.

Whether in theory America should or should not submit to import duty was a matter not now discussed at all. She was determined not to sacrifice the real independence which she had always enjoyed at the dictate of a coterie in the English cabinet, or of a great trading company, or of a majority in the English parliament. In different importing cities

different measures were taken to make it certain that none of this tea should be put upon America. In Boston such matters were discussed in town meetings in Faneuil Hall. By this time Samuel Adams and the men who agreed with him had instituted a system of correspondence which kept them in connection with the towns in the colony and was eventually extended to all the patriotic assemblies in other colonies.

When the tea arrived, a town meeting was held, and the neighboring towns were invited to send representatives to it. Such representatives were present, but the meeting was called a formal meeting of the town of Boston and the town clerk kept the record. It acted as such, and it gave the "instructions of the town" to the consignees of the tea ships to send them back to England. The consignees replied that they could not pass the fort in the harbor without a permit from Governor Hutchinson. The town bade them obtain such a permit at once, but Hutchinson refused to give it.

When the news of his refusal came the sun had set; the town meeting had been in session all day. Its meeting had been at the Old South Meeting House, having adjourned from Faneuil Hall. When the messenger from the governor announced his refusal to give the permits, Sam Adams arose and said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." At that moment a war whoop sounded outside the building and the crowd rushed out. It saw a body of men rudely disguised as Indians on .

their way to the ships. These men came from the "North End;" they were joined by another body from the "South End." The arrangements had been carefully concerted, probably in the secrecy of Masonic lodge rooms. In all, a body of forty or fifty young men met at the wharves where the vessels lay. The population of Boston followed from the Meeting House and elsewhere. The Indians set a guard to keep all others from the ships; they took possession of the vessels; with the skill of men used to the business, they hoisted the tea-chests from the hold, they split them open with axes, and threw the tea into the water. Before midnight all the tea was floating on the waves, and with the ebb-tide it was taken out to sea.

This was the answer of the town of Boston to the Crown.

It excited the greatest indignation in court circles. The news of it arrived in England just after Franklin had appeared before the Privy Council, and had been bullied there by Wedderburn — a man of mark in his day, who is now only remembered as the man who insulted Franklin. Horace Walpole made this epigram on the occasion :

"Sarcastic Sawney, swollen with spite and prate,
On silent Franklin poured his venal hate;
The calm philosopher, without reply,
Withdrew, and gave his country liberty."

The court party were not in the mood to forgive anything. The friends of America in Parliament could make no head against the storm of resentment,

and the Boston Port Bill, as it is always called here, was passed — becoming an act, and not a bill, by its passage. It closed the harbor of Boston, until Boston should repent, and meant to punish the town by giving its commerce to the other maritime towns of New England. Meanwhile Hutchinson, who had virtually played into the hands of the court party, although he was a New Englander, was recalled to England, and the government of Massachusetts was put into the hands of Thomas Gage, the military commander in America. This meant that the controversy was removed from civil fields to the arbitration of arms, and the Crown party really thought that they should subjugate Massachusetts if they only sent regiments enough for the purpose.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

ON the nineteenth day of April, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, a day to be remembered by all Americans of the present generation, and which ought and doubtless will be, handed down to ages yet unborn, the troops of Britain, unprovoked, shed the blood of sundry of the loyal American subjects of the British king in the field of Lexington."

These words are the prophetic introduction of the "Narrative of the Excursion of the King's Troops under the Command of General Gage," which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts sent to England. With infinite care the Congress drew up depositions, which were sworn to before "His Majesty's justices of the peace," that, with all legal form, they might show to all the world who were the aggressors, now that the crisis had come. Then they intrusted the precious volume of these depositions to Richard Derby of Salem, who sent John Derby with them to England. The vessel made a good run, arriving on the twenty-ninth of May with these official papers, and the Essex Gazette, which had the published accounts. The Sukey, Captain Brown, with the government

accounts forwarded by General Gage, did not arrive till eleven days after. Meanwhile Arthur Lee and all the friends of America in London were steadily publishing the news of the "ministerial" attack on the people, and the people's repulse of the army. The public charged the government with concealing the news. Thus was it that, when

"the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world,"

they told their own story.

All parties had fair notice that the crisis was coming; and they had a good chance to guess how it was coming. On the thirtieth of March, by way of seeing how people would bear the presence of an army, and how the army would march after a winter's rest and rust, Earl Percy with five regiments marched out over Boston Neck, into the country. Boston people can trace him by walking out on Washington Street, where the sea-water then flowed on both sides, up the hill at Roxbury, on the right of the church, and heeding Governor Dudley's parting-stone which still stands, let them take Center Street, "to Dedham and Rhode Island." Along that road to Jamaica Plain, Earl Percy marched, his drums and fifes playing Yankee Doodle. The spring was very early. Some soldiers straggled, and trampled down gardens and fields that had been planted, perhaps the fall before. From Jamaica Plain, Earl Percy led them across to Dorchester; and by the Dorchester road they came home. Very indignant was the Provincial Congress

and the committees of safety at this first "invasion" of the country; and all people guessed that Concord would be the point of the next "excursion," because at Concord was one of the largest deposits of stores which the Province of Massachusetts had collected in its preparation against the British empire.

As early as February 9, the Provincial Congress had intimated their intention of stopping such "excursions." They had appointed the celebrated "Committee of Safety," with the express purpose of checking them. Of this committee:—

"The business and duty it shall be, most carefully and diligently to inspect and observe all and every such person or persons as shall at any time attempt to carry into execution, by force, an act of the British parliament, entitled 'An Act for the Better Regulating the Government of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England' . . . which said committee, or any five of them, provided always that not more than one of the said five shall be an inhabitant of the town of Boston, shall have power, and they are hereby empowered and directed, when they shall judge that such attempt or attempts are made, to alarm, muster, and cause to be assembled with the utmost expedition, and completely armed, accoutered, and supplied with provisions sufficient for their support in their march to the place of rendezvous, such and so many of the militia of this Province as they shall judge necessary for the end and purpose of opposing such attempt or attempts, and at such place or places as they shall judge proper, and them to discharge as the safety of the Province shall permit."

This, it will be observed, was full preparation for war, only the Provincial Congress meant that General Gage should strike the first blow.

Meanwhile, Ensign Berniere of the 10th Royal Infantry, with a companion, Captain Brown, were sent to see what there was at Concord. They left their journal behind them, when, the next year, the



THE BRITISH ARE COMING. (*Lexington and Concord, 1775.*)

English army evacuated Boston ; and so we are able to trace their march to-day.

And so it happened that late in the evening of the eighteenth of April, when it was supposed most of the Boston people were in bed, about eight hundred soldiers — grenadiers, light-infantry and marines — were embarked in the boats of the navy, very near the place where the Old Providence Station stood, where then the tide rose and fell. Remember that there was no bridge at that time from Boston on any side. The little army was ferried across to Lechmere's Point, not far from the Court House of to-day ; it lost two hours in going so far, and then took up its silent line of march through Cambridge, by what is still remembered as Milk Row. At the tavern in Menotomy, now West Cambridge, the rebel committee of safety had been in session the day before. Dear Old General Heath, till then only "our colonel," whose memoirs come in in the most entertaining reading of the time, had been there. But he had gone home to Roxbury.

Here, in the garrulous old eighteenth century style, is his account of what happened to those who staid : —

"On the nineteenth, at daybreak, our general was awake, called from his bed, and informed that a detachment of the British army were out, that they had crossed from Boston to Phipps's Farm in boats, and had gone towards Concord, as was supposed, with intent to destroy the public stores. They probably had notice that the committees had met the preceding day at Wetherby's Tavern, at Menotomy ; for, when they came opposite to the house, they halted. Several of the gentlemen slept there during the night. Among them were Col. Orne, Col. Lee and Mr. Gerry. One of them awoke and informed the others that

a body of the British were before the house. They immediately made their escape, without time to dress themselves, at the back door, receiving some injury from obstacles in the way, in their undressed state. They made their way into the fields."

Heath had met on his way home officers who tried to keep the news of the "excursion" from reaching Concord; but the country was alarmed, and Colonel Smith sent back to Boston for a reinforcement. General Gage had expected the request, and had ordered the first brigade under arms at four that morning. These orders were carried to the first brigade-major's. He was not at home; and when he came home, his servant forgot to tell of the letter. At four o'clock no brigade appeared. At five o'clock Colonel Smith's express came, asking the reinforcement. On inquiry, it proved that no orders were given; and it was not till six that a part of the brigade paraded. They waited till seven for the marines. Is not all this like a village muster to-day? At seven, there being still no marines, it proved that the order for them had been addressed to Major Pitcairn, who was by this time far away, and had indeed begun the war already, without knowing it, by firing his pistol on Lexington Common. So the half of the brigade waited, and waited, till the marines could be got ready, and when they were ready at nine o'clock, started over Boston Neck; for now they had no boats: so that they must e'en go six miles round by land, as every Bostonian will see, for there were then no bridges. So they came to Dudley's parting-stone playing "Yankee Doodle" again; but when they

reached the stone this time, they took the right-hand road "to Cambridge and Watertown." A Roxbury boy who sat on a stone wall to see them pass prophesied thus to Percy, referring to the history of his noble house:—

"You go out by 'Yankee Doodle'; but you will come back by 'Chevy Chase.'"

While the half-brigade was waiting for the marines on what is now Tremont Street, its line crossing the head of Beacon Street, a little boy nine years old, named Harrison Gray Otis, was on his way to the old school in School Street, where Parker's Hotel stands to-day. Here is his account of it. It is, so far as I know, the only glimpse we have of Boston life on that memorable morning:—

"On the nineteenth of April, 1775, I went to school for the last time. In the morning, about seven, Percy's brigade was drawn up, extending from Scollay's buildings, through Tremont Street, and nearly to the bottom of the mall, preparing to take up their march for Lexington. A corporal came up to me as I was going to school, and turned me off to pass down Court Street; which I did, and came up School Street to the schoolhouse. It may well be imagined that great agitation prevailed, the British line being drawn up a few yards only from the schoolhouse-door. As I entered school, I heard the announcement of '*deponite libros,*' and ran home for fear of the regulars. Here ended my connection with Mr. Lovell's administration of the school. Soon afterwards I left town, and did not return until after the evacuation by the British, in March, 1776.

Colonel Smith and his eight hundred had pressed on meanwhile. The alarm had been so thoroughly given in Lexington, that at two o'clock the militia had assembled (one hundred and thirty in number); and John Parker their captain, had ordered them to

load with powder and ball. This John is the grandfather of one Theodore, who will appear two generations afterwards. No sign of any troops; and the men were dismissed with orders to assemble again at the beat of drum. Most of them thought that the whole was a false alarm. But Gage's officers in the advance of the English column, came back to it on its march, and reported that five hundred men were in arms. Major Pitcairn of the marines had command of six companies of light infantry in advance. He caught all of Parker's scouts except Thaddeus Bowman, who galloped back to Lexington Common and gave to Parker tidings of the approach of the column.

Parker ordered the drum to beat; and his men began to collect. He ordered Sergeant William Munroe to form them in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house. The English officers hearing the drum, halted their troops, bade them prime and load, and then marched forward at double-quick. Sixty or seventy of the militia had assembled. The tradition is, that Parker had bidden the men not fire till they were fired upon, but added, "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here." Double-quick on one side; on the other, Sergeant Munroe forming his men as well as he can. Major Pitcairn is in the advance. "Ye villains, ye rebels, disperse! Lay down your arms! Why don't ye lay down your arms?" He saw a gun flash in the pan. The men did not disperse. Pitcairn declared, till the day he died at Bunker Hill, that he gave no order to fire,

that he commanded not to fire; and it seems to be admitted that he struck his staff or sword downward, as a signal to forbear firing. But some men in his party fired irregularly, and hurt no one. Then came a general discharge from the English line, and many men were killed or wounded. The militia returned the fire — some before leaving their line, some after — and the war was begun. Here is Captain John Parker's account of the fight, one of the papers which Captain Derby carried to London: —

“I, John Parker, of lawful age, and commander of the militia at Lexington, do testify and declare, that on the nineteenth instant, in the morning, about one of the clock, being informed that there were a number of the regular officers riding up and down the road, stopping and insulting people as they passed the road, and also informed that a number of the regular troops were on their march from Boston, in order to take the Province stores at Concord, I ordered our militia to meet on the common in said Lexington, to consult what to do; and concluded not to be discovered, nor meddle, nor make with said regular troops, if they should approach, unless they should insult or molest us; and, upon their sudden approach, I immediately ordered our militia to disperse, and not to fire. Immediately said troops made their appearance, and rushing furiously on, fired upon and killed eight of our party, without receiving any provocation therefor from us.”

“MIDDLESEX SS., April 25, 1775.

“The above-named John Parker personally appeared, and, after being duly cautioned to tell the whole truth, made solemn oath to the truth of the above deposition by him subscribed before us.

“WILLIAM REED.

“JOSHUA JOHNSON.

“WILLIAM STICKNEY.

“*Justices of the Peace.*”

That is the way those people went to war. They fought one day; and then they made depositions to secure the truth of history. Henry Clay was greatly

amused when Dr. Palfrey, our New England historian, told him of these depositions. He heard the story in some detail, and then said, "Tell me that again."

But they did not stop for depositions then. The militia retired: some here, some there. The English troops fired a volley on the Common, and gave three cheers. Colonel Smith came up with the main party; and they all pressed on to Concord. Two of their party had been wounded. Major Pitcairn's horse was struck by a ball; and, after the column left Lexington, six of the regulars were taken prisoners. The musket of one of them is in the State House to-day.

Meanwhile the Concord militia had the alarm, and had formed. The minute-men and some of the militia from Lincoln, the next town, had joined them. Some of the companies marched down the Lexington road till they saw the approaching column. They saw they were outnumbered; and they fell back to a hill about eighty rods distance back of the town, where they formed. Colonel Barrett, their commander, joined them here. He had been at work that day executing such commands as these, given by the committee of safety the day before. They are worth looking back upon as illustrations of the preparations of these days: —

"APRIL 18, 1775.

"*Voted*, That part of the provisions be removed from Concord; viz., fifty barrels of beef from thence to Sudbury, with Deacon Plympton, a hundred barrels of flour (of which what is in the malt-house in

Concord be part) twenty casks of rice, fifteen hogsheads of molasses, ten hogsheads of rum, five hundred candles.

“ *Voted*, That the musket-balls under the care of Colonel Barrett be buried under ground in some safe place; that he be desired to do it, and to let the commissary only be informed thereof.”

Still finding himself outnumbered, Colonel Barrett then withdrew his force over the North Bridge to the other side of Concord River; and the little English army marched into the town.

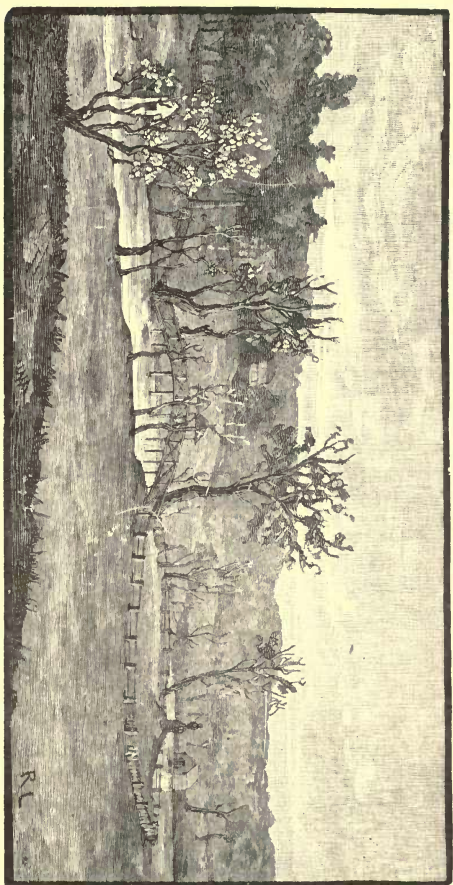
Three of their companies were stationed at the bridge: three companies were sent to Colonel Barrett's house, two miles distant, to destroy the magazine. Did they find the musket-bullets? No. Another party was sent to the South Bridge. In the center of the town they broke off the trunnions of three new cannon, destroyed what stores they could find, among others some wooden spoons and trenchers, which appear quite conspicuously in all the accounts. But from all such work all parties were called by firing at the North Bridge.

All this time, minute-men from all parts of Middlesex County had been pouring in on the high grounds where Colonel Barrett had formed his men. They saw at last that the troops had fired the town, in one place and another. The court-house was on fire. Captain William Smith of Lincoln volunteered to take his company and dislodge the guard at the bridge. Isaac Davis of the Acton company, made the remark, which has become a proverb, “There is not a man of my company that is afraid to go.” Colonel Barrett ordered the attack, bade the column

pass the bridge, but not to fire unless they were fired upon. Again the passion for law appeared: "It is the king's highway, and we have a right to march upon it, if we march to Boston. Forward, march!" They marched to the air of "the White Cockade," the quickest step their fives could play.

Laurie, in command of the English party, crossed back on the bridge, and began to take up the planks. Major Buttrick, who commanded the attacking party, hurried his men. When they were within a few rods, the English fired, in three several discharges. Mr. Emerson, the minister of Concord (the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson), watched the scene, and made his record on that day. Three several discharges were made by the English; and Mr. Emerson "was very uneasy till the fire was returned." Isaac Davis, the Acton captain and Abner Hosmer were killed; and then Major Buttrick gave the order to fire. The English retired. The Provincials crossed the bridge and part of them ascended the bold hill, which visitors to Concord remember behind the meeting-house on the right of the town. The English party under Parsons returned from Barrett's and crossed the bridge again; but they were left to join the main body without offense.

One English soldier had been killed and several wounded. Colonel Smith delayed his return till he could find carriages for his wounded; and it was noon before he began his return. Meanwhile, north, south, east and west, couriers had been speeding, announcing that the Lexington militia had been fired



THE NORTH BRIDGE AT CONCORD.

on. The minute-men, the county through, had started on their march. They did not know what point to strike. They did not know what they were to do when they came there. But they marched: they were determined to be in time; and in time they were. The populous country between Boston and Concord was in arms. The men knew every inch of ground, and, after they had had their shot at the regulars in one place, ran across country and tried them again in another. "They are trained to protect themselves behind stone walls," wrote General Gage to the ministry. "They seemed to drop from the clouds," says an English soldier. Poor Smith and his party, after thirty miles of tramping, came back to Lexington Common, in no mood for giving three huzzas there. They made quick marching of it, and were there by two in the afternoon. They left Concord at noon.

"A number of our officers were wounded," says Berniere; "so that we began to run rather than retreat in order. The whole behaved with amazing bravery, but little order."

Here Percy met them with his late reinforcement; here they rested, and then resumed the retreat, to receive just the same treatment in every defile. At West Cambridge, the Danvers company, the flank company of the Essex regiment, had come up. Fifteen miles they had marched in four hours, across Essex County. It was sunset before the head of what column was left crossed Charlestown Neck. All Boston was on Beacon Hill, watching

for their return. Through the gathering twilight, men could see from the hill the flashes of the muskets on Milk Row; and Percy had to unlimber his field-pieces, and bring them into use again. It was at West Cambridge that Dr. Warren so exposed himself, that a pin was struck out of the hair of his earlock. General Heath was by this time exercising some sort of command. Late in the afternoon, when the head of the English column had arrived at Bunker Hill, an aide of Pickering's rode up to Heath, to announce that the Essex regiment was close behind him. Danvers had gone across country: the rest of the regiment had marched direct to Boston. Heath judged that it was too late for any further attack. The English, on their side, planted sentries at the Neck. Heath planted them on the other side, and ordered the militia to lie on their arms at Cambridge.

But, long before this time, the news of the march had traveled north and west and south. The memory of the rider "on the white horse" is still told in tradition, reminding one, as Governor Washburn has said, of the white horse in the Revelation. The march and retreat were on Wednesday. On Sunday morning they had a rumor of it in New York; and on Tuesday they had a second express from New England with quite a connected story. This story was so definite, that they ventured to send it south by express as they received it from New Haven. To Elizabethtown, to Woodbridge, to New Brunswick, to Princeton, it flew as fast as horse could carry it. The indorsements by the different committees show

their eager haste. It was in Baltimore on the twenty-seventh. It was in Georgetown, S. C., on the tenth of May.

It told how the king's troops were besieged on Winter Hill; how Lord Percy was killed, and another general officer of the English, on the first fire. "To counterbalance this good news, the story is, that our first man in command (who he is, I know not) is also killed." No man since has known who "our first man in command" was. There was no commander all day long.

The dispatch was all untrue. But it told of war, and it fired the whole country. On the twentieth of April an army was around Boston, and the siege had begun.

NEW ENGLAND'S CHEVY CHASE.

'Twas the dead of the night. By the pine-knot's red light
Brooks lay, half asleep, when he heard the alarm —
Only this, and no more, from a voice at the door:
"The Red-coats are out, and have passed Phipps's farm!"

Brooks was booted and spurred; he said never a word,
Took his horn from its peg, and his gun from its rack;
To the cold midnight air he led out his white mare,
Strapped the girths and the bridle and sprang to her back.

Up the North Country road at her full pace she strode,
Till Brooks reined her up at John Tarbell's to say,
"We have got the alarm — they have left Phipps's farm;
You rouse the East Precinct, and I'll go this way."

John called his hired man, and they harnessed the span;
They roused Abram Garfield, and Abram called me:
"Turn out right away — let no minute-man stay —
The Red-coats have landed at Phipps's," says he.

By the Powder-House Green seven others fell in;
At Nahum's, the men from the saw-mill came down;
So that when Jabez Bland gave the word of command,
And said, "Forward, march!" there marched forward the Town!

Parson Wilderspin stood by the side of the road,
And he took off his hat, and he said, "Let us pray!
O Lord God of might, let thine angels of light
Lead thy children to-night to the glories of day!
And let thy sons fight all the foes of the right,
As the stars fought of old against Sisera."

And from heaven's high arch those stars blessed our march
Till the last of them faded in twilight away,
And by morning's bright beam, by the bank of the stream,
Half the country marched in, and we heard Davis say,
"On the King's own highway I may travel all day,
And no man hath warrant to stop me," says he;
"I've no man that's afraid, and I'll march at their head."
Then he turned to the boys, "Forward, march! Follow me."

And we marched as he said, and the fifer he played
The old "White Cockade," and he played it right well.
We saw Davis fall dead, but no man was afraid —
That bridge we'd have had, though a thousand men fell.

This opened the play, and it lasted all day.
We made Concord too hot for the Red-coats to stay;
Down the Lexington way we stormed — Black, White and Gray:
We were first in the feast, and were last in the fray.

They would turn in dismay, as red wolves turn at bay.
They leveled, they fired, they charged up the road;
Cephas Willard fell dead; he was shot in the head
As he knelt by Aunt Prudence's well-sweep to load.

John Danforth was hit just in Lexington Street,
John Bridge at that lane where you cross Beaver Falls;
And Winch and the Snows just above John Munroe's —
Swept away by one swoop of the big cannon-balls.

I took Bridge on my knee, but he said, "Don't mind me;
Fill your horn from mine — let me lie where I be.

Our fathers," said he, " that their sons might be free,
Left their king on his throne and came over the sea;
And that man is a knave or a fool who, to save
His life, for a minute would live as a slave."

Well, all would not die. There were men good as new —
From Rumford, from Saugus, from towns far away —
Who filled up quick and well, for each soldier that fell,
And we drove them and drove them and drove them all day.
We knew, every one, it was war that begun,
When that morning's march was only half-done.

In the hazy twilight, at the coming of night,
I crowded three buckshot and one bullet down.
'Twas my last charge of lead, and I aimed her and said,
" Good luck to you, Lobsters, in old Boston Town."

In a barn at Milk Row, Ephraim Bates and Munroe,
And Baker and Abram and I made a bed;
We had mighty sore feet, and we'd nothing to eat,
But we'd driven the Red-coats; and Amos, he said:
" It's the first time," said he, " that it's happened to me
To march to the sea by this road where we've come;
But confound this whole day but we'd all of us say
We'd rather have spent it this way than to home."

The hunt had begun with the dawn of the sun,
And night saw the wolf driven back to his den.
And never since then, in the memory of men,
Has the Old Bay State seen such a hunting again.

CHAPTER XVII.

BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

GEORGE BUNKER, an English Puritan, had left England, and arrived in Charlestown in New England, as early as 1634. In the next year he was made a freeman. He was disarmed in November, 1637, as a supporter of Wheelwright; * but in the following year he was made the constable of Charlestown; and in 1639 the General Court made to him a grant of fifty acres. He was among the last "batch" of people to whom fifty acres was granted, on the plea that the "first planters" were allowed fifty acres to each person.

Whether he took these special fifty acres on and around the hill which still bears his name, I cannot tell. But he is the man who owned this hill; and, because he owned it, it was and is "Bunker's Hill." He lived and died, unconscious that Bunker's Hill was to be one of the important places in history, and a point where one of the decisive battles of the world was to be fought.

Bunker's Hill, the highest eminence in the peninsula of Charlestown, is so high, that it "commands,"

* See Chap. VII.

as military men say, the northern part of Boston, and especially the northern part of the harbor of Boston. On the southeast of Boston, the hills of what we call South Boston, which were called "Dorchester Heights" a hundred years ago, command the southern part of Boston, and the whole of Boston harbor. The evident military value of the Charlestown and Dorchester Heights was perceived at once by both parties, as soon as the "siege of Boston" began.

In a letter from General Burgoyne of the English army, to Lord Stanley, he says : —

" BOSTON, *June 25, 1775.*

" It was absolutely necessary that we should make ourselves masters of these heights" [Bunker's Hill and Dorchester Heights], " and we proposed to begin with Dorchester. Every thing was accordingly disposed. My two colleagues and myself (who, by the by, have never differed in one jot of military sentiment) had, in concert with General Gage, formed the plan. Howe was to land with the transports on the Point; * Clinton, in the center; and I was to cannonade from the causeway or the Neck; each to take advantage of circumstances. The operations must have been very easy. This was to have been executed on the eighteenth" [Sunday].

Information of the English movements and councils was so carefully conveyed to the Provincial Congress, that they knew all this as well as Burgoyne did. Here is their report, as they made it on the twentieth of June to the Congress at Philadelphia. It is a good illustration of that game of chess which is called war; and the reader will see, that, in this case, the rebels won the first move. They say : —

* By "the Point" is meant Dorchester Point, where the Marine Park now is.

“JUNE 20, 1775.

“We think it an indispensable duty to inform you that reinforcements from Ireland, both of horse and foot, being arrived (the numbers unknown), and having good intelligence that General Gage was about to take possession of the advantageous posts in Charlestown and on Dorchester Heights, the Committee of Safety advised that our troops should prepossess them, if possible.”

The Committee of Safety, as the reader must remember, took the place, in the extemporized government of Massachusetts, of the governor. The Committee of Safety was the Executive. Here is their order for the occupation of the hill:—

“*Whereas*, it appears of importance to the safety of this colony that possession of the hill called Bunker's Hill, in Charlestown, be securely kept and defended, and also, some one hill or hills on Dorchester Neck be likewise secured: therefore, *Resolved* unanimously, That it be recommended to the council of war, that the above-mentioned Bunker's Hill be maintained by sufficient forces being posted there; and, as the peculiar situation of Dorchester Neck is unknown to this committee, they desire that the council of war take and pursue such steps respecting the same as to them shall appear to be for the security of this colony.”

Under this order of the committee, General Ward directed a detachment under Colonel Prescott — consisting of Prescott's, Frye's, and Bridge's regiments — and a fatigue-party of two hundred Connecticut troops, to parade at six o'clock in the evening, with all the intrenching-tools, in the Cambridge camp. They were also ordered to furnish themselves with packs and blankets, and with provisions for twenty-four hours. Also Captain Samuel Gridley's company of artillery, of forty-nine men and two field-pieces, was ordered to parade. The Connecticut men,

drafted from several companies, were put under the gallant Thomas Knowlton, a captain in General Putnam's regiment.

They all marched from Cambridge at nine o'clock, and arrived in an hour at the top of Bunker's Hill, which is indeed but just inside of Charlestown Neck. From the top of Bunker's Hill, to Copp's Hill in Boston, where the English had a battery, is almost exactly one mile as the bird flies; to the top of Beacon Hill, as it then existed, was a little less than a mile and a half. Beacon Hill was then one hundred and thirty-eight feet above the sea; Bunker's Hill was one hundred and ten feet above the sea; and Copp's Hill, about fifty-eight feet. If the purpose of fortifying Bunker's Hill were to attack the fleet in the harbor, that purpose would hardly be attained by a post there. To a certain extent, the vessels could be sheltered from Bunker's Hill by Breed's Hill, as it has since been called, a lower eminence, sixty-two feet above the sea, directly in line from Bunker's Hill to the Copp's Hill batteries.

Again: if the object was simply to keep the English troops from seizing the heights, it was necessary to take possession of both summits, the higher and the lower, at the same time. In saying this, I speak on very high military authority.* Had the intrenching party satisfied themselves with intrenching on Bunker's Hill only, the English commanders would have immediately formed under the

* The late General Benham, of the United States Army. He was on duty as an engineer-officer in Boston for many years, and knew every inch of the ground of which he spoke.

cover of Breed's Hill, and could even have fortified themselves on the southern slope of that hill, in works that could not have been reached from batteries on Bunker's Hill. The exact curve fire of our times, which drops shell with precision on the heads of troops unprotected by bomb-proof, was not one of the accomplishments of these days, nor was it possible to the artillery in possession of the rebels.

These must have been the various considerations urged on the leaders of the Americans when they found themselves on Bunker's Hill. Colonel Prescott called the field-officers around him, Colonel Gridley and General Putnam among others, and showed them his orders. Should he fortify the summit of Bunker's Hill, or should he proceed to the lower hill (which at that time had no distinctive name), from which he could more easily harass the fleet? The consultation was long and doubtful; but the bolder determination was taken, of advancing half a mile nearer to Boston, and taking post on the lower hill. It is said that General Putnam was present; and it is also said that one general officer opposed the intrenching the lower hill. It is certain that Putnam, through the day, was eager to throw up works on the higher summit, and was actually at work there when the redoubt was lost. The decision, as I have implied, was the correct decision, according to the military view of the present day. No effort should have been made to hold either post without the support of the other.

Gridley, the colonel of engineers, insisted that some decision should be made; and when, after more than

an hour, it was determined to begin on the lower hill, he marked out his lines skillfully. At midnight, six hundred men were at work heartily but silently on the redoubt which he laid out. It seems to have been skillfully planned. It was eight rods long on its strongest and longest point, which faced Charlestown. The two sides were nearly as long. The eastern side, towards Boston, commanded an extensive field, where, as on the south side, the ground descended steeply. The north side, towards Bunker's Hill, was left more open. A breastwork extended about one hundred yards towards the north, following the slight decline of the hill on that side. This work ended at or near a slough, or swampy place, on the north side of the hill. Such was the work planned by Gridley, well forwarded before daylight, and advanced by the steady labor of the force employed till nearly eleven o'clock. At Putnam's request, the intrenching-tools were then sent back to him at Bunker's Hill, where he was eager to establish a strong enough work to hold that hill also. In a military point of view, as has been said, Putnam was undoubtedly right in his determination to do so.

At four o'clock in the morning The Lively, Captain Linzee, an English vessel which lay in the river, off the present Navy Yard, opened fire on the works. The sound broke the silence of the morning, and called the people of the North End to see the scene. It was thus the place of Linzee to fire the first shot upon Prescott's works. Two generations after, Prescott's grandson, the historian, William

Hickling Prescott, married Linzee's granddaughter. The swords which the two officers wore on the day of battle thus came into his peaceful possession. While he lived, they were crossed in his library; and after his death they were placed together in the Massachusetts Historical Library, in token and omen of the friendship between the two nations, which was to be sealed and made certain by the sacrifices of that day and of the war.

So soon as the artillery-fire of The Lively and Gridley's fire in reply, from his field-pieces, showed to Gage and the other English generals what was passing, they determined to attack the works before they were strengthened. Of their accounts, Burgoyne's is the most picturesque. It is in these words, in a letter to Lord Stanley, which was published as soon as it arrived in England: —

“On the seventeenth, at dawn of day, we found the enemy had pushed intrenchments with great diligence during the night, on the heights of Charlestown; and we evidently saw that every hour gave them fresh strength; it therefore became necessary to alter our plan, and attack on that side. Howe, as second in command, was detached with about two thousand men, and landed on the opposite side of this peninsula, covered with shipping, without opposition: he was to advance from thence up the hill which was over Charlestown, where the strength of the enemy lay: he had under him Brigadier-General Pigot. Clinton and myself took our stand (for we had not any fixed post) in a large battery directly opposite to Charlestown, which commanded it, and also scaled the heights above it, and thereby facilitating Howe's attack. Howe's disposition was exceedingly soldierlike: in my opinion it was perfect. As his first arm advanced up the hill, they met with a thousand impediments from strong forces, and were much exposed. They were also exceedingly hurt by musketry from Charlestown, though Clinton and I did not perceive it until Howe sent us word by a boat, and desired us to set fire to the town, which was immediately done. We threw a parcel of shells, and the whole was instantly in flames.

Our battery afterwards kept an incessant fire on the heights. It was seconded by a number of frigates, floating-batteries, and our ship-of-the-line. . . .

“A moment of the day was critical. Howe's left was staggered: two battalions had been sent to reinforce them; but we perceived them on the beach, seeming in embarrassment what way to march. Clinton then, next for business, took the part, without waiting for orders, to throw himself into a boat to head them: he arrived in time to be of service. The day ended with glory, and the success was most important, considering the ascendancy it gave the regular troops; but the loss was uncommon in officers for the numbers engaged.”

Compare this account with that made by order of the Provincial Committee of Safety. This was prepared by Rev. Dr. Cooper, Rev. Mr. Gardner, and Rev. Peter Thacher; the skill of the ministers as men of literature being called upon, drolly enough, for a report, which was intended as a correction of Gage's statements. It is understood that the report was drawn up by Thacher, who saw the battle from the other side of Mystic River. Their narrative of the action itself is in these words:—

“Between twelve and one o'clock, a number of boats and barges, filled with the regular troops from Boston, were observed approaching towards Charlestown: these troops landed at a place called ‘Moreton's Point,’* situated a little to the eastward of our works. This brigade formed upon their landing, and stood thus formed till a second detachment arrived from Boston to join them: having sent out large flank guards, they began a very slow march towards our lines. At this instant, smoke and flames were seen to arise from the town of Charlestown, which had been set on fire by the enemy, that the smoke might cover their attack upon our lines, and, perhaps, with a design to rout or destroy one or two regiments of provincials who had been posted in that town. If either of these was their design, they were disappointed; for the wind, shifting on a sudden, carried the smoke another way; and the regiments were already removed.

* Moulton's Point.

"The provincials, within their intrenchments, impatiently waited the attack of the enemy, and reserved their fire till they came within ten or twelve rods; and then began a furious discharge of small-arms. This fire arrested the enemy, which they for some time returned without advancing a step, and then retreated, in disorder and with great precipitation, to the place of landing; and some of them sought refuge even within their boats. Here the officers were observed, by the spectators on the opposite shore, to run down to them, using the most passionate gestures, and pushing the men forward with their swords. At length they were rallied, and marched up, with apparent reluctance, toward the intrenchment. The Americans again reserved their fire until the enemy came within five or six rods, and a second time put the regulars to flight, who ran in great confusion towards their boats.

"Similar and superior exertions were now necessarily made by the officers, which, notwithstanding the men discovered an almost insuperable reluctance to fighting in this cause, were again successful. They formed once more; and, having brought some cannon to bear in such a manner as to rake the inside of the breastwork from one end of it to the other, the provincials retreated within their little fort. The ministerial army now made a decisive effort. The fire from the ships and batteries, as well as from the cannon in front of their army, was redoubled. The officers in the rear of the army were observed to goad forward the men with renewed exertions; and they attacked the redoubt on three sides at once. The breastwork on the outside of the fort was abandoned; the ammunition of the provincials was expended; and few of their arms were fixed with bayonets. Can it, then, be wondered that the word was given by the commander of the party to retreat? But this he delayed till the redoubt was half filled with regulars, and the provincials had kept the enemy at bay some time, confronting them with the butt-ends of their muskets. The retreat of this little handful of brave men would have been effectually cut off, had it not happened that the flanking part of the enemy, which was to have come upon the back of the redoubt, was checked by a party of the provincials, who fought with the utmost bravery, and kept them from advancing further than the beach. The engagement of these two parties was kept up with the utmost vigor; and it must be acknowledged that this party of the ministerial troops evidenced a courage worthy a better cause. All their efforts, however, were insufficient to compel the provincials to retreat till their main body had left the hill. Perceiving this was done, they then gave ground, but with more regularity than could be expected of troops who had no longer been under discipline, and many of whom had never before seen an engagement."

The reader who did not know that these two narratives were written, one by General Burgoyne, who saw the action from Copp's Hill in Boston, and the other by Peter Thacher the minister who saw it from exactly the opposite side of the field, and with exactly opposite prejudices, would never know that the same battle was described. It has been the business of every historian since to collect the detail which shall fill up the narrative. This is to a great extent done ; and the successive stages of the battle may now be wrought out intelligibly.

The traditional three attacks unquestionably took place, although neither Burgoyne nor Gage alludes to them. The closing words of Peter Thacher's account allude to a feature in the action not so generally understood — the almost independent position of the American left wing.

While General Pigot with the English left was assailing the redoubt in the first of the three attacks, General Howe led his right wing along the shore of Mystic River, hoping to turn the American lines. To prevent this, Colonel Prescott had sent two field-pieces with Colonel Knowlton and the Connecticut troops down the hill to the river. Knowlton was the officer on whom Washington passed so noble a eulogium the next year when he was killed. He was killed in the region now comprised in the Central Park of New York ; and Connecticut must see to it, that his monument is added to that of other heroes there. Knowlton had stationed himself near the southern front of Bunker's Hill proper, behind a fence,

which was stone below, with two rails of wood above. He strengthened this line by a parallel line of fence, filling in between with grass. While he was thus engaged, he was reinforced by Stark.

Stark's report is wretchedly meager : —

“Upon which I was required by the general to send a party, consisting of two hundred men, with officers, to their assistance; which order I readily obeyed, and appointed and sent Colonel Wyman, commander of the same. And about two o'clock in the afternoon express orders came for the whole of my regiment to proceed to Charlestown to oppose the enemy, who were landing on Charlestown Point. Accordingly we proceeded; and the battle soon came on, in which a number of officers belonging to my regiment were killed, and many privates killed and wounded.”

From other accounts we have more detail of the action here. Callender's American field-pieces opened on Howe's party with great effect. Knowlton bade his men hold their fire till the enemy came within fifteen rods, and they did so. When the word was given, the result was horrible to see or to tell. The companies were terribly cut up, wavered, broke and retreated, as, at nearly the same time, Pigot's did before the redoubt, on the other wing of Howe's advance.

In the second attack on the redoubt, Howe directed his artillery to be served with grape. They had no proper balls, an incident frequently referred to. The artillery moved nearly up to the line of the breast-work in a narrow road, parallel with the Mystic, on the northern slope of Breed's Hill. The object was to rake the redoubt, and thus open a way for the infantry. A second time Howe was in front of Stark

and Knowlton. Both there and at the redoubt, the American fire was held as before, even to a shorter range. At both points the English gave way. This was the period when the English were reinforced from Boston, and when Clinton joined them as related by Burgoyne.

In the third attack the English artillery gained its position, so that it could enfilade the breastwork. The defenders of the breastwork took refuge in the redoubt. Prescott did not waver. Most of his men had but one round of ammunition, and few had more than three; but he bade them hold their fire as before, and they did till their enemy was within twenty yards. The English were now advancing in column, having been taught their terrible lesson by the former experiences. The column wavered under Prescott's fire, but rushed on with the bayonet; and Clinton's and Pigot's men, on the southern and eastern sides, reached the shelter of its walls. Prescott bade the men who had no bayonets retire to the rear of the redoubt, and fire on the enemy as they mounted. A fine fellow climbed the southern side, cried "The day is ours!" and fell. The whole front rank shared his fate. But the game was played. These were the last shots. The Englishmen poured over the parapet; and Prescott gave his unwilling order to retreat.

He always said that even without powder (and he had none), he could have held the hill, had his men had bayonets. The following very curious letter is, I believe, the first allusion to the engagement in the records of the Provincial Congress, after it occurred :

CAMBRIDGE, *June 19, 1775.*

It is requested that the troops may be supplied also with a large number of spears or lances for defending the breastworks. In the late action, spears might have saved the intrenchments. By order of the general.

JOSEPH WARD, *Secretary.*

An order was actually given for the manufacture of two thousand of these spears.

The redoubt was flanked on both sides ; but all parties were too close for the English to fire, even if their pieces were charged, as they could hardly have been. Still Warren was killed here ; Gridley was wounded ; and the Americans lost more men than at any period of the battle.

Meanwhile our friends at the rail-fence, the left wing of the Americans, held their own. When Prescott's disorganized command had passed them, they covered his retreat, and retired in good order.

Now was the moment which Putnam had foreseen, for which he had been trying to fortify the higher hill. Pomeroy of Northampton joined him in trying to rally the retreating forces there. But it was not possible. The whole body retired over the Neck, and met the reinforcements which had been ordered too late to their relief. One piece of cannon at the Neck opened on the enemy, and covered the retreat.

The following report is the brief account which the Massachusetts Congress sent to the Congress in Philadelphia. It is their report of June 20 ; and this passage follows that which already has been cited : —

“ Accordingly, on Friday evening, the 16th inst., this was effected by about twelve hundred men. About daylight, on Saturday morning,

their line of circumvallation, on a small hill south of Bunker's Hill, in Charlestown, was closed: at this time, *The Lively*, man-of-war, began to fire upon them. A number of our enemy's ships, tenders, cutters, scows, or floating-batteries, soon came up, from all which the fire was general by twelve o'clock. About two the enemy began to land at a point which leads out from Noddle's Island, and immediately marched up to our intrenchments, from which they were twice repulsed, but, in the third attack, forced them. Our forces which were in the lines, as well as those sent for their support, were greatly annoyed on every side by balls and bombs from Copp's Hill, the ships, scows, etc. At this time the buildings in Charlestown appeared in flames in almost every quarter, kindled by hot balls, and is since laid in ashes. Though this scene was almost horrible, and altogether new to most of our men, yet many stood and received wounds by swords and bayonets, before they quitted their lines. At five o'clock the enemy were in full possession of all the posts within the isthmus.

"The number of killed and wounded on our side is not known, but supposed by some to be about sixty or seventy, and by some considerably above that number. Our most worthy friend and president, Dr. Warren, lately elected a major-general, is among them. This loss we feel most sensibly. . . . The loss of the enemy is doubtless great. By an anonymous letter from Boston, we are told that they exult much in having gained the ground, though their killed and wounded are owned about one thousand; but this account exceeds every other estimation."

Prescott reported at headquarters, indignant that he had not been better supported, and offered to retake the hills if he might have fifteen hundred men; but Ward, who was at least prudent, declined.

General Gage, on the other side, knew very well at what terrible cost his victory had been won. Here is his letter to Lord Dartmouth:

"BOSTON, *June 25, 1775.*

"The success, of which I send your lordship an account by the present opportunity, was very necessary in our present situation; and I wish most sincerely that it had not cost us so dear. The number of killed and wounded is greater than our forces can afford to lose. The officers who were obliged to exert themselves have suffered very much; and we have lost some extremely good officers. The trials we have had show the rebels are not the despicable rabble too many have sup-

posed them to be; and I find it owing to a military spirit encouraged among them for a few years past, joined with an uncommon degree of zeal and enthusiasm, that they are otherwise."

Horace Walpole had written, July 6, before they had the news: —

"The general complexion is war. All advices speak the Americans determined; and report says the government here intends to pursue the same plan. I told you at first I thought you and I should not see the end of this breach; and, if we do not, I know not what posterity will see — the ruin of both countries, at least of this. Can we support the loss of America, or a long war?

"There is a black cloud nearer. The livery of London have begun a quarrel with the king, and have actually proclaimed war on his ministers, as you will see by the papers. I do not take panic; but, if any blow should happen from America, the mob of London is a formidable foe on a sudden. A minister may be executed before he is impeached; and considering the number of American merchants in the city, and of those who have connections in America, riots may be raised: but I hate to prophesy. I have always augured ill of this quarrel, and washed my hands of it."

After the dispatches came, he wrote: —

"Aug. 3. — In spite of all my modesty, I cannot help thinking I have a little something of the prophet about me. At least, we have not conquered America yet. I did not send you immediate word of the victory at Boston, because the success not only seemed very equivocal, but because the conquerors lost three to one more than the vanquished. The last do not pique themselves upon modern good breeding, but level only at the officers, of whom they have slain a vast number. We are a little disappointed, indeed, at their fighting at all, which was not in our calculation. We knew we could conquer America in Germany, and I doubt had better have gone thither now for that purpose, as it does not appear hitherto to be quite so feasible in America itself. However, we are determined to know the worst, and are sending away all the men and ammunition we can muster. The Congress, not asleep neither, have appointed a *generalissimo*, Washington, allowed a very able officer, who distinguished himself in the last war."

All accounts agree in describing the terrible dismay felt in Boston as the wounded were brought over from the field. A letter published by Mr. Drake says that the loyalists sent down their carriages, chaises, and even hand-barrows to bring them up from the boats; and old people remember hearing their mothers tell of blood dropping from the carts upon the pavement. General Howe was said to have said, "They may talk of their Mindens and their Fontenoy's; but there was no such fire there as here." In truth, the French at Minden lost seven thousand men out of fifty thousand. Howe lost at Bunker's Hill one thousand and fifty-four men from a force which is variously stated as two thousand, three thousand and four thousand. In the history of the Fifty-second Regiment, the statement is made, that one of their light companies, led by Howe himself against Stark and Knowlton, had every man either killed or wounded.

Howe escaped without hurt; but it is remembered that his white silk stockings were bloody from the blood which men had left on the long grass through which he had to lead his troops. He quite fulfilled the promise he made in the speech which he addressed to his own men before the assault: "I shall not desire one of you to go a step farther than I shall go myself at your head."

It should be remembered that, from 1762 to 1775, the English army had not been under fire. To most of the privates, war was probably as new as to their enemy. This may account for the exposure of the

officers. One hundred and fifty-seven officers were killed and wounded in a total loss of one thousand and fifty-four.

The loss of the Americans was one hundred and forty killed, two hundred and seventy-one wounded ; and they lost thirty prisoners. Their force engaged was about fifteen hundred ; but at the larger Bunker's Hill, and on the way there, they must have had, not under fire, a thousand more men.

For a long time, the battle of Bunker's Hill was spoken of with a certain indignation in the Provincial circles, as if there had been some misbehavior on the part of some one engaged. "Some one had blundered." There was a series of court-martials after it, which lasted till after Washington took the command. But history has set all this right. The English Government recalled Gage as soon as they received his dispatches, and we now know that Bunker Hill was the decisive battle of the war. For the impression then made on Howe and Clinton, who were to be Gage's successors, governed them through the war. They never again led men against troops who were intrenched. In this lesson Bunker Hill may be said to have determined that cautious strategy of theirs which marked the whole conflict. We now know that the English officers complained that their privates misbehaved. But when one reads that every man in one company was killed or wounded, he does not ask many questions as to the courage of the survivors.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MASSACHUSETTS AT SEA.

IT is hard for the New Englander of to-day to remember that his ancestors of a century and a half ago generally drew their living from the sea. But in truth the codfish is the totem or crest of Massachusetts. The reader knows how necessary for physical life were the fisheries to the settlers in the beginning. And he has not wisely read these chapters if he has not seen that these descendants of Norsemen who had the blood of Vikings in their veins, won their victories because they were born masters of the sea. The same blood is in their veins to-day: but, alas! it shows itself chiefly as they build the fastest yachts for their amusement and challenge the world to sail with them on summer seas.

When the war of the Revolution began, it was not so. It would be safe to say that of the young men of Massachusetts of age for war, one half were as much at home upon the sea as upon the land. And when the army formed itself around Boston, they were as ready for adventures upon the water as they were for camps or garrisons. Hardly a fortnight after the battle of Lexington the people of New

Bedford and Dartmouth fitted out an armed vessel which went in pursuit of a prize which had been taken in Buzzard's Bay by the *Falcon*, a British sloop of war. In the province of Maine, the people of Machias seized the *Margaretta*, a king's sloop and two other vessels. They put her armament on board another vessel, and the Massachusetts Government placed her under the command of O'Brien, who thus became the first naval officer in the American navy. In September Washington issued commissions giving power to cut off the supply vessels of the English, and the state government at once commissioned six vessels — the *Lynch*, the *Franklin*, the *Lee*, the *Washington*, the *Harrison* and the *Warren* — on this business. The last five of these names are still remembered. But young readers may be excused if they do not know why the first vessel in the American navy should have been named the *Lynch*. The name was given in honor of Thomas Lynch, of South Carolina. He was the youngest signer of the Declaration of Independence. He is but little known in our history, because he was lost at sea in the year 1779.

These little cruisers were generally commanded by brave men and manned by fearless crews. Washington complains somewhere that the officers always quarreled on shore; but at sea they were apt to do their duty. In the rashest way they would dash out from Marblehead and Cape Ann, and just outside the Bay, would capture vessels which were coming fearlessly into port with supplies for the English. Manly and Mugford, two of these commanders, are always

to be remembered. This chapter might well be filled with the pathetic story of the way in which Mugford lost his life. His little vessel had gone ashore, and had to beat off the boats of the British squadron as they waited for the slow tide to rise.

To such men as these, used to seafaring life in all its forms, the State of Massachusetts issued privateers commissions. This was then a perfectly legitimate method of warfare. In the advance of civilization it is now somewhat frowned upon, as adding to the lawlessness of war. But it is very difficult to draw the line between the acts of a cruiser commissioned like the *Alabama*, and the acts of a privateer, receiving a commission from the same Government.

In those days no such questions of conscience were asked. All other commerce was endangered by the English cruisers. It was hard for a coaster even to run along the shore without being snapped up by one of their watchful commanders. Here were therefore all the men, who would have been engaged in the whale fishery or the cod fishery or in commerce with the West Indies, with Europe or the rest of the world, ready to go out as privateersmen under any popular commander. Under John Adams's pressure, Congress created a navy before the Declaration of Independence. As the war went on, the new State of Massachusetts maintained its own navy, building or buying its ships. It should be remembered that at this time the building of ships for sale abroad was a very important industry. No finer vessels

were built in the world. The names given to these vessels show the spirit of the time. The *Margaretta*, after her capture, became the *Liberty*. The *Andrew Doria* recalled the name of the Venetian Doge. There was the *Oliver*; there was the *Cromwell*; there were the *Oliver Cromwell* and the *Protector*. The reader will come to some passages from the log of the *Tyrannicide*. All these names were used, that kings might remember "that there was a crick in their necks also."

The method of fitting out a privateer was this: some man of enterprise or reputation obtained from the Government a commission which gave him a right to arm his vessel the *Cromwell* or the *Sally* as a privateer, and to ship a crew. The crew once shipped were under his command, as they would have been in a vessel of the State. But it was generally supposed that the discipline of a privateer was not so severe as that of the national or State vessels. The crew enlisted under an agreement that the profits of the adventure were to be divided among them. Each man had what is called his "lay," varying according to the importance of the service he rendered. To this arrangement they were all accustomed. For all fishing vessels and all whalers went out under a similar communistic arrangement, as indeed they do to this day. The vessel went to sea, and sought the pathways of English commerce. So enterprising were they, and so successful, that it seems certain that between that first capture of the *Margaretta* and the end of the war, more than six

hundred prizes were taken every year. Once and again these bold men pounced on almost all the fleet of traders between England and Africa. The rates of insurance in London were so high that maritime commerce in every direction was crippled. "The Yankee Privateers" cruised in sight of the English headlands, and even before France made war with England, the crossing of the English Channel was regarded as a dangerous adventure.

Such losses became so considerable as to make a national calamity. The pressure they made upon public opinion in England made the war as unpopular in the end as it had been popular in the beginning. The commercial interest in England was too large an element of public opinion to be slighted. Before 1781 the merchants of England were thoroughly sick of constant losses and of high insurance. And when the news of the last blow came, and the word that Cornwallis had surrendered, it came upon a public in England which was heartily tired of the struggle.

Strictly speaking, therefore, the independence of the nation was won upon the sea rather than upon the land. This truth should be impressed in the "Story of Massachusetts," because in such success, Massachusetts had so much to do. Probably in every year of the war, Massachusetts had more men at sea against the enemy than Washington had on land in the whole Continental army. It seems quite clear that, as the war went on, the nation had more men at sea against the enemy, than the total force of soldiers in the Continental army and the militia.

The navy of the State itself amounted to more than forty vessels, between the beginning and the end, though there was no period when nearly so large a force was in commission. Some of the vessels which make up this number were only purchased by the State, or perhaps chartered for a single voyage.

The tendency of the writers of our history has been to describe in detail the victories and the reverses on the land, but the history of the naval warfare has been and is buried, in old log-books or in the journals of young men who are joining in this wide system of adventure. If the reader will recollect what has been said, that on an average, two prizes a day were taken for more than six years, and if it is remembered that the State of Massachusetts sent out fully three quarters of the seamen engaged in such adventure, he will understand how much, of what is essential to history, is so hidden away in such records. Some extracts from such papers will give an idea of the way in which such young men won the victories of the seas.

EXTRACTS FROM MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN J.
FISH.

JOURNAL OF THE SLOOP TYRANNICIDE'S CRUISE, MYSELF COMMANDER.

“Remarks on Tuesday, the 12th of June, 1776.— At nine in the morning, Captain Derby gave me notice of a ship to the southward of Marblehead, standing up toward Boston. Went on board, weighed anchor, stood to the southward, and saw the ship toward Boston. Gave chase after her. At three in the afternoon fired a shot for her to bear down. Saw the Continental schooner coming out of Boston. At half-past three fired a shot at the ship. The schooner and a brig from Boston fired at the ship. We fired a second shot at her; down came her colors. Sent

the first lieutenant and six men on board. She is the ship *Lord Howe*, Robert Park master, from Glasgow, one hundred officers and soldiers on board, belonging to the seventy-first regiment. Spoke with Captain Tucker in one of the Continental schooners; got a pilot from him to carry us into Boston. He ran the sloop on shore twice, but she received no damage. Thus ends this day."

There exists, in manuscript, an unpublished autobiography of Thomas Ward of Salem. This young man, at fifteen years of age, determined to support his mother, brothers and sisters, enlisted in a Marblehead privateer. From that time, in 1776, till the war ended, he was afloat, or in an English prison, or enjoying a brief holiday at home between two voyages. Three times he was taken prisoner, and his experience in New York Harbor, in Quebec, and at Forton in England, make very interesting parts of his narrative. His record of the success at sea of these Vikings of Salem and Marblehead with whom he sailed, reads like a chapter from the history of some floating Amadis of Gaul. Such records belong in the annals of adventure with the old tales of chivalry.

The State of Massachusetts, sooner or later, seems to have commissioned six hundred privateers. I think the number was much larger.

Of the naval commanders of that day John Forster Williams was the most popular captain. He had fought some battles with matchless intrepidity, and until the year 1814 was highly honored in Boston as one of the heroes of the Revolution. The battle which he fought in the *Protector*, in which he took the Admiral Duff, was one of the well-contested

naval actions of the war, and when he brought his prize into port he was received with all the honors which the little town could give him.

The war at sea assumed enormous proportions before it was over. An official report made by John Adams, July 6, 1780, shows that at that time the French navy had taken or destroyed twenty-three English war-ships, while they had lost to the English from their own navy fifteen in the same time. England had taken or destroyed twenty-five vessels of war belonging to Congress, and had destroyed a fleet of privateers and State cruisers consisting of seventeen vessels, sent by Massachusetts into the Penobscot. Congress had taken or destroyed seven English ships of war. Congress had lost eleven by shipwreck or other accident. There is a loss to England of forty-two ships of war of all grades in four years.

Almon's Memorial gives for a series of years the losses of the mercantile fleet of England. It amounted in some years to more than six hundred vessels, of which the names are given, and, naturally, many vessels are omitted in such a statement.

It should be remembered that the number of seamen engaged in the privateer fleet in the Massachusetts State cruisers and in those of the nation amounted in every year to forty or fifty thousand men. This is an enormous proportion of the people of a State which had not more than four hundred thousand inhabitants. If it is also remembered that on the average one or two prizes were brought in every day into one or another of the seaports of the

State, it will be easy to see how constant and how intense was the excitement arising from the conditions of the war. In a single voyage of Abraham Whipple, he disguised his ship as a merchantman and made her one of a fleet which an English squadron was convoying from the West Indies to England.

Every night, as soon as it was dark, he captured one of his unsuspecting neighbors. In this way he took ten prizes successively in ten nights, and his prize crews brought eight of them into port successfully. These eight sold for more than a million dollars, which was divided as prize money among his crew. Such a success was reported far and wide, and very likely with exaggeration; and would do much to blot out the memory of frequent failure.

Some of the commanders most successful in this warfare were John Foster Williams and Andrew Hallett.

From the archives of Massachusetts I copy the following spirited letter from Hallett, describing one of his own successes :

IN LATITUDE 28° 30' N. LONGITUDE 68° 25' W. }
AT SEA, on board the *Tyrannicide*, March 31, 1779. }

I have the pleasure of sending this to you by Mr. John Blanch, who goes prize master to the prize, the privateer brig *Revenge*, lately commanded by Captain Robert Fendall, belonging to Granada, but last of Jamaica, mounting fourteen carriage guns, six and four pounds — four swivels and two colburs, and sixty able-bodied men, which ship I took after a very sharp and bloody engagement, in which they had eight men killed and thirteen wounded — the vessel cut very much to pieces by my shot, so that they had no command of her at all. Among the killed was the lieutenant and one quartermaster. Among the

wounded is the captain and the second lieutenant. I captured her as below.

On the twenty-ninth instant at 4 P. M., I made her out about four leagues to windward, coming down on us; upon which I cleared ship and got all hands to quarter, ready for an engagement, and stood close upon the wind, waiting for her. About half-past five P. M. she came up with me and hailed me, and asked me where I was from. I told them that I was from Boston, and asked them where they were from. They said from Jamaica and that they were a British cruiser. I immediately told them that I was an American cruiser—upon which they ordered me to strike—and seeing that I did not intend to gratify their desires, they ranged up under my lee, and gave me a broadside. I immediately returned the compliment, and then, dropping astern, I got under their lee and then poured in our broadsides into her from below and out of the tops, so fast and so well directed that in an hour and a quarter we dismounted two of her guns, and drove the men from their quarters and compelled them to strike their colors. During the whole engagement we were not at any time more than half-pistol shot distance, and some part of the time our yards were locked with theirs. I had eight men wounded, only two of whom are bad.

I intended to man her and keep her as consort during the cruise, but having twenty men wounded on board of my own men and prisoners, I thought best to send her home. . . . ALLEN HALLETT.

[NOTE.—Mr. Arthur Hale has made a spirited ballad from this story, at my request. It closes this chapter.]

In the same vessel Williams* fought and took the Admiral Duff, of twenty guns. He brought her into port, and was received with all the enthusiasm which an excited town could express.

The most decided reverse experienced by the navy was in the autumn of 1779. It was the failure of an expedition conceived in Boston by the government of the State and cordially supported by the

* Williams is the hero of a ballad of 1789, describing the procession in honor of the adoption of the National Constitution. A little ship called the Constitution was drawn through the streets as a part of the pageant:

“John Foster Williams in a ship
A giving his commands, sir,
It made the lasses laugh and skip
To see a ship on land, sir.”

people. It does not appear to have been in any way suggested by Congress or by Washington. It is, on the other hand, a curious illustration of the absolute independence of the States, that Massachusetts should have undertaken such an enterprise on her own account. Possibly her government would not have done so, but that the enemy to be attacked was within her own borders.

The history of this unfortunate expedition is interesting, because it shows the energy and promptness of the infant State, although it ended in disastrous failure. The English commander at Halifax had detached General McLane with nine hundred men to establish a post near the point settled by the Baron Castine, a hundred and fifty years before, near the mouth of the Penobscot. McLane arrived there on the twelfth of June, 1779, and met no opposition. He began at once on a square fort in the center of the peninsula on which Castine now stands. The place was then known as Major-biguyduce, and popularly called "Bageduce," a name which lingers to this day. News was at once sent to Boston, to the Council which governed Massachusetts. Massachusetts had no constitution or governor until the next year. The General Court was in session. It ordered the Board of War to engage or employ such vessels as could be ready in six days, with power to charter or to press private armed vessels. But there was no need to impress vessels. There seem to have been quite enough privateers ready to volunteer for the Penobscot River. It was hoped that McLane

could be surprised by a prompt movement. John Adams seems, from his correspondence, to have been eager to drive every English soldier from the territories of the State, even though those territories were a wilderness. He probably had in mind the certainty that when the treaty of peace came, actual possession would be an important element in the determination of boundary.

The Salem and Newburyport merchants provisioned six vessels of the fleet for two months. It consisted of nineteen ships of war and twenty-four transports — a larger American fleet than has ever sailed out of the port of Boston at any other period of history for military adventure. Saltonstall of the United States navy was in the *Warren*, a new frigate of thirty-two guns, in Boston Harbor, and to him was given the command — unfortunately, as it proved. From the little State navy were furnished the *Tyrannicide*, the *Hazard* and the *Protector*, under the command of John Foster Williams. The United States force were the *Warren*, the *Diligent* and the *Providence*, which were nearly all that were left of the Continental navy. Eleven privateers joined in the expedition. At the same session of the General Court the settlers in Maine were instructed to furnish nine hundred men from the counties of Lincoln, Cumberland and York. The force of marines and soldiers which sailed from Boston was between three and four hundred. Colonel Revere furnished a hundred men from his battalion of the Boston militia. The command of the army was given to General Lovell, who

was at that time the brigadier-general of the Suffolk militia. He was a gallant officer, but had never been accustomed to a large command. This force was equipped so promptly that it appeared before McLane's fort on the twenty-fifth of July, six weeks after he had taken possession. On the twenty-eighth, Lovell landed four hundred men, and, with great promptness and gallantry, mounted the precipices on the western side of the island, and, in face of a hot fire, took possession of the top of the cliffs. In this advance he lost a hundred out of the landing party, and he threw up some fortifications within seven hundred yards of McLane's main works. For some reason, a council of war of the land and naval officers determined not to summon the garrison to surrender. Saltonstall refused to furnish any more of his marines, who had suffered severely in landing. A message was sent back to Boston to say, what was true enough, that they had not troops enough to reduce the little fort by siege. But Lovell advanced his works, and so pressed General McLane that it was afterward fully ascertained that he would have capitulated if he had been summoned. Saltonstall, however, who was the real commander of the expedition, seems to have been eager to achieve some greater success. Perhaps he would have done so, but, on the thirteenth of August, while Lovell was still pressing his advances, an English fleet of seven sail appeared in the outer waters of Penobscot Bay.

Saltonstall drew up his fleet in the form of a

crescent to meet this new enemy. Sir George Collier was in command of the English. He advanced without hesitation, and poured in a heavy broadside, which threw the American fleet into confusion. They were not outnumbered, but undoubtedly had a much heavier weight of metal opposed to them than their own. The English fleet mounted two hundred and four guns, while the guns of the nineteen American vessels numbered three hundred and forty-four. But he had a very great advantage given him in being in command of the *Raisonable*, which was a ship-of-the-line, while Saltonstall's flagship which was his largest ship was the *Warren*, of thirty-two guns. The different American vessels tried to escape by one and another passage, but eventually were all lost, being generally burned or blown up by their crews. The *Hunter* of eighteen guns and the *Hampton* of twenty were captured.

The officers and men of the army of course abandoned the position they had taken, and were obliged to march through the woods in their retreat. Saltonstall, Lovell, and Wadsworth, his second in command, were all court-martialed on their return. Saltonstall was made to bear the brunt of the whole failure. This is probably fair, although it was unfair to charge him with treachery and cowardice. He had the very great difficulty that he commanded a body of privateersmen who were entirely unused to being commanded, and would do as they chose, whatever he said to them. But he had three vessels of the United States navy and three vessels of the

Massachusetts navy, which were more amenable to orders. It certainly seems as if he might have saved his squadron by taking it to sea, before the overwhelming force of the enemy hemmed him in in the harbor. But it is idle, after a hundred years, to say that the skillful man who was upon the spot did not do as well as he could, knowing, better than we know, the circumstances of his command.

This lamentable failure has an historical interest, because it was practically the end of the navy of the United States and of the separate navy of the State of Massachusetts. After that time the war at sea was conducted almost wholly by privateersmen, while the French fleet kept the sea, not unsuccessfully, against Lord Howe and the other English marine commanders. The privateer fleet of Massachusetts was stronger and stronger to the end of the war. Privateering had become the business of those who had no longer the fisheries, or the regular commerce of older times to rely upon. At the end of the war, the town of Salem alone had fifty-nine privateers in commission, carrying four thousand men. This is a force larger in numbers than the United States had afloat in the year 1890.

THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.

[BY ARTHUR HALE.]

I.

Come, listen and I'll tell you
How first I went to sea,
To fight against the British
And earn our liberty.
We shipped with Captain Whipple
Who never knew a fear,
The Captain of the Providence,
The Yankee privateer.
We sailed and we sailed
And made good cheer;
There were many pretty men
On the Yankee privateer.

II.

The British Lord High Admiral,
He wished old Whipple harm,
He wrote him that he'd hang him
From the end of his yard-arm.
"My lord," wrote Whipple back again,
"It seems to me it's clear,
That if you want to hang him,
You must catch your Privateer."
So we sailed and we sailed
And we made good cheer,
For not a British frigate
Could come near the Privateer.

III.

We sailed to the South'ard
And nothing did we meet
Till we found three British frigates
And their West Indian fleet.
Old Whipple shut our ports
And crawled up near,
And shut us all below
On the Yankee Privateer.

So slowly he sailed
We fell to the rear
And not a soul suspected
The Yankee Privateer.

IV.

At dark he put the lights out
And forward we ran,
And silently we boarded
The biggest merchantman.
We knocked down the watch —
The lubbers shook for fear —
She's a prize, without a shot,
To the bold Privateer!
We sent the prize North
And dropped to the rear,
And all day we slept
On the bold Privateer.

V.

For ten days we sailed,
And, e'er the sun rose,
Each night a prize we'd taken
Beneath the Lion's nose.
When the British looked to see
Why their ships should disappear,
They found they had in convoy
A Yankee Privateer.
But we sailed and we sailed,
And never thought of fear;
Not a coward was on board
The Yankee Privateer.

VI.

The biggest British frigate
Bore round to give us chase,
But though he was the fleetest,
Old Whipple wouldn't race
Till he'd raked her fore and aft —
For the lubbers couldn't steer —
Then he showed them the heels
Of the Yankee Privateer.

We sailed and we sailed,
And we made good cheer,
But not a British frigate
Could come near the Privateer.

VII.

Then we sailed to the North,
To the town we all know,
And there lay our prizes
All anchored in a row.
And welcome were we
To our homes so dear,
And we shared a million dollars
On the Yankee Privateer.
We'd sailed and we'd sailed,
And we made good cheer,
We all had full pockets
On the bold Privateer.

VIII.

Then we each manned a ship
And our sails unfurled,
And we bore the stars and stripes
O'er the oceans of the world.
From the proud flag of Britain
We swept the seas clear,
And we earned our independence
On the Yankee Privateer!
Then, sailors and landmen,
One more cheer!
Here is three times three
For the Yankee Privateer!

CHAPTER XIX.

SHAY'S REBELLION.

THE history of republics shows that their greatest difficulty is not the expulsion of a tyrant. It may be doubted whether any tyrant has ever reigned long over any considerable body of people unanimous in determining that he should not reign over them. The great difficulty comes when the people have to determine whether they will obey their own laws. If one government can be turned out, why not another? Obedience to law is not always agreeable. If we have a law which is disagreeable, which presses upon our comforts, why should we not throw it off?

All experience has shown indeed — as Mr. Jefferson says in one of the best passages of the Declaration of Independence — that men are more willing to remain oppressed by familiar evils, than to risk new ones. This is true enough. But, after a successful revolution, like that which sent the army of England back across the ocean, the danger will come that the people will not have the old aversion to change which has made it conservative in other times.

John Adams and the other leaders of Massachu-

setts had been very sensitive in this matter. Adams's letters show the greatest anxiety that a respect, even a reverence, for "government" shall be cultivated among the citizens of Massachusetts, while the struggle was going on. While it went on, such respect was, on the whole, maintained. The tokens of disrespect indeed, when found, are in the letters and journals—not of the working people, but of what would have called itself the aristocracy. It is among clergymen and merchants that you find a sneer because a blacksmith is a general, or a shoemaker a member of Congress. But such sneers are only the ripple on the surface. On the whole Massachusetts was absolutely loyal to her own government, while the war continued. Government was but a cumbrous machine at first. Until 1780 it was the Executive Committee of the General Court, which went on in its business as it had done for a hundred and fifty years before. In 1780 the present Constitution was made. It is largely the work of John Adams, who was at home, in a break in his European diplomatic life. It was inaugurated with ceremony, and went on with success for six years. It was then that it sustained the severest strain to which it has ever been exposed. The Republican theory of government, however, came out triumphant. This crisis, all important, as deciding for a long period the real attachment of the people to government as government, is known in local history as "Shay's Insurrection."

It must be remembered that though the war was

ended, it was not yet paid for. A very heavy debt pressed the United States and the State of Massachusetts. The estimate is made that the private debts in the State amounted to £1,300,000; the State owed £250,000 to her own soldiers; and her proportion of the Federal debt was £1,500,000. At the same time the polls of Massachusetts did not number 90,000 men. The property of the State was still largely held by farmers. Maritime commerce had suffered a severe check in the Revolution, and the new sources of wealth which it was to open to Massachusetts were not yet developed. Only the very beginning had been made of the system of manufacture upon which Massachusetts now relies. Whatever may be the popularity now of a system of taxation by which all revenue shall be collected by taxes upon land, that system was by no means so popular when the greater part of the revenue was so collected. It was clear enough to the farmer in Massachusetts, and indeed in the other States, that he paid a much larger proportion of the taxes than was paid by the very few men who were successful in commerce, or who had fortunes inherited from the past.

In this condition of things there arose, not unnaturally, in all the States, a dislike of merchants and a dislike of lawyers. If a man did not pay his taxes, the courts were called upon to compel him to do so, and naturally the farmer disliked the men who were the agents of justice. With such causes of disaffection the legislature of Massachusetts met in

the year 1786. Various proposals for reform and the redress of grievances were presented. As against the lawyers, the House of Representatives passed a bill opening the courts to all persons of good character, and restricting the fees of attorneys; but the Senate refused to consider this bill. Another bill was for an issue of paper money, which might relieve the tax-payers; this bill, however, was rejected in the House by a strong vote. Another "popular bill" made real and personal estate legal tender, but this was defeated by a vote of more than two to one. The House did pass an act granting supplementary funds to the National Congress. It thus showed itself still firm to what may be called the cause of Government.

The discontented tax-payers felt that they had nothing to expect from a legislature which met in Boston, and which they conceived to be under the influence of merchants and lawyers. As soon as the two houses adjourned, the disaffected people in the county of Hampshire, which then included the whole of that part of the Connecticut Valley, which is in Massachusetts, called a convention. They began by protesting against riots. They then condemned the Senate of the State; they passed resolutions denouncing the impost and the excise for the payment of continental taxes, proposing the abolition of the Senate, and declaring that the Court of Common Pleas was unnecessary. Publishing these statements as a sort of basis of opinion for the malcontents, they adjourned.

The immediate consequence was that when, in

August of that year, the Court of Common Pleas met in Hampshire, the judges found the court-house in possession of an armed mob. In the county of Worcester, a paper had been circulated by which the subscribers bound themselves to prevent the sitting of the Court of Common Pleas. On the fifth of September the court was to be held at Worcester. A mob of a hundred men assembled, and the court, finding that the militia even took sides with the mob, adjourned on the next day "without day." In Concord in Middlesex County, similar malcontents were encouraged by the arrival of a force of ninety men, well armed, from Hampshire and Worcester. In Berkshire, the western county of the State, the insurgents, as they began to be called, broke open the jail, set the prisoners free, and prevented the sitting of the Court.

Thus far the proceedings were against the Courts of Common Pleas, to which fell the immediate business of issuing orders for the sale of farms on which the taxes had not been paid. The leaders were now so satisfied with such success that they determined that the Supreme Court should not sit at Springfield. Here a square issue was made between them and the governor. He ordered six hundred militia under arms, and gave the command to General Shepard. By the time the court was to be held, the malcontents had assembled an armed force of five or six hundred men, which was under the command of Daniel Shay. The court held a formal session, but transacted no business; and, after meeting two successive days, it

rose. During these three days the militia and the rioters, in bodies of about equal force, were in presence of each other, but both parties probably dreaded an appeal to force. Shepard was able to protect the Federal arsenal which already existed at Springfield. After the adjournment of the court Shay withdrew his men.

Thus far the insurgents had succeeded in their object of delaying the execution of law, so far as law compelled the payment of taxes. It was clear, however, to James Bowdoin, then governor, and to all the friends of Government, that no such obstruction as this must be permitted. It would seem as if they had till now acted under the impression that the complaints would exhaust themselves in conventions and in resolutions, and that the native deference to law would show itself, when the inconveniences were felt which would attend the suspension of the courts. But, as winter drew on, they abandoned any such hope. Indeed, there were more and more tokens of real insubordination and anarchy. "Burning barns and blazing haystacks" were the tokens of the punishment by which lawless men showed their resentment against friends of the Government.

Bowdoin determined to collect an army for the suppression of what he now called an insurrection. He ordered out four thousand four hundred men and gave the command to Benjamin Lincoln, the most distinguished Massachusetts officer of the war. The men were enlisted for thirty days unless sooner discharged,

and were to receive the pay of Continentals. Bowdoin knew, however, perfectly well, that he had not the funds with which to pay these men, nor even to start them upon their expedition; and it is matter of tradition that, in this exigency, a club of Boston gentlemen, which still holds its festive meetings on Wednesday evenings in the winter, agreed one night to send to Bowdoin the ten thousand dollars in specie, which he considered sufficient for beginning the campaign.

There was no difficulty in recruiting the troops, and on the twenty-second of January Lincoln found himself in command of a very respectable army. Almost every man in Massachusetts was now trained to arms, and this was a body of veterans. The Governor's Guard, the Boston Cadets, were a part of this force, and it is probable that every man in it had served as a soldier. Orders had been given to Shepard at Springfield to collect such force as he could to defend the arsenal. The insurgents hoped to surround him and take possession of it before Lincoln could arrive.

On the afternoon of the twenty-fifth of January, Shepard saw Daniel Shay's column advance. He sent a flag and warned him that he must not approach within a line which he indicated. Shay tried the experiment, but his troops did not sustain the fire of the loyal army. They fled in confusion, and when Shay was able to rally them it was found that two hundred deserters had gone home.

Lincoln, with his army, arrived in Springfield on

the morning of the twenty-seventh. The traveler now passes over that distance in less than three hours ; Lincoln had been five days on the march, in cold and in snow. But he gave his men no rest when they arrived. He pressed the enemy, who had already retreated before Shepard, so vigorously that his force diminished rapidly, under the dread of a collision and the pressure of winter. The vigor of Lincoln's operations was such that he surprised the nucleus of the rebel army at Petersham in Worcester County.

The rout was complete, and, from that moment, they never appeared in force. There were small gatherings of insurgents in different counties which, at one period or another, gained head against the Government. But, with the complete defeat of Shay and his party, it may be said that the insurrection came to an end. From the time when Lincoln led his men out from Roxbury to the dispersion of the armed force of the rebels at Petersham, scarcely ten days had elapsed. The governors of the neighboring States were on the alert to break up parties of rebels who might appear in armed force among them, and the success of government in Massachusetts proved to be the success of government in every State. For it may be said that in every State were the difficulties experienced which pressed upon the government of Massachusetts.

The insurrection and its suppression were of much greater importance than many a pitched battle celebrated in history and in song. They tested the

question whether the people of Massachusetts meant to support government because it was government. To that question that people replied in the affirmative, and the principle was thus established on which, and on which alone, the existence of a republic depends.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WAR OF 1812.

THE condition of Massachusetts in the second war with England was a curious one. There are a good many points of even pathetic interest connected with it, and her people and her statesmen, of both political parties, were intensely interested, were bitterly disappointed, and were jubilant with success, at different moments of that foolish and ineffectual struggle. In the dissensions of the first ten years of the century, which were probably wholly unnecessary, between the agricultural States of the Union and the commercial States, Massachusetts had suffered some severe reverses. On the other hand, as the Portuguese minister of that time said, it seemed as though that Divine providence which has always been said to take care of drunkards, idiots and crazy people, had a special care of the United States. No matter how foolish the policy at Washington—and very foolish it often was—the affairs of Europe were so ordered that it was difficult for the commercial States to fail of great success.

• The children of New England have the Norse blood in their veins. There have been times when they could have been said to be the best sailors in

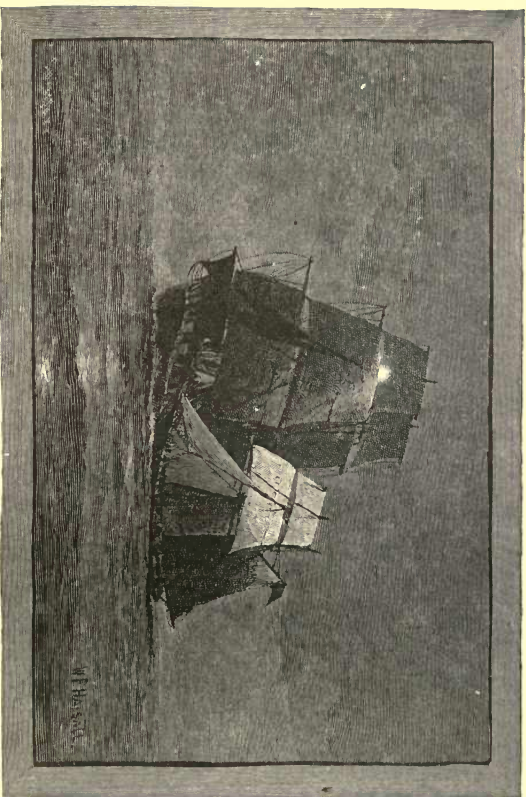
the world. Long before the Revolution they had made themselves the ship-builders of the world, as has been said in another chapter. All of a sudden, in the European complications, England chose to try to suppress the maritime commerce of all continental Europe, and Napoleon tried to suppress the continental commerce of England. Here was exactly the opportunity for the New England ship-master to do what was called the carrying-trade of the whole world, and the commerce of New England increased in rapid proportion.

The government of this country, in the hands of Mr. Jefferson and under Southern prejudices, did not fail to see this success, and was irritated in proportion. A series of measures, aimed theoretically at England, checked the success of the American ship-masters to such a point that such support as the Democratic party had in New England was lost, and even Mr. Jefferson himself was frightened with the rebukes which he received from the maritime States of the North. But when Mr. Madison came to the presidency in 1809, there is no doubt that his wish and determination were to recede from the belligerent attitude which the southern government of this country had assumed towards England. But a new power arose at that time. The younger heads of the Democratic party, headed notably by Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun, waited upon Mr. Madison, and told him that if war were not proclaimed, or if the belligerent measures which the younger Democrats favored were not countenanced by the administration, he should

not be his own successor in 1813. Poor Mr. Madison, who had, for all the earlier part of his life, been obliged to submit to what he really did not like — the policy of Mr. Jefferson — was now obliged, for the rest of his public life, to submit to the policy of Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun, which he liked less. He therefore, very unwillingly, assented to what is now known as the short war with England.

That war was carried on for rather more than two years, with wretched success on the land. The Democratic party, which had made the war, would have lost steadily in repute through the country, but for the brilliancy and success of a series of naval victories.

These naval victories were won by the seamen of the maritime States, in a navy which had been created under the administration of Mr. Adams, and which had been steadily thwarted and frowned upon under the administration of Mr. Jefferson. But, fortunately for the United States, she had afloat at this time a few frigates which it is fair to say from the issue, were the finest war-ships in the world. Such were the *Constitution*, which had been built at Hart's Wharf in Boston, in 1796, the *United States*, the *Chesapeake*, the *President*, and others. The names of some of these vessels, especially that of the *Constitution*, have long been wrought into the poetry and enthusiastic prose literature of the country; and the fame of *Old Ironsides*, the popular name of the *Constitution*, has become a part of the choice memories of patriots old and young.



THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.

The navy of that period was commanded by a small number of officers, one or two of whom had memories running back to the war of the Revolution, many of whom had served in the Algerine War, and all of whom, it is fair to say, had the very best characteristics of the old adventurous blood which had carried the New England seamen over the world. The crews and the officers of these vessels were men of the same type. They early showed the readiness for discipline which is, curiously enough, wrought in with the New England characteristics of independence. And it is fair to say that there never sailed the sea a class of men more able to give effect to the commands of intelligent officers. It is hardly fair, therefore, to say that "it happened," it is rather a matter of course that when such vessels went to sea at the beginning of the war, manned by such men, they won instantly a series of remarkable victories, which are admitted on all sides to have changed the naval history of the world. That is to say, naval architecture from that time has been changed, and the necessities of naval warfare are recognized as different from what they were in the earlier part of the great Napoleonic wars of the century. It is a curious fact that the officers in command of these frigates actually hurried them to sea, acting largely on their own responsibility, in the fear that the government at Washington would shut them up in the harbors, and that they would have no opportunity to test their fighting qualities. But once at sea, as has been said, their success was remarkable.

It was the joke of the time that the Congress and the President were always unsuccessful, but that the Constitution and the United States were always victorious. This was one of those happy epigrams of which history is so fond, and which parties in power have to take as they can.

Curiously enough, it happened that the commander of the Constitution in her first cruise, was Isaac Hull, the nephew of the General Hull, a Massachusetts officer, whom it had been convenient for Mr. Madison's government to sacrifice at the beginning of the war.

The war was proclaimed on the eighteenth of June. As early as the thirteenth of August the Essex, which bore a Massachusetts name, fought the Alert, an English ship, and took her. On the nineteenth of August, Isaac Hull, who had taken the Constitution out, engaged the English frigate Guerriere, and, after a battle of two hours, dismasted her, and compelled her to strike. Hull returned to Boston to refit, and was received with all the triumphs of a Roman conqueror. The Federal party saw that they had their opportunity, and in every way proclaimed that they were entitled to the credit of all the victories of the navy. Everybody in Boston remembered that the Constitution was built in Boston, and that almost all her seamen were of New England birth. The Democrats, of course, on their side, were eager to claim the victory as belonging to the best policy of the war, so that for once both parties were satisfied or pretended to be.

From the beginning, the *Constitution* was regarded as a Massachusetts vessel. To this day Hart's Wharf is fondly pointed out as the place where *Old Ironsides* was built. For many years, whenever the *Constitution* was to be repaired, she was sent to the Navy Yard at Charlestown. In the year 1834, a complete restoration of the old vessel took place, and the oak which was taken out of her was carved into ornaments, into walking-sticks, or in some other way was fondly preserved as a memorial of victory. Indeed, the proposal of a Southern administration to break her up had been met with indignation, uttered in one of Dr. Holmes's earlier poems. From that day to this day the *Constitution* has been preserved as a memorial of old victory, and one of the first bits of good news after the rebellion began, was the announcement that, by the rapid advance of a Massachusetts regiment to Annapolis, *Old Ironsides* had been saved. This old vessel, now nearly a hundred years old, is still preserved. It is used, I think, as one of the training-ships of the young officers of the navy, at Annapolis.

With such recollections of the history of the *Constitution*, the reader of the *Story of Massachusetts* will be interested in tracing in more detail some steps of her triumphs in the war. She was in Annapolis when the proclamation of war was issued. Hall instantly shipped a new crew; and on the thirteenth of July he sailed with her. On the seventeenth of July he discovered five sail to the north and east of him, which proved to be English

vessels of war. After coquetting with each other for an afternoon and through the night, it was made sure that these vessels were the squadron of Commodore Broke. They closed with the American frigate during the night. In the morning they were just out of gunshot. They had with them two prizes. At the moment when the different vessels made sure of each other, at daybreak on the eighteenth, it was quite calm. Captain Hull knew that his only safety was in the swiftness of his vessel. He was obliged to send out her boats to tow the ship, and for an hour they did so. He afterwards sent forward from time to time a "kedge" half a mile away. "At a signal given the crew clapped on, and walked away with the ship, overrunning and tripping the kedge as she came up with the end of the line. While this was doing, fresh lines and another kedge were carried ahead, and in this manner, though out of sight of land, the frigate had glided away from her pursuers before they discovered the manner in which the escape was made. It was not long, however, before the English resorted to the same expedient." As soon as the Constitution had a little air, she set her ensign and fired a shot at the Shannon, the nearest ship astern. From this moment, for two days, these vessels were in sight of each other, occasionally exchanging shots, but without injury to one another.

At evening of the second day a squall struck the Constitution, for which she was ready, and with the impulse given by this gale she ran away from her

pursuers at the rate of eleven knots. The discipline maintained by the crew through the whole matter was such as to give great confidence to the officers as to their behavior in any other exigency. And from this moment it might be said that the vessel had a charmed name.

Hull ran into Boston before the end of July, and sailed again on the second of August. It was after she had taken two or three prizes that on the nineteenth she made a sail to the eastward, which proved to be the *Guerriere*, one of the ships of Broke's squadron, which had so lately chased the *Constitution*.

The narrative which follows is Fenimore Cooper's:

"At five in the afternoon the chase hoisted three English ensigns, and immediately after she opened her fire, at long gun-shot, wearing several times, to rake and prevent being raked. The *Constitution* occasionally yawed as she approached, to avoid being raked, and she fired a few guns as they bore, but her aim was not to commence the action seriously until quite close.

"At six o'clock the enemy bore up and ran off, under his three top-sails and jib, with the wind on his quarter. As this was an indication of a readiness to receive his antagonist in a fair yard-arm-and-yard-arm fight, the *Constitution* immediately set her maintop-gallant-sail and foresail to get alongside. At a little after six, the bows of the American ship began to double on the quarter of the English ship, when she opened with her forward guns, drawing slowly ahead, with her greater way, both vessels keeping up a close and heavy fire, as their guns bore. In about ten minutes, or just as the ships were fairly side by side, the mizzen-mast of the Englishman was shot away, when the American passed slowly ahead, keeping up a tremendous fire, and luffed short round his bows to prevent being raked. In executing this maneuver, the ship shot into the wind, got stern-way, and fell foul of her antagonist. While in this situation the cabin of the *Constitution* took fire, from the close explosion of the forward guns of the enemy, who obtained a small but momentary advantage from his position. The

good conduct of Mr. Hoffman, who commanded in the cabin, soon repaired this accident, and a gun of the enemy's, that threatened further injury, was disabled.

"As the vessels touched, both parties prepared to board. The English turned all hands up from below and mustered forward with that object, while Mr. Morris the first lieutenant, Mr. Alwyn the master, and Mr. Bush, the lieutenant of marines, sprang upon the taffrail of the *Constitution* with a similar intention. Both sides now suffered by the closeness of the musketry; the English much the most, however. Mr. Morris was shot through the body, but maintained his post, the bullet fortunately missing the vitals. Mr. Alwyn was wounded in the shoulder, and Mr. Bush fell dead by a bullet through the head. It being found impossible for either party to board, in the face of such a fire and with the heavy sea that was on, the sails were filled, and just as the *Constitution* shot ahead, the foremast of the enemy fell, carrying down with it his mainmast, and leaving him wallowing in the trough of the sea, a helpless wreck.

"The *Constitution* now hauled aboard her tacks, ran off a short distance, secured her masts, and rove new rigging. At seven she wore round, and taking a favorable position for raking, a jack that had been kept flying on the stump of the mizzen-mast was lowered. Mr. George Campbell Read, the third lieutenant, was sent on board the prize, and the boat soon returned with the report that the captured vessel was the *Guerriere*, 38, Captain Dacres, one of the vessels that had so lately chased the *Constitution* off New York."

The whole period between the time when the *Guerriere* began her fire and that when she hauled down her flag was about two hours, but Cooper says that in truth the battle was decided in a quarter of the time.

Captain Hull was obliged to burn his prize, as she was dismasted and indeed sinking. He returned at once to Boston. It is impossible to undertake to follow in detail the history of the *Constitution* through the war. Cooper recapitulates it by saying:

"Yet, in the course of two years and nine months, this ship had been in three actions, had been twice critically chased, and had captured five vessels of war, two of which were frigates, and a third

frigate-built. In all her service, as well before Tripoli as in this war, her good fortune was remarkable. She never was dismasted, never got ashore, nor scarcely ever suffered any of the usual accidents of the sea. Though so often in battle, no very serious slaughter took place on board of her. One of her commanders was wounded, and four of her lieutenants had been killed, two on her own decks, and two in the *Intrepid*; but, on the whole, her entire career had been that of what is usually called a "lucky ship." Her fortune, however, may perhaps be explained in the simple fact that she had always been well commanded. In her two last cruises she had probably possessed as fine a crew as ever manned a frigate. They were principally New England men, and it has been said of them that they were almost qualified to fight the ship without her officers."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CIVIL WAR.

IT ought to be remembered, to the honor of the fathers of Massachusetts, that they saw the wrong of the African slave-trade. As early as 1645 the General Court ordered the return to Africa of a slave who had been brought thence. In the next year they sent back two others. Their vote stands as follows :

“The General Court, conceiving themselves bound by the first opportunity to bear witness against the heinous and crying sin of man-stealing, as also to prescribe such timely redress for what is past and such a law for the future as may sufficiently deter all others belonging to us to have to do in such vile and most odious courses, justly abhorred of all good and just men, do order that the negro interpreter, with others unlawfully taken, be at the first opportunity (at the charge of the country) sent to his native country of Guinea, and a letter with him of the indignation of the Court thereabouts and justice hereof, desiring our honored Governor would please put this order in execution.”

But this conscientious determination did not last long. The slave-trade was an established branch of English commerce and an important one. Slaves were brought to Massachusetts as to other plantations. And in and after Philip's War captive Indians were sent to the West Indies and sold, on account of the colony.

Judge Sewall, the same whose diary for his lifetime is the authority which gives the most local light on the history of the colony, made in his way very vigorous protests against the injustice of slavery. His book, "The Selling of Joseph," may be said to be the first anti-slavery tract. But, as he implies himself, his words were as the voice of one crying in a wilderness. The newspapers show, until 1780, that negroes were occasionally bought and sold. The Massachusetts merchants, as the eighteenth century went on, were engaged to a certain extent in the slave trade. For some reason, the harbor of Bristol in Narragansett Bay, was found the most convenient place for the shipments of rum and iron, for which these negroes were bought on the African coast, and the cargoes were generally sent to the West Indies or to Virginia. But a certain proportion of the blacks thus obtained were brought to New England. As the reader saw, for instance, the slave Tituba, whose wild Voodoo superstition brought on the Salem witchcraft, came from Barbadoes as a family servant in Mr. Parris's household. Tituba was what in the islands is called a Mestiza, half Indian and half negro in her blood. Mr. Weeden, in his *Economic History*, has shown that Peter Faneuil, who gave to Boston the Cradle of Liberty, was himself largely engaged in the slave-trade, and that, at the time of his death, a vessel of his, named in sad irony *The Jolly Bachelor*, was on the African coast, taking on board her cargo of men. It seems easy to show that, in the first half of the century, in the

face of Sewall's protest, in the face of the protests of such men as John Eliot and Gookin, there was no profound hatred of slavery in Massachusetts.

But the various census returns show that there were very few slaves in comparison to the great body of the white population. They were mostly household servants; occasionally they were landholders, and they seem to have engaged in any industry in which white people would engage. They were fishermen, they were farmers, and they were mechanics in the various grades. When the Revolution came, Crispus Attucks, who was partly Indian and partly negro in blood, was one of the martyrs of the Boston Massacre. It was a negro who contrived the attack on Percy's supply-train, which cut it off in Menotomy, now Arlington. This was the first military victory of the Revolution. And it was a negro in the intrenchments of Bunker Hill who fired the shot which killed Major Pitcairn.

With the new discussion of the rights of man which came in with the protests against the Stamp Act and similar legislation, it was impossible that there should not be serious consideration of the condition of the negro. The condition of slavery was wholly foreign to the doctrine maintained by the advanced men among the patriots. In the Congress which declared independence, the New England members would gladly have inserted a clause protesting against slavery and the slave-trade. Such a clause is in the original draft made by Jefferson, and was struck out

only to meet the susceptibilities of some of the Southern colonies. As one and another effort was made toward establishing a State constitution, after Howe and his army had been driven from Boston, it was well understood that the inconsistency of negro slavery was to be removed. And accordingly, under the intelligent and vigorous lead of John Lowell of Newbury, the Bill of Rights adopted in the Constitution of 1780, begins with the words, "All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential, and inalienable rights." As early as 1769, it would seem that the provincial courts had held that no person born in Massachusetts was a slave, although he might be the child of a slave. The passage in the Bill of Rights goes farther, and states the freedom of all men. Relying upon this clause, three actions were at once brought in the Massachusetts courts, looking to the recovery of freedom. The first was a simple action of trespass, in which Quork Walker had been beaten by Caldwell, who had been his master. The defendant asserted the right of a master to beat his slave. The plaintiff's reply was that he was a free man, and not the proper negro slave of the defendant. This was the issue brought before the jury. The counsel on both sides were men of distinction at the bar of the State. The brief of Walker's counsel is very curious. The argument rests on the incompatibility of slavery with our condition as a people. The brief closes by conjuring the jury "to give such a verdict now as will stand the test when we shall be arraigned at

one common bar, shall have one common Judge, be tried by one common jury, and condemned or acquitted by one common law — by the Gospel, the ‘perfect law of liberty.’ This cause will then be tried again, and your verdict will there be tried. Therefore, gentlemen of the jury, let me conjure you to give such a verdict now as will stand this test, and be approved by your own minds in the last moments of your existence, and by your Judge in the last day.

“It will then be tried by the laws of reason and revelation. Is it not a law of nature that men are equal? And is not a law of nature a law of God? Is there not a law of God, then, against slavery? If there is not a law of man establishing it, there is no difficulty. If there is, then the great difficulty is to determine which law you ought to obey. And if you shall have the same ideas as I have of present and future things, you will obey the former.” The jury decided that Quork Walker was a free man, and in that decision slavery was abolished in Massachusetts.

But the prejudices of slavery did not die with this decision. The negroes of the State, from that time for two generations, used to celebrate the anniversary of that decision. But in that celebration they had but little sympathy or co-operation from their white brethren. I can myself remember that when Lydia Maria Child published her book to which she gave the title, “An Appeal in behalf of that class of Americans called Africans,” it was received, not so

much with indignation among her friends as with the feeling that she had gone crazy. I was myself at that time a school-boy six years of age. I remember the amusement and amazement with which we saw the bill announcing the book, posted in the window of the "Corner Book-Store," which still stands at the foot of School Street. Our boyish indignation at the suggestion that a negro was an "American," was as vehement as could be that of any Southern Bourbon to-day. The anti-slavery prophets had no harder soil to work in than in the mercantile classes of the Massachusetts sea-board. But time was with them, and the truth was with them, and these are great allies.

Against them was what was called the dependence of the cotton manufacture at that time on the cotton crop of the South. The Southern leaders had conceived that "Cotton was King." And it cannot be doubted that a certain disposition existed in the governing circle of Massachusetts to palliate the difficulties which slavery brought into the national affairs, because it was convenient for Massachusetts to be on good terms with the cotton-raising States. It was also true that under the strict construction of the State constitution which the Democratic party had always affected to sustain, no one State could interfere with the internal policy of another. And the plea was made, no doubt fairly, that any effort on the part of Northern men to bring about emancipation in Southern communities was an unfair interference in other people's business. It is to be

noted, indeed, that the foreign orators who came from England to instruct us on these subjects were never cordially received. Only the most enthusiastic abolitionists overlooked the fact that Englishmen had better take care of England, and Americans of America. In like fashion, the dominant feeling for a generation in Massachusetts was that Carolinians had better take care of Carolina, and Massachusetts men of Massachusetts.

All this changed, — as the climate changes when a south wind comes in after a northeast gale has been blowing. It changed in a moment when the Southern leaders undertook the management of the unsettled territories of the West, which belonged to the nation at large. The State of Massachusetts protested to the last against the adoption of what was called the “Missouri Compromise,” * in 1820. By this act all lands south of the parallel of latitude which marks the southern line of the State of Missouri might be settled by slaveholders with slaves in the future, but all lands north of it were closed against slave immigration. When, in 1854, the madness of a few men at the South† led Congress to pass what was then known as the “Nebraska Act,” opening territories north of the compromise line to settlement by slaveholders with slaves, there was an end of all pretense that the slaveholders of the country confined their legislation to local boundaries. And

* It is interesting to observe that Daniel Webster led this protest, a fact which is not alluded to in Mr. Curtis's life of him.

† Mr. Edward Everett used to say that nine men at the South were responsible for the Civil War.

from that moment it might be said that any one man in Massachusetts was as much pledged as any other to see that slavery was not extended over new regions. Virtually, old party lines disappeared in this matter; and though bigoted partisans might be found who threw in their lot with the extreme Southern view, the drift of Massachusetts was entirely in the opposite direction. Mr. Eli Thayer at once introduced into the legislature of Massachusetts his plan for colonizing Kansas. That plan took form, and in August, 1854, under the lead of Charles Robinson, a Massachusetts man, the city of Lawrence, Kansas, was founded by forty or fifty emigrants, and was the first point established as a town in that State. From that period till 1860, the State of Kansas, made up of freemen who had gone there from New England and from the northwestern States, simply and purely with the view of fighting this matter through, was the battle ground of the national controversy. In 1861, as soon as President Lincoln had been chosen to the presidency on the issue then raised, this contest assumed national proportions.

After the Democratic party had held its convention in Charleston, in which Jefferson Davis was at last nominated as its candidate for the presidency, General Butler of Massachusetts, who had attended that convention, waited upon John Albion Andrew, who was the governor of Massachusetts, chosen by the Free-Soil party. The visit was a confidential one, but the veil of secrecy has, of course, been

long lifted from it. These men were political opponents, removed as far as possible from each other, but they were both Massachusetts men. General Butler called upon the Governor to say to him that he was sure, from what he had seen and heard in Charleston, that it was the intention of the Southern leaders to bring the matter to the arbitrament of war. He thought that the Northern States should not be unprovided for such an emergency. Acting upon his advice, Governor Andrew sent a message to the legislature, asking that it might be considered in secrecy. And it was so considered, in a secrecy which was curiously well maintained. One is reminded of the old days when the town of Paxton defied George III. and bought powder for war against England, when one remembers that the result of this secret conference was an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars, to be placed in the hands of the governor, that he might prepare the militia of the State for immediate movement. With that twenty thousand dollars Governor Andrew purchased such matters as were supposed most necessary. Among other things, he purchased what were for a long time known as "Andrew's overcoats" — a few thousand coats, such as were used by the infantry of the United States army. The preparation was made none too soon. On the ninth day of April, 1861, Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor was fired upon by the troops of the State of Carolina. President Lincoln summoned to ninety days' service fifty thousand militia from the Northern States. Governor Andrew

instantly issued his proclamation ordering into service the fifth, sixth, and seventh regiments of the Massachusetts militia. The ranks of these regiments were at once filled by eager volunteers. Men who were determined to go, paid people who had the privilege of belonging to these regiments, for the right to take their places as substitutes. On the eighteenth of April, the Sixth regiment, in answer to Governor Andrew's proclamation, was mustered into service on Boston Common, in twenty-four hours after the proclamation was issued. As it passed through Baltimore, on the nineteenth of April, the historical day in the fortunes of Massachusetts,* it was attacked by the mob of Baltimore, and two of its number were killed.

"Massachusetts shed her choicest blood,
To wash the streets of Baltimore."

Men observed, of course, that the Sixth regiment was the regiment which represented the historical Middlesex County, from which met the regiments who forced Concord Bridge on that memorable morning, eighty-six years before.

* "The cycle of New England is eighty-six years. In the spring of 1603, the family of Stuart ascended the throne of England. At the end of eighty-six years, Massachusetts having been betrayed to her enemies by her most eminent and trusted citizen, Joseph Dudley, the people, on the nineteenth day of April, 1689, committed their prisoner, the deputy of the Stuart king, to the fort in Boston which he had built to overawe them. Another eighty-six years passed, and Massachusetts had been betrayed to her enemies by her most eminent and trusted citizen, Thomas Hutchinson, when, at Lexington and Concord, on the nineteenth of April, 1775, her farmers struck the first blow in the war of American independence. Another eighty-six years ensued, and a domination of slaveholders, more odious than that of Stuarts or of Guelphs, had been fastened upon her, when, on the nineteenth of April, 1861, the streets of Baltimore were stained by the blood of her soldiers on their way to uphold liberty and law by the rescue of the national capital."

J. G. PALFREY.

There is an anecdote worth preserving of the arrival of the Sixth regiment in Washington. Even leading men in Washington were in doubt what might be the immediate issue of the president's proclamation. As it happened on the afternoon of the nineteenth, Mr. Lincoln was surrounded by a few personal and political friends in the White House. Among them was Charles Sumner, who had, in the previous month, been pressing with quite as much pertinacity as Mr. Lincoln liked, the name of one and another citizen of Massachusetts for appointment in the diplomatic service abroad. Mr. Lincoln had said to him at their last interview, "Now, Mr. Sumner, I hope I shall not have to hear from Massachusetts again." Mr. Sumner was fond of saying afterwards, that when the Sixth Massachusetts, clad in Governor Andrew's overcoats, marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, "company front," he said to Mr. Lincoln who watched them as they passed the White House, "Mr. President, you are glad to hear from Massachusetts to-day."

Some companies of Pennsylvania militia had already arrived in Washington, but the Sixth Massachusetts was the first regiment to appear in uniform and military order. It was at once quartered in the Capitol. It may be said, in passing, that the men took the unused vaults under the terraces to make the ovens in which they baked their bread.

From that moment the State gave itself to the war, with the eagerness to which a people trained to business carries forward any new enterprise which

it takes in hand. Andrew, who had been known as an idealist, who had been suspected by the people in the military interests of the Commonwealth as being one who would be hostile to the militia, won his title as the "great war governor." The State furnished for the national army sixty-seven regiments; and for the national navy, which was called suddenly into existence, furnished vessels and seamen as a commercial State should — vastly beyond the proportion of any other State in the Union.

No young man could hold his place in society in the State unless he enlisted in one service or the other, or was connected with some branch of the administration which was at work for the army. The Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission enlisted the efforts of every woman in the State, and the closest ties were formed between the regiments in the field and those who staid at home. Twice a day the journals published accounts of what was going on "at the front." Literally, there was not a State in the whole field of the war but some Massachusetts soldier now lies buried there, and some Massachusetts woman has worked there, for the teaching of the ignorant, for the care of the sick, for the consolation of the dying, or for the burial of the dead. The catalogue of Harvard College shows that of the class of 1861, numbering seventy-nine persons, fifty-four served in some capacity in the army. Of the class of 1862, there were ninety-six persons in all, of whom thirty-eight served in the army. Of the class of 1863, there were one hundred and seven-

teen persons in all, of whom forty-eight served in the army. These figures are convenient to cite. But the graduates of Harvard College, of course, represent the whole nation, and foreign countries also. Of the young men who came to the army age in Massachusetts, a very much larger proportion than is thus indicated entered one or the other of the two services.

Within the space permitted by the plan of this book, it is impossible to attempt details as to the victories won, or the defeats incurred by the sons and daughters of Massachusetts in those years. It was interesting to see that all the drain made on the numbers of her young men by the requisitions of the war, did not sensibly affect the numbers of the population. The industries of the State went forward, only quickened by the demands of the war, excepting in the department of foreign trade. Now the labor market feels the law of supply and demand as does any other market. So soon as men are withdrawn on one side they rush in on another. By the demand for working hands to fill the places of young men who went to the army, the emigration into the State from Canada was materially enlarged. From that time to this it has increased almost steadily.

In a certain sense it may be said that the victories of the war at the front were won in the workshops at home. A single shoe-factory would supply in a day more shoes than a whole regiment would wear. The machine shops and foundries were capable of the

best work needed for improved artillery and other munitions of war. And it proved, for the thousandth time, that a nation which means to be fit for war, must develop on every line the processes of manufacture.

Since the war, the population and prosperity of the State have increased more rapidly than ever. Her numbers have nearly doubled in these twenty-five years; her wealth has almost quadrupled. The motto on her shield, taken from Philip Sidney, is :

“ Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.”

She has, in truth, enjoyed the fruits of peace which her sons fought and prayed for in the trials of war.

CHAPTER XXII.

MANUFACTURES.

EVERY one rejoiced at the end of the Revolution. But to Massachusetts peace brought more immediate distress than war had done for some years. She was in debt, she was terribly in debt, and the debt was to be paid. Her government was but just established, and no experiment had shown how deep-seated was the idea of loyalty to government, when there was no longer left any loyalty to a king or a royal family. The enormous profits brought in by successful privateering suddenly ceased, and no new trade had taken its place. As has been said in a previous chapter, it was from the pressure of taxation, principally taxation upon farms, which resulted from such a state of things, that what is known as Shay's Rebellion broke forth.

Some persons were prosecuted for complicity in this revolt, if it deserves such a name, but the sentences were very light, and matters soon dropped into a quiet condition. Meanwhile, the New England passion for industry told; and this is the remark to be always borne in mind in the history of two hundred and ninety years, that the people of New England are always doing something, so that

some result of their endeavor is to be found at the end of the year. There may be accidental complications, such as brought about the terrible misery which led to Shay's insurrection; but all the time the great reservoir is filling up, and sooner or later the result of such industry shows itself. There has probably never been a year, from 1630 to this time, when the State of Massachusetts was not richer in real wealth, than she was the year before.

The difficulty which led to Shay's insurrection may be accounted for in part by the false position in which every one of the thirteen States was placed at the end of the war, of nominally belonging to a nation called the United States, while each one of these little communities was in fact maintaining an independent government. But this was an independent government without an organized army and without an organized navy. It was also a government which was commercially and financially in rivalry with every other State of the twelve to which independence had been unwillingly granted by Great Britain. As between the ports of Boston, of Newport, and of the city of New York, for instance, there was a rivalry of merchants, each anxious to have the import duties as low as possible. There was a temptation to the legislatures of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York, in each case, to underbid the other States in the duties which they should lay on foreign articles. Each State even had import duties on articles brought from what we now call sister States. All the difficulties of tariffs were

thus experienced in the most exaggerated proportions. Meanwhile the central government of the United States in Congress had not, as it was said at the time, money enough to pay for the quills with which its resolutions were written. It was with difficulty that a quorum could be kept of the members of Congress. Congress then could only advise the States to give it a revenue, and every effort which was made in this direction in fact proved unsuccessful.

With the establishment of the Federal constitution, which went into effect in March, 1789, all this was changed. There is scarcely to be found in history, — perhaps there is not to be found in history, — any instance in which a single political determination brought about at once such immediate prosperity to all who were engaged. The fishermen of Massachusetts, the men who had been engaged in privateering, the merchants who were already trying experiments for new trade in the Pacific Ocean and in the East Indies, now knew what they had to rely upon. The maritime commerce of Massachusetts, therefore, developed with great rapidity. Maine and Massachusetts were still successful ship-building States; it may be doubted whether ships of the same quality could be built so cheaply anywhere else in the world. Up to the outbreak of the Revolution, the manufacture of ships, if that word may be used, was probably the largest manufacture in Massachusetts; now that Massachusetts was independent of England, the English navigation laws forbade the sale of ships in English ports with quite the same ease as in former

times. But the harbors of the world were open to Massachusetts ships, so long as the government of the United States kept out of the complications of European politics. And, with the enterprise of a race of seamen who had Norse blood in their veins, the commerce of Massachusetts sought all those harbors. There was a temporary break to this prosperity when, in the administration of John Adams, there was danger of a war with France, in which, indeed, some vessels were seized by the navies of each nation. But this was but a ripple on the current of a general prosperity in the mercantile affairs of the seaports. Massachusetts young men flocked into maritime life; it often happened that by the time a young fellow was of age he was in command of a merchantman, which was sent off on a voyage around the world. In those days, much of the responsibility was thrown upon the captain, even as soon as he left his port. He followed, of course, the orders of his employer as well as he could, but he would be often obliged to use his own intelligence to supply the deficiencies in those orders. Under such circumstances the Northwest trade, as it was called, was created. Vessels from Salem went to the western coast of North America; with the manufactures of America and Europe, such as Indians wanted, they bought the furs which they found ready; they carried these furs to China, and from China, with cargoes of tea, silk, and other Eastern goods, they came back to the civilization of Europe or America. It might happen that this cargo was sold in European ports, and a

cargo of European goods was taken back to Salem ; or it might happen that the ship was itself sold at a high price, and in that case the captain and seamen returned to their home to follow a similar adventure elsewhere.

All such commerce, of course, required that the ports of the world should be open to the adventure. Now, from the time of the execution of Louis XVI. until the fall of Napoleon in 1813, the powers of Europe succeeded in keeping most of the time at war. An English ship could not enter a French port, a French ship could not enter an English port. Often it happened that all the ports of Europe were closed by blockades, real or nominal, imposed by one party or the other. If a real blockade were maintained, an American vessel could enter no more than any other ; but, from the beginning, the American government took the ground that the blockade must be a real blockade ; that our vessels would not respect what were called paper blockades. And, substantially this ground was yielded in the wars of the various powers of the world. In large measure, therefore, the extensive maritime commerce of the world fell into the hands of the neutral nations, and there was no neutral nation which could compare with the newly-born nation of the United States in the skill of its seamen or in the character of its ships. Nothing more healthy and satisfactory could have been devised by the wisest intelligence for the development of the prosperity of the nation.

It was, therefore, a great misfortune to the rising

nation that the government of the United States, after the first twelve years, fell into the hands of the Southern States, and that the leaders of the Southern States had no wish to see this spirit of maritime adventure encouraged. An unfortunate rivalry sprang up between what was called the planting interest and what was called the shipping interest — a rivalry in which the question of African slavery really existed latent, though it was scarcely alluded to in the discussions. Mr. Jefferson, who had won the enthusiastic admiration of the world by the authorship of the Declaration of Independence, had the sway of the political disposition of the country for twenty-four years which followed the year 1801. Under one and another scheme of his, for the purpose of maintaining the dignity of the United States, perhaps of befriending France and injuring England. Mr. Jefferson and his friends tried different enterprises, which resulted in great injury to the maritime commerce of Massachusetts. Probably they were not distressed that such injury took place. Such a measure was the Embargo of 1807, in which the nation ordered that no vessels should leave her ports for any part of the world. Such a measure again was the War of 1812–1814, in which the nation attempted to restrict the arrogant pretensions of England. In each of these periods a check was put to the rising tide of maritime success which had distinguished the New England States, and Massachusetts particularly. From the very moment when the new constitution was adopted, the figures which show

this progress are interesting ; they represent an amount of wealth small, indeed, compared with the wealth of Massachusetts to-day, but enormous in comparison with the poverty of Massachusetts at the end of the Revolution.

If the New Englander cannot work in one way he must work in another. From the beginning he has hated laziness, and the distinction of the social order in New England is based upon the contempt with which the true New Englander regards a man who has nothing to do. Nothing is more amusing than the observation of this feeling which the French officers, who were our allies in the Revolution, made from time to time. There is a story told of Count Rochambeau himself, that he had to stop in Connecticut one day, that a blacksmith might set his horse's shoe. As the French party fell into conversation with the group of Connecticut farmers who gathered around the forge, one of these men asked Rochambeau, in the familiarity of American life, "what he did when he was to home?" The poor count was painfully aware that he did nothing at home, but he said, for want of a better answer, that he was a marshal of France. The interlocutor at once replied by asking what a marshal did. It was fortunately remembered, that, in the original sense, a *maréchal* is a blacksmith, and the general verdict of the crowd was that that was a very respectable home occupation.

Failing, then, the right to go to sea, which is as innate a right of the descendant of a Norseman as

the right of a duck to go into a pond, the New Englander was obliged to address himself to other industries. As matter of history, it is curious to observe that the planting States forced upon New England her manufacturing system. They have since complained of that system with a jealousy more bitter, if possible, than that which Jefferson and his friends felt regarding her maritime prosperity.

But, while war with England lasted, the nation must be able to provide its own necessities. Almost from the very beginning, New England had had a large stock of what have been called the "homespun industries," * which had prospered to an extent sufficient to arouse the attention of the English parliament. Even Chatham, who was among the best friends of the colonists in their quarrel with the Crown, had said distinctly, "If I had my way, they should not make a hob-nail." But they did make hob-nails, and even invented machinery for making them; and it is said, probably on good authority, that at the outbreak of the war seven eighths of the clothing used in Massachusetts was made at home. It should be remembered by those who are afraid that woman does not have her proper place in the world, that this clothing was largely the manufacture of separate homes, and was the result of what was called the spare time of the women of families.

It was necessary to have little centers where fulling and perhaps dyeing could be carried on, and

* The phrase is Mr. Weeden's, whose valuable "Economic and Social History of New England" is most entertaining, and worthy of careful study.

there were some public looms where weaving was done, but in general it is fair to say that seven eighths of the people of the colony were clothed by the work of their wives and daughters. The same might be said of the sheets and blankets which were in use in all these homes, of the towels and other "napery." Carriages and carts were made at home. The Crown had tried to interfere with the manufacture of iron, but the manufactures had gone so far forward that when, in the Revolution, the States were thrown on their own resources, they were able to cast their own cannon and to draw the tires of their own wheels. There was, therefore, a sufficient habit of manufacture to be made use of, when efforts were made gradually to introduce the large manufacturing processes of England into the United States.

When the treaty of peace was made with England, Franklin, who was the first of American statesmen, had to deal with Shelburne, who was fortunately at the head of the English ministry. Shelburne's name is now forgotten, but his correspondence shows statesmanship far beyond that of most of the men who were around him. Unfortunately his councils did not long direct the administration in England, and, very unfortunately for England, counsels not so bold prevailed. Shelburne proposed, and would gladly have consented to, an entire freedom of trade between England and the United States. Franklin on his part would gladly have granted this, but Shelburne was at no time able to bring the English

government to his views. From the beginning of the new nation, therefore, the very great convenience of collecting the national revenue by import duties led to the establishment of duties which were, to a certain extent, protective for American manufactures. The great length of the voyage from Europe to America and its cost, added to this protection; the dangers of that voyage when England and France were at war added still further to it, and when the policy of the Southern States threw the nation into war with England, and almost all commerce from Europe was suspended, there was every temptation to the capitalists of Massachusetts, who could no longer deal with every other part of the world, to establish manufactures at home. Such a bounty, as it may be called, worked admirably for the cotton factories which were already established in Rhode Island, in Beverly, in Waltham, and were proposed in some other parts of Massachusetts. Little woollen factories sprang up in different regions, and for both these industries the water-power of the State proved more than ample.

It is to be observed that the success of water-power for manufacturing purposes depends upon two elements: the fall should be sufficient to drive the machinery, and the ponds which serve as reservoirs for keeping the streams at a proper level should be ample. The great Winnepiseogee Lake in New Hampshire is an admirable reservoir for such purposes; the Merrimac River, therefore, early proved one of the continuous streams whose flow could be

relied upon. It may be said in passing, that the great success of Rhode Island as a manufacturing State, is due to the great number of ponds in the State which are fed by the moisture from the ocean passing over this State from the east as well as from the southwest.

Under this condition of things, the more important waterfalls of Massachusetts were used more and more for the establishment of manufactories, around which have since grown up large and important cities. Such is the history of the birth of Waltham, Lowell, Lawrence, Holyoke and of Fall River. At Lawrence, it was necessary to create a water-power by the erection of a dam where there was no important waterfall before, and a somewhat similar history is that of the waterfall at Holyoke. As the manufactures of Massachusetts increased, and as the attention of her people was more and more drawn to the forms of industry dependent upon them, they used not only water-power but steam-power. All this time improvements were going forward in the steam engine, and the cost of fuel became less as the internal communications improved by means of which the coal of Pennsylvania was brought to market.

The result of the changes thus generally indicated has been, that the people of Massachusetts, who, at the end of the Revolution, relied almost wholly upon fisheries and upon navigation for their prosperity, are now regarded as being essentially a manufacturing people. The contingent of the food of the world which they draw from the sea in the shape of

fish is still large, and fishermen of Massachusetts now supply annually an enormous amount of food thus obtained, which, in the circulation of commerce, is exchanged for the bread-stuffs which Massachusetts receives from the West. But this amount of production, which would have been thought very large a century ago, is insignificant now compared with the enormous amount of wealth added to the world every year by the manufactures of the State. The necessity of making machines for the mills had developed a highly-trained class of machinists. These men and those who work with them, have proved to have a remarkable inventive faculty, and not a year passes without some new invention, which, as it is developed, reduces the amount of human drudgery which is required, and increases the value of the victory which man wins over brute nature.

The fishermen of Essex at a very early period in our history, used the winter months when they were not at sea, in the manufacture of shoes. A person riding through the pretty Essex towns may still see the little shoe-shop, built in the garden or perhaps in the front yard of the homestead, where the father of the family made shoes in the months when he was not catching mackerel or cod. This industry has developed with the other manufacturing industries of Massachusetts, and the manufacture of leather shoes and boots is now the largest of the many manufacturing enterprises of the State. This manufacture does not require so large a use of steam or water-power as do the textile manufactures ; it can

be carried on with less reference to the ease of transportation of fuel or to the necessities of water-power, and many large towns and cities in all parts of the State, are based upon the demand of the world for boots and shoes.

The reader must observe the willingness of the New Englander to adapt himself to new circumstances. It would seem as if there were a sort of restlessness in the blood of the generations, of whom it is sure that the ancestors have changed one hemisphere for another within the last two hundred and fifty years. No genuine New Englander would thank any genie or guardian angel who assured him permanent occupation, such as is thought desirable in Chinese civilization, in one calling, from his birth to his death. He would say courteously, "Thank you, sir, I will take my own chances. I will see what comes along." This facility for adapting himself to changes in legislation, in politics or in diplomacy, has been of great value to the Massachusetts man. If he cannot make muskets for a war in Africa, he can make pistols for use in Texas. If he cannot make these, he adapts his shop to some other line of invention made necessary by some other demand of the world. If people do not want Scotch shawls, he finds that they do want merinoes; if they do not want merinoes, he inquires if they do not want kersimeres. There has never been that fixed determination to live by one line of industry only, which constitutes a serious difficulty in the social order of other manufacturing countries.

On the other hand, it has proved that certain enterprises in social order which have been successful in England, have not succeeded in New England. Thus the great system of co-operative buying and selling, instituted at Rochdale in England, which is working out results of enormous importance in Great Britain, has never taken a firm hold in Massachusetts. The reason seems to be that the workman here means to be "foot-free" for whatever new enterprise may need him. He may be wanted in Duluth, in Seattle or at Fort Wrangel next week, and he does not care to invest his earnings in such a form that he cannot have them quite ready for use in some distant adventure.

These are perhaps speculations outside the line of story-telling proper. Whether this be true or not, it seems to be certain that the communities of Massachusetts are among the most productive in the world, and that there is in her borders as large an opportunity as has been found in any social condition for the happiness of the individual and the healthy development of the family. A varied industry, giving an opportunity to every latent ability in her children, or in those who emigrate to her—this has been, and is, the policy of Massachusetts.

It was said fifty years ago that, in a circle of ten miles radius, drawn around the town of Worcester, which calls itself the "Heart of the Commonwealth," there was a larger range of manufacture than in any circle of the same diameter elsewhere in the world.

This remark was probably true then, and I suppose it to be true now.

From such causes as have been described, and from the lessons well learned in her history, the people of Massachusetts have earned a peculiar prosperity. Judges, not friendly, have acknowledged that, for the general purposes and wishes of mankind, she has attained a social order not second to that of any community in the world, — perhaps in advance of that attained by any other. However this may be, I may close this book by saying, — that, unless the generation of to-day abandons the habits and principles which have ruled Massachusetts in the past, the writer who tells her story in the middle of the Twentieth Century, — while he may have new industries to describe, or new adventures to explain, — will write of a happy and contented people, prosperous and free.

THE STORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

LEADING EVENTS.

THE leading events around which the story of the old Bay State's rise and progress crystallize are given in the following brief recapitulation. An array of dates really tells little, and the chief Massachusetts happenings have been referred to chronologically in the introductory chapter of this volume. But for the purpose of centering attention upon the main events in the story, the epitome thought desirable by the editor is here appended.

- 1000. Coast of Massachusetts visited by Leif.
- 1497. Cabot passes along the shore.
- 1500-1. Cortereal visits the coast and enslaves some Indians.
- 1602. Gosnold makes a settlement at Cuttyhunk, but abandons it the same year.
- 1620. Pilgrim Fathers arrive at Cape Cod and settle at Plymouth.
- 1630. The Massachusetts Colony brings its charter to Massachusetts. John Winthrop, governor.
- 1631. July 4, The Blessing of the Bay launched — the first ship.
- 1635. The Boston Latin School; the first free school in the Bay State. Plymouth had a school already.
- 1637. Anne Hutchinson exiled. Pequot War. The strength of the Pequots broken.
- 1638. Harvard College begins.
- 1641. "The Body of Liberties" adopted.
- 1645. The first negro slave returned to "Guinea" by order of the court.
- 1649. John Winthrop dies.
- 1652. The mint established.
- 1657. Quakers hanged in Boston.
- 1662. The charter confirmed by the King.
- 1662-63. "The Great Bridge" built across Charles River at Cambridge.
- 1673. Castle, in the harbor of Boston, burned.

- 1675-76. Philip's War.
- 1686. December 20 — Sir Edmund Andros arrives in Massachusetts.
- 1689. Popular rising. Andros imprisoned.
- 1690. Capture of Port Royal.
- 1692. Salem Witchcraft.
- 1690-95. The first worsted mill established about this time.
- 1706. Benjamin Franklin born.
- 1712. Sperm whale-fishery begins.
- 1713. The first schooner launched. Peace restored by the treaty of Utrecht.
- 1714. Tea is advertised for the first time; it had probably been used earlier.
- 1724. The first insurance office in Boston.
- 1730. Old South meeting-house built in Boston.
- 1731-32. The Board of Trade reports several still-houses in Boston.
- 1744. War with France.
- 1745. Louisburg taken by New England forces.
- 1746. D'Anville's fleet destroyed by tempests.
- 1749. King's Chapel built in Boston. £183,649 sent from England in silver to pay the Crown's debt to the colony.
- 1750-60. Clover introduced in farming.
- 1755-60. War with France again.
- 1760. Paper made in Milton.
- 1763. The Stamp Act.
- 1770. Boston Massacre.
- 1773. Tea thrown into Boston Harbor.
- 1775. Lexington and Concord — siege of Boston begins.
- 1776. March 17 — The last English army leaves Boston.
- 1778-79. The Springfield Arsenal established.
- 1779. Failure of Penobscot expedition.
- 1780. Cotton spun and woven by machinery in Worcester. The Constitution made and accepted. John Hancock first governor.
- 1786. Shay's Rebellion.
- 1787. Cotton woven in Beverly.
- 1788. Federal Constitution accepted.
- 1789. Manufacture of linen duck for canvas. Cotton manufacture in Pawtucket.
- 1790. Nail machines (Perkins's) at Amesbury.
- 1792. First navigable canals in the United States opened at Montague and South Hadley.
- 1792. Charlestown bridge opened.
- 1793. Invasion of Yellow Fever.
- 1803. Samuel Adams dies.
- 1806. Ice trade opened by William Tudor.
- 1808. Middlesex canal opened.

- 1820. District of Maine made a separate State.
- 1825. Lafayette visits Massachusetts.
- 1826. John Adams died on the 4th of July.
- 1832. First invasion of Asiatic cholera.
- 1833. Boston & Worcester Railroad opened to Newton (the first steam railroad).
- 1834. Ursuline convent burned by a mob in Charlestown.
- 1840. The Unicorn, first steam packet from England, arrives June 3, after nineteen days' passage from Liverpool.
- 1848. John Quincy Adams died at Washington.
- 1852. Daniel Webster died at Marshfield.
- 1865. Edward Everett died at Boston.
- 1874. Charles Sumner died at Washington.
- 1880. September 17 — The city of Boston celebrates a quarter-millennium of its history.

THE BAY STATE'S GOVERNORS.

THE chief magistrates of Massachusetts during its life as a province and appendage of the Crown of England and its existence as a Commonwealth are of interest, historically and chronologically. The following list is therefore given as a guide to the better understanding of the story told in this volume.

COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

(Plymouth Colony.)

1620. John Carver.
1621-1632. William Bradford.
1633. Edward Winslow.
1634. Thomas Prince.
1635. William Bradford.
1636. Edward Winslow.
1637. William Bradford.
1638. Thomas Prince.
1639-1643. William Bradford.
1644. Edward Winslow.
1645-1656. William Bradford.
1657-1667. Thomas Prince.

(Massachusetts Bay: under the first Charter.)

1630-1633. John Winthrop.
1634. Thomas Dudley.
1635. John Haynes.
1636. Henry Vane.
1637-1639. John Winthrop.
1640. Thomas Dudley.

1642-1643. John Winthrop.
1644. John Endicott.
1645. Thomas Dudley.
1646-1648. John Winthrop.
1649. John Endicott.
1650. Thomas Dudley.
1651-1653. John Endicott.
1654. Richard Bellingham.
1655-1664. John Endicott.
1665-1672. Richard Bellingham.
1673-1678. John Leverett.
1679-1686. Simon Bradstreet.*
1692-1695. William Phipps.
1697-1701. Earl of Bellomont.
1702-1715. Joseph Dudley.
1716-1727. Samuel Shute.
1728-1729. William Burnet.
1730-1741. Jonathan Belcher.
1741-1757. William Shirley.
1757-1760. Thomas Pownall.
1760-1769. Francis Bernard.
1769-1774. Thomas Hutchinson.
1774-1775. Thomas Gage.

* In this year Andros arrived, and what is called the "Usurpation" by our early writers begins.

After Andros was imprisoned, Simon Bradstreet acted as "President" till a convention was called. This convention chose him to that office which he held until the arrival of the Second Charter. By this "Massachusetts Bay" and "Plymouth" were united.

THE GOVERNORS OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

*(Under the State Constitution the
Governors are :)*

- | | |
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| <p>1780-1784. John Hancock.
 1785-1786. James Bowdoin.
 1787, Oct. 8, 1793. John Hancock.
 (Died in office.)
 1794-1797. Samuel Adams.
 1797, June 7, 1799. Increase Sum-
 ner.
 1800-1806. Caleb Strong.
 1807, Dec. 10, 1808. Jas. Sullivan.
 1809. Christopher Gore.
 1810-1811. Elbridge Gerry.
 1812-1815. Caleb Strong.
 1816-1822. John Brooks.
 1823, Feb. 6, 1825. William Cur-
 tis. (Died in office.)
 1825-1833. L. Lincoln.
 1834, Mar. 1, 1835. John Davis.
 1836-1839. Edward Everett.
 1840. Marcus Morton.
 1841-1842. John Davis.
 1843. Marcus Morton.</p> | <p>1844-1850. George Nixon Briggs.
 1851-1852. George S. Boutwell.
 1853. John H. Clifford.
 1854. Emery Washburn.
 1855-1857. Henry J. Gardner.
 1858-1860. Nathaniel Prentiss
 Banks.
 1861-1865. John Albion Andrew.
 1866-1868. Alexander H. Bullock.
 1869-1871. William Claflin.
 1872, May 1, 1874. William B.
 Washburn. (Resigned May 1,
 1874. Chosen U. S. Senator,
 April 17, 1874.)
 1875. William Gaston.
 1876-1878. Alexander H. Rice.
 1879. Thomas Talbot.
 1880-1882. John Davis Long.
 1883. Benjamin F. Butler.
 1884-1886. George D. Robinson.
 1887-1889. Oliver Ames.
 1890. John Q. A. Brackett.
 1891. William E. Russell.</p> |
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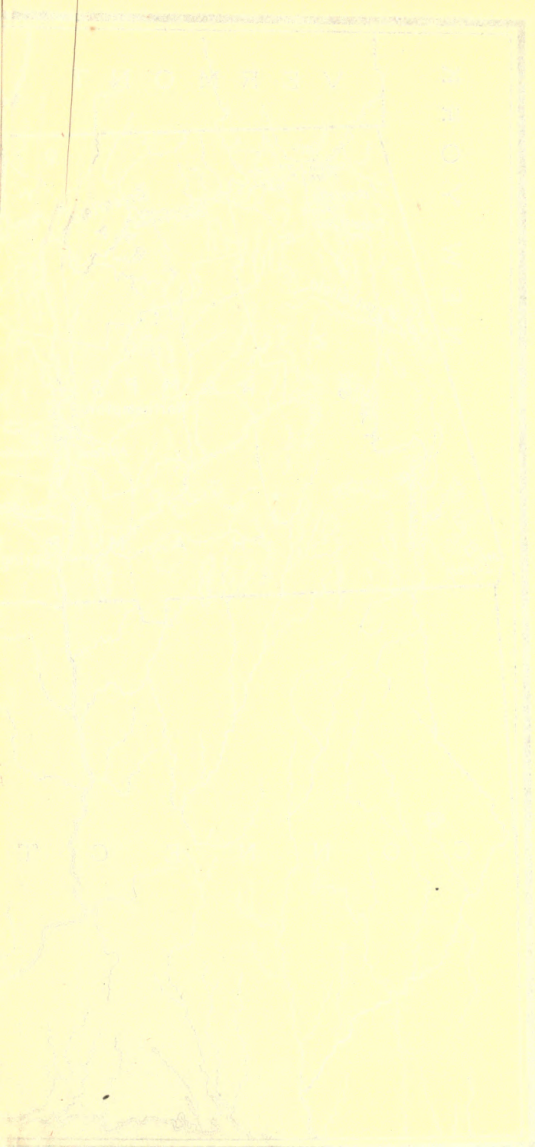
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